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# MR. ARCHER, U. S. A.

AS TOLD TO

R. H. PLATT, JR.

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
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# FOREWORD

THERE was a Virginian great-great-grandfather who fought, as a matter of course, in the Continental Army under Washington, and then retired to a prodigious old age in a log cabin by a roaring mountain stream. There were three great-aunts—the old soldier's daughters—and one great-uncle who fled from the Indians into Ohio. The women were scalped, and the man survived, to establish a line of Archers on Duck Creek, Noble County. Archer begat Archer. Hardihood begat hardihood. Then comes one named Herman.

He has a frame characteristic of his stock—tall, lank, and built of straight steel. His bluff humour, inimitable dialect, kindred naïveté, fundamental generosity, and profound philosophy mark him a thoroughbred. His patriotism is taken for granted. He never mentions it. If he saw a man jumping up and down shouting "I have two legs," he'd be the first to suspect that one of them was made of wood.

Thus equipped he took the Road of Life. He was first lured by the Columbian Exposition, and he has been continually lured by alluring things ever since. One of these things happened to be a dark-eyed Spanish beauty; another a starving prefect of police in Luzon; another the gate of the Forbidden City and the Imperial

City of the Manchus behind which were yellow and blue tiles and concubines that no Foreign Devil (much less the son of a Buckeye mountaineer) had ever looked upon. Still another of these things turned out to be a South American revolution with its chief spectator, Richard Harding Davis. In this case it appears that Archer was not so much the lured as the lurer, since R. H. D. saw him, liked him, and honoured him appropriately in "Captain Macklin," who was Archer the filibuster.

That Archer should have participated in the most extraordinary series of crises and events, some people will call luck, and some coincidence, but the best opinion will be expressed in "of course."

Here are facts, somewhere back of every assertion. Sometimes they are far back—what does it matter? Traditions can be just as mellow, just as valuable if they are traditions instead of history. Else human nature would not be "human."

He can tell his own story better than any one can tell it of him. So here it is, translated into writing from the oral.

R. H. Platt, Jr.

MR. ARCHER, U. S. A.

# MR. ARCHER, U. S. A.

## CHAPTER I

A FEW days ago I was going along the street at Camp Dix, New Jersey, without much on my mind, when suddenly—"Hello there, Sarge!" I turned and saw a soldier whose face was deep seamed and weather-beaten, across his breast was a double row of many-coloured ribbons, his build was heavy like that of a middle-aged man, but he carried himself with the assurance of a king. "Why, if it ain't the old top kick, Heffner, may I die this second!" He and I grabbed hands and just stood there for a while looking each other in the eyes. It wasn't necessary to say anything more—we both understood. I guess we were thinking of the changes that had come over us since we last saw each other the day the transport pulled out of Manila. Then we talked—". . . it was down by Lake Lanao in the Moro country. . . . Do you remember the time that half-breed ape snapped a bolo into Davis? . . . We gave the water cure. . . . The last time I saw him he was lyin' on his face in the fever grass back of Santiago. . . . Poor devil, but the Chink who did it never knew what struck him. . . . I never saw

the Corporal from the day he was shot in the leg at the Great Wall until one day in the mud down by Montfaucon. . . ." Finally, when he and I finished with the preliminaries, we stopped for a breath and looked around.

There were plenty of youngsters about who, by their uniforms, should have been soldiers. Our hearts were heavy thinking how much those fellows didn't know about the Army. There was a question in our minds and finally one of us let it out. Where are they now? Where are the Old-Timers—the men who had been professionals in the Army pretty steadily from the days of fighting the Indians on the frontier to the war in Europe? Heffner had a cheerful answer. He said that the Old-Timers liked their beer—most of them—and that Panama and the Islands and even Alaska were still open and sensible, and that those places are swarming with them. Maybe that's true; maybe also they are passing to join the pals that never came back, that they left in the four corners of the world. This is a vanishing brotherhood, but his name—Americano, Gringo, Yank—will never die. And wherever the Old-Timer may be found, he has a story to tell, a story of patriotism and unselfishness, of hardship and torture, of weird sights and strange tongues, and of how the American Flag was first carried across salt water and of the men who did the carrying.

The young fellows grow excited and their eyes bright and they perk up all over when talking of the one big adventure, the biggest jar they ever had—the War.

Of course, that was the biggest adventure. Perhaps it was for me, too, but it didn't jar me off the path into something else, it was only one more big dose. What was new to me in this last war was just a new way of doing an old trick. It can be explained better if I stir the memory of events: I too, like these others, can hear the roar of the great barrage of the Meuse-Argonne; I see the flashing and crashing, and mixed up in that I see my caissons with the horses plunging and tearing and the drivers, half dead with fatigue and covered with mud, taking ammunition to the miserably few guns which had been able to push ahead through the confusion; then, too, I see "the train" caught in the bracket, when German shells fell to the right hand and banged head high to the left hand, and the Brigadier hollering to his aides to call us back. That is France—but it is not all, it is not more important than other pictures and it may not even be the first. I can see the bones of white men, Americans, staked to ant hills and scorched under a Philippine sun, a gun that has been dismounted from its wheels swings in midair while a half-naked cursing crew pulls it to the top of a cliff. I see a gun from Reilly's Battery bumping quickly over cobblestones close up to a great gate that is barred and bolted and pierces deep stone buttresses: "Load," "Stand-clear," "At that gate—fire at will—fire!" It shatters the hinges and beams and we rush through, the first white men to enter the Forbidden City of the Chinese Emperor. Then, there is El Poso, where we lay all day with Grimes's Battery in the feverish tropical sun; lis-

tening to the boom of Lawton's guns—"Would they never take El Caney?"—and the vicious hum of insects, pests that sounded like an overdose of quinine, and maybe they were, while San Juan got our range.

Between 1880 and 1890 was a great time to be a growing-up boy. In those days there were plenty of tales to set a boy thinking. They were the echoes of the frontier days. The Indians were cutting up out on the Western prairies, and what they weren't actually doing, they had done not long before, and people were fresh in the telling of it. For instance, Custer was still on everybody's lips. "If you don't behave, the Indians will get you, same as they did Custer," was the household use for that old soldier down where I was brought up. That was in Noble County, southeastern Ohio, the roughest, toughest part of the state. My home town was, and is, Carlisle, down in a cup of steep hills, on no railroad to this day, but on the East Fork of Duck Creek. That is a coal and gas and tobacco-raising country, and fifty years ago somebody built a narrow-gauge railroad into it which had a station five miles from Carlisle. They called that railroad the B. Z. & C. (Bellaire, Zanesville, and Cincinnati) but we called it the Bend, Zigzag, and Crooked—which is justified. It follows down a brook a piece, then jerks across the valley and runs around the bulge of a hill until it comes to a field to cut across, where it finds a road that makes the going easy, but that turns off into a farmyard and leaves the railroad to run down another brook.

There used to be weeks at a time in winter when the good folks of Carlisle were sealed up tight on the bank of Duck Creek, and the same is true to-day. The line of communications most used is a road which follows up the creek until it meets the B. Z. & C. and then dodges around the hills with it until it gets to Caldwell. It was over that route that news of the world reached us. The part that always interested me had to do mostly with General Miles's army, which was scattered around out West chasing Red Men over the prairies.

We didn't hear of Leonard Wood then, but he was out there. He went as a doctor, all nicely educated from Harvard. When he got out on the plains, he took one look at the savage mob which was following the Apache Kid, and then he flung away his medicines, grabbed a rifle, and started. That was typical. It showed the way people were affected by such things as the Tongue River Depredations in Montana, Geronimo and his band of devils in Arizona, and the treachery of the Sioux in Wyoming. Tell a boy such names as these and see how quickly he perks up: Rain-in-the-Face, Spotted Eagle, Kicking Bear, Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, and Broad-Tail. I was born and bred on those gentlemen—used to know from the name what each one was like: Rain-in-the-Face was mostly freckles; Spotted Eagle had a curved beak for a nose and was pock-marked; Kicking Bear had an ugly temper and a mean way of kicking and snorting; Sitting Bull was a big fat lazy lubber with a deep voice; and so on. That shows how well I knew the Indians *in my own mind;*

and I never got to know them any better because things turned out a whole lot different than I figured on.

Old Mart Maumee was the dispenser of news. I can see him now holding forth beside the stove in the "general store." He must have been a smart eighty. His back was humped as though he had a pillow in it; and to balance the hump his head and shoulders were thrust forward so far that he always had to prop himself up with a cane. I suppose he hadn't had a haircut for half a century; his gray curls fell around his shoulders. And when Mart Maumee had something particular to tell—such as a massacre, or a train wreck, or Flim Flam's wife run away with another man—his curls would thresh around like tent flaps that hadn't been pegged down before the storm. The last time the old man published anything about Indians was in 1890. There was a massacre of women and children at Wounded Knee Creek. The Sioux had broken loose out in Dakota, called the Bad Lands—to my mind a mysterious and terrible name. There was a lot of talk about the return of the Messiah who would rescue the Indians from the Whites, and about the famous "Ghost Dance," which we boys used to imitate according to our own ideas in a vacant barn. (I always was strong on dressing up in my sisters' clothes and playing tricks on people, and the "Ghost Dance" gave a good opportunity.) But the Indians were getting in their last licks. After Geronimo was captured and Sitting Bull murdered, there wasn't much left for the Army to do except police up around the Western prairies.

Back of such things as Indian depredations, and what helped to make it all real to me, were my family legends and history. My father's grandfather was James Archer, a native of Virginia and a soldier. Records tell how he was sent west—or what was west at that time, probably not as far as the Mississippi—to repel Indians. For his work he was promoted and commissioned, and served as a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War. Then he settled down on Wheeling Creek near Crows Mills, Virginia. But after a while, my great-grandfather and five intimate neighbours got restless. They broke camp —or, rather, deserted their log cabins—on Wheeling Creek about the year 1803, crossed the Ohio River, struck Duck Creek, penetrated into the hills and wilds of what is now Noble County, and settled. That was the beginning of Carlisle, the first white colony in the region, and there James Archer I started the ball rolling by raising eleven children. Originally he had thirteen children, but two of my great-great-aunts were tomahawked and scalped by Indians before the family left Virginia. My grandfather was Simon Archer, who had fifteen children (seven sons and eight daughters), every one of whom was born, raised, and married under the same little roof in Carlisle. Evidently the family didn't get restless until my generation. And they have always been healthy. There wasn't a death in my father's family until the head of the house died after he had married off the fifteen children. The Archers are numberless to-day, and scattered over America with the centre of dispersion on Duck Creek—for the

nearer you get to Carlisle, the more Archers you will find.

And besides laying the foundation for the family, James Archer did another historical thing. Carlisle is the oldest Catholic settlement in the State of Ohio. The first organized Catholic worship was held in James Archer's log cabin. He was a devout man and much given to the Catholic faith. Afterward the congregation moved into a log church built for the purpose, then into a brick church—one of those typical old Ohio buildings built with a kiln right at hand and the bricks made on the spot; and now that same congregation gathers and the priest holds forth in a modern frame building, so that worship on the bank of Duck Creek has 'een unbroken from the first settlement to to-day.

The control of the Archer family over the home secto was almost complete. Noble County is plastered with the name—such as Archer's Ridge, Archer's Bridge, Archer's Forks, etc. But my father did not take care of his share. Whiskey did it. After the Civil War, Father lost fifty thousand dollars in tobacco speculation, and the family was troubled.

After that Father turned to the occupation of a mil He had a flour mill on the bank of the creek down piece from the village. That was where I got early experience as a mechanic. You couldn't have persuaded me to be a farmer or a merchant, but when it came to machinery I was on hand. Sometimes when Father had been drinking he had to be away, and at the age of ten there were days when the whole responsi-

bility of keeping that mill going rested on me—and it kept going, there wasn't a hitch.

Small and remote as Carlisle is, the years while I was a kid there have always been of advantage to me during life in the world outside. There were plenty of "Old Gray Mares" to be ridden—strong old plugs on which we never thought of using saddles. But I could ride the nags bareback even when my legs were so short that they pointed out straight to each side of the road.

Then there was swimming in Duck Creek, where I learned the stroke I used when they called for volunteers to save the horses from drowning when we landed at Daiquiri in Cuba. There was hunting for small game—rabbits and squirrels and others—so I learned to handle a gun. And there was even foraging for pawpaws, like the search for bananas at the Santiago campaign; and among the hills for walnuts which were later represented by cocoanuts in the Philippine jungles.

I have said that the family didn't get restless until my generation. Of course they migrated and drifted around in the slow currents of life in Noble County. But I resolved very early to break out and go somewhere while waiting for the time until I could get into the Army. You see, I never did decide to be a soldier, I simply never changed my mind. And so it happened that I ran away three separate times.

The first trip beyond the hills was in the nature of an excursion. It was in 1893, the year of the World's Fair at Chicago. Old Mart Maumee had passed away when there wasn't anything more to tell about the In-

dians. After mourning his loss, the people found that the newspapers which reached Carlisle once in a while made good reading. At that time the papers were full of the Columbian Exposition, with its wonderful buildings that gave it the name of the "White City," and electric appliances, and the millions of people that were expected to attend. Folks did a lot of talking, but it never occurred to them to go and see for themselves. Not so with me. I figured that fifty cents for contingencies would be enough to go to the Fair on. So my cousin Percy Archer and I hatched a plan.

It was just then that bicycles were the last word in personal transportation, something like Fords to-day. Well, our plan was to go to Caldwell, work there until we could get a couple of bikes, and then ride up to Chicago. That scheme sounded simple enough, with difficulties, of course, but because Percy and I were no fools we were able to carry it out. I was, say, twelve years old—that seems to be the age of most youngsters; I hardly ever hear of kids that aren't six or ten or twelve —and just a little tike, but independent as a pagan. Percy was several years older, but he did everything I told him to do and he understood that I was the one who thought of the expedition and would carry it out. It was early spring. The farmers were wanting help with their ploughing and planting, and that was lucky, because it meant good meals for us. We kept at the pedalling pretty steady across Ohio and across Indiana.

The roads were so muddy that it was impossible to ride on them except near the cities. A horse might have

made it but not a bicycle, and do you know what kind of bicycles we had? Steel tires—not rubber—and they might as well have been bare rims. It saved us bothering with punctures anyway. We found it necessary to ride along the railroad embankments almost all the way to Chicago. We rode between the rails when the ties were filled in enough, and otherwise along the outside edge. That route wasn't half bad, and by following the railroad we could always be sure of going somewhere. Folks would call out, "Where you goin'?" and we would answer, "To the Fair, I reckon." We always got the same answer: "Well, now, look there. Can you beat that?" But that was about all the attention we got. So we went, sleeping in haystacks, sleeping in lofts, sleeping in a corner of a rail fence, for about five weeks without special happening. Then one day we were approaching a city—I believe it was Hammond. Percy was feeling good over getting so near to Chicago and he began to show off by riding without touching the handle bars.

All of a sudden his bike gave a lurch and a wabble and tumbled off down the embankment without warning. Percy suffered a broken arm, and while he was getting patched up his folks sent him money to come home on the train, which he did. So that ended the bicycle trip. I tried to sell my machine for enough to get the rest of the way to Chicago on the train, but, do you know, it was so used up that it didn't even make decent junk. I went around Hammond explaining the fine points of my wreck until I got hoarse, and when

nobody would take it I gave the darned thing away, and accomplished the little distance that was left by my own resources. I found that the Fair had been going about two weeks.

There were lots of people out from Chicago looking for jobs, but I got one right away. It consisted in sweeping out the cars of the ferris-wheel on what was called the Midway Plaisance. That suited me perfectly. I think I must have ridden on that wheel for two weeks steadily. That was where I got a knowledge of ferris-wheels which came in very handy down on the Texas Border in 1907. By helping people in and out of the cars I collected a good-sized fortune in tips. With that I was able to see the whole show. I went into every building in Jackson Park, and got my first idea of foreign nations in that way—by going into the buildings which had exhibitions of various countries. There wasn't a visitor out of the twenty-one million people who went to that Fair that saw more of it or had a better time—even though they spent a thousand dollars, and I had started from Duck Creek with fifty cents.

That made the excursion complete. I travelled back home by roundabout railroad connections and started in school. But it was not the same, and it only took a few months to find me "on the road" a second time. I knew Chicago, so to Chicago I went. Railroading proved to be a whole lot easier than bicycling, and this little trip went off almost without incident. I say *almost*, because the one event that I do remember about it was the thing which decided my fate.

It was 1894, the year of the great railroad strike. The employees of the Pullman people had picked a quarrel with their company, and the railroad unions had taken up the fight. Union men refused to handle any train which had a Pullman car in it. This resulted in some scraps, and everybody was hot under the collar. The serious part was the interference with the mails, because almost every mail train carried a Pullman car. The peace and safety of the State of Illinois were disturbed and the Governor didn't do anything about it, so President Cleveland sent troops. That was the point at which I descended from the side door (they hadn't interfered with my train) into the yards of Chicago. The first thing that took my eye was the blue uniforms of the "regulars" who were scattered around in the vicinity of the yards. Everybody was impressed, including the strikers, so that there wasn't much trouble at the time. But I happened to be on hand at the time of the accident a few days later.

A gun from Battery F of the Second Field Artillery was located in a street near the railroad station. A few feet away was a cache of shells, and fortunately there was a space roped off so that nobody could get within thirty yards of the gun. I joined the gang of boys which was keeping watch over that gun most of the time, as near as we could get against the rope. Then one day I was coming along the street and only about a block away from the piece, when—*Crash!* My wits went out like a candle for a while, and the next minute a limber chest came lurching down the street behind

six crazy horses, and a driver on one of them who was hollering "Action Rear!" at the top of his voice. He didn't stop hollering until they got him to the hospital. Two of the soldiers were killed and several wounded. Of course, everybody thought that the strikers had set off dynamite or something, but an investigation proved that some of the ammunition had exploded. You can see a spoke of a wheel sticking in the wall of an office building there to-day. The blowing-up of that gun crew made a deep impression on me. I don't think I forgot Battery F of the Second for a single hour from the time of the explosion until I became a recruit in the battery two years later.

Right after that accident I thought, "This is no place for me," and went back home to Carlisle.

The explosion in Chicago made me keep quiet for a while. I was content to stay home and go to school. For a year then I ate up history—arithmetic didn't hit me any more than the rest of the subjects, but history, which took the form of geography, was soup and nuts for me. There wasn't a date from the landing of the Pilgrims until the Cree Raids that I didn't know—I wish I knew as much now. I can remember very well those evenings at home. We had natural gas and all that a town had to do was to sink a pipe into the ground and out would come the gas. The fellow that ran the well charged thirty cents a month for each house. He didn't spend any time or money installing meters, but just ran a pipe into a house that subscribed to his gas and the people in the house could have one jet or a

hundred jets, it cost the same—thirty cents. We had three jets, one for each room. Well, sometimes the gas got mixed up with air—as natural gas has a habit of doing—and then when it was lit there was a splutter like an angry cat and a blue flame shot out that didn't give any light. Then I used to do my history reading by the fire, and when my face got hot and I grew sleepy, I would look into the fire and dream about battlefields and foreign countries. That life lasted for more than a year, and I like to recall it because it was the last time that I lived at home in the town of James Archer for more than a visit. But everything has an end. There came the year 1896 and the propelling charge which sent me flying away.

In those days school wasn't like it is now. A switch in the schoolroom was as common as a piece of chalk. A boy who wouldn't remember the lesson got something he could remember, and when a fellow cut up a little, he got a whaling. Walter Lew was the teacher. He and I didn't hit it off very well together. I guess he thought it was a personal insult for me to be away so much from his class. Anyway, I wasn't very well acquainted with his habits. The fateful day in the fall of 1896 arrived. I went to school as usual, and sat down at my desk which, because I was long-legged and needed an extra big one, was in the rear rank. About the middle of the morning I had occasion to talk with the fellow across the aisle on my right. My head was turned away, and then I heard a whirr like a little fate coming through the air to sting me. It did—a ruler

struck me right above the eye. Then I was mad. I grabbed my slate—a double one, you know the kind, with a piece of red flannel around the edge—and I flung it right at Walter Lew's head as hard as I could. They tell me my slate struck the blackboard about an inch from the teacher's nose and made a dent which is still there, but I didn't wait to see about that. The slate and I must have been going through the air about the same time. A window was about two steps behind me and out that window I went, never to come back. It was a long drop, because the schoolhouse is situated on the lower side of the road, and back of it the ground slopes down sharp into Duck Creek. I hit and rolled down the bank and came to a stop among the bushes along the creek. It was quite a shaking up, and there I was content to stay and make my plans. And like most of my plans, those I made in the bushes by the creek succeeded. I decided on a tour of the United States.

The general direction at the start was the same as the other time—toward Chicago. But I never reached there. One day I found myself in Loda, Illinois, so I got a job in a coal mine. At first I was just a "passer" but after a while got promoted to "mule driver." That was the first mule I ever drove, and the son of a gun gave me some valuable experience. But one morning I arrived at the mine to find great excitement. The men were all gathered around the shaft from which smoke was pouring. It was one of those terrible gas fires in the depths which can be put out only by sealing up the

mine. So they sealed her up and announced that there would be no more work for two weeks. I went around to the stable to give my mule one last feed of oats, and I gave him all he could eat, and then got into a box car bound for somewhere—it turned out to be for St. Louis.

I didn't have to wait long for something else to remember. That night the train kept going pretty well —we bumped and jolted and creaked and swayed along hour after hour, and the regularity of the motion lulled me into a deep sleep. And so I enjoyed myself all unconscious of what I was getting into, and that something was going to happen in a few hours which would make black history for St. Louis. It struck while I was sound asleep. The first thing I knew I was standing on my head and scrambling somewhere around the roof of the car. I thought my head would split open and I lay still for a while and listened to a terrible roar. It is always my policy when anything unusual happens to stop and think before taking action, and I believe that has saved my life lots of times. I was doing that, there in the overturned box car, and finally I figured out that my head was just banged and that the only thing split open was the car, which gave me a chance to get out. Of course, I thought it was a train wreck and began to congratulate myself on a narrow escape. But when I crawled out and picked myself up from the bottom of a cinder embankment, I was stunned by what I saw. There was St. Louis, which almost truthfully *lay* on every hand: Houses were caved in, roofs gone; it seemed as though all the insides of the city were exposed and

confused, smoking and hideous. I had happened to arrive on the morning of March 2, 1896—the day of the great cyclone! The records show that in twenty minutes 8,500 buildings were destroyed by the storm and fire with a loss of ten million dollars. The loss would have been much greater except for a fortunate occurrence. The fire had just gotten under headway when a terrific deluge came down and flooded the city, putting out the flames. I remember distinctly the tangle of wires in the streets. Many were live wires, and when I went along tripping over them, people hollered to look out. I didn't know anything about live wires and thought they were crazy until I saw a little boy who had been electrocuted picked up off the street. All my life, every day, I've been learning something new about danger.

The disaster gave me a job right away. I helped to clean up the débris and clear the streets. But it didn't send me back to Carlisle as the gun explosion in Chicago had done. I kept right on going and before several months had been as far south as New Orleans and as far west as Phoenix, Arizona.

When I got back to Carlisle after this trip, I brought with me $114, not having spent anything on railroad tickets. I was older and knew more and was just r'arin' to get into the Army. The only trouble was, I was still too young. When a fellow enlisted in the Army before he was twenty-one, he had to get his parents' permission, and I knew Mother wouldn't agree just yet. But anyway, there was no harm in taking a chance.

So a fellow named Charlie Wise and I set out for Parkersburg to enlist. We left Carlisle by way of the East Fork of Duck Creek, intending to follow that down through the mountains to where it strikes the Ohio River near Marietta; from there it would be about ten miles to Parkersburg. The hiking was something fierce, due to the rains of the last ten days, which had given southeastern Ohio one of the most terrific washings in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Noble County was nothing but hills sticking up out of a muddy flood; brooks that we ordinarily could have jumped across had become roaring rivers many feet wide, and Duck Creek filled its valley from side to side. Charlie and I soon changed our minds about hiking to Marietta, but we kept going in the hope of reaching the railroad soon and riding down on that. But the Cleveland and Marietta Railroad which ran south from Caldwell was washed out and couldn't get a train through. Then I got a bright idea. We had passed the junction of the West Fork and Duck Creek had become a regular river sweeping to the sea, as they say in books. Over by the shore we saw a flat-bottomed scow chained to a staple, and so I said to Charlie, "Let's wait until it gets dark and then go get that boat." So when it got dark we went over to the scow, pulled the staple and everything out in order to get it loose, and climbed aboard, settling ourselves for a smooth trip downstream. The purpose of that ship was just to ferry back and forth across the creek when the water was normal, and so it didn't have any oars, but we found in the bottom a long-handled

shovel and a paddle. I took the shovel and sat down in the rear to steer while Charlie took the paddle and perched himself up in front, and we started! I think I never did anything to beat the excitement of that trip —I might as well have tried to steer a whirlwind with a shovel. We found ourselves right away at the mercy of the current, which jerked that scow first one way and then in the opposite direction. We slammed up against the railroad embankment one minute and the next second we would be a hundred feet away running foul of a stump where the old boat would stop with a jerk and quiver until it shook itself loose and went shooting off to some other trouble. The worst was when we went under trees. Then we had to lie down in the bottom to keep from getting pulled overboard, and the trees then tried to square accounts by letting down a shower of cold water. I think my guardian angel had me by the hand that night. But at last the thing began to get on my nerves, and some time past midnight I said to Charlie, "I've had enough of this—let's get out." Do you know, I believe that we travelled about two miles farther before we could bring that boat of ours to shore. We were all in, and made for a barn which was close by where, with our clothes all clammy and sticky, we climbed up into some hay and went to sleep.

The next morning we hardly recognized each other; with hayseeds plastered all over us and hay sticking into our soggy clothes we were the darndest mess you've ever seen. Well, we went down to where the boat was,

counting on continuing the trip by daylight—then there came to our ears a well-known roar. Charlie and I looked at each other, we knew that sound and right then we knew what we had escaped. Yes, sir, if we had allowed that scow of ours to go fifty yards farther, it would have got caught in a swirl and there would have been no stopping it until it and we had been tossed over the dam. There were logs going over, and I can see them right now, as the big ones stuck out over the edge as though trying to make up their minds, and then gave a horrible lurch downward and when the water hit one end it brought the other end up so that they went over the falls turning end over end. Each one of those logs represented our boat in my mind.

It wasn't so far from there to Marietta, and there we found a railroad that was running and which carried us to Parkersburg. That town was not a permanent recruiting station, it was only on a circuit. Lieutenant Bennet had his headquarters in Wheeling, where he kept an office open two days, then he went to Gallipolis two days, and Parkersburg two. It so happened that we arrived so as to have about five days to wait. Charlie and I had enough money for eating purposes but it was necessary to fix up some sort of sleeping accommodations. I had noticed a big mill down by the Ohio River, and it happened to be one that kept going all night, so down there we went. I chewed the fat awhile with the engineer, telling him how our father had brought us down from some little dump in West Virginia, and we had lost him, and how we had a flour mill

back home but it wasn't as good as his, and how interested we were in his, and so forth, until it ended up with us crawling up on a nice warm bench back of the boiler.

I don't like to remember the first time that I presented myself for the Army. It doesn't seem natural, but anyway, I was scared to lie too much to the lieutenant, and when he asked me my age I should have said twenty-one, although I was only sixteen. I compromised and said I would be twenty-one in a couple of months. He said, "You won't do, but come back here in September." So the show was over until September, and since Charlie wouldn't enlist without me, we both went home.

There was a fellow named Dick Collins in whom I used to confide. One day in September Dick had been drinking and he said he'd enlist with me.

So the day came when I said good-bye to the folks. My sisters made fun of me and nobody believed I was in earnest about enlisting then because they knew I was too young; they thought I was just off on another fool trip. But anyway, Collins and I got started. We both knew too much about railroads to think of spending anything on fares, so we went over to Caldwell and climbed up on top of a C. & M. freight car. On that we rumbled along most of the afternoon, while I lay up on top of the car enjoying the scenery. We passed through old familiar stations: Hiramsburg, Archer's Ridge, Sarahsville, Mt. Ephraim, Crabapple—would I ever see those places again? The fresh air made Collins feel so good that when it got dark he had to get off and

get a drink at some town where the train was stalled. After that I helped him into a box car and crawled in with him. Pretty soon I heard a brakeman coming along the line inspecting the cars; when he got to our car I guess he saw the door open a crack or something suspicious, but he opened her up and turned his lantern in on us. There we were, sure enough. At first the brakeman was all for throwing us off the train, but I explained matters as fully as possible and even offered to pay him the fare if he would let us ride. That appealed to him, and finally it was arranged that we could go along with the train, but we would have to ride in the caboose, which I didn't mind a bit. Since I was paying the fare for two people I thought we might as well travel right. So we settled ourselves on the floor of the caboose and I was happy. But it was hot and dusty, and pretty soon I began to drowse off. The *clink, clink* of the slow-moving wheels over the rails was all that my senses felt—the car beat out words which it repeated over and over again, "Where are you going? Where are you going?" I tried to answer, "To the Fair, I reckon." And then the wheels answered with the familiar names again—Hiramsburg, Archer's Ridge . . . Crabapple . . . I could finish the list now—after Crabapple comes Fort Riley, then Santiago, Manila, Pekin, Honduras, Verdun!

## CHAPTER II

Dick and I turned in at some dark stairs that led up to a room over a grocery store where a blue flag was hung out to show that the recruiting officer was on the job. There we met four other fellows who were also going to enlist. Dick explained to them in a few words what the situation was with me being only sixteen and so forth, and it was agreed that I should be the first one to present myself.

Lieutenant Bennet looked up with a remark that showed he remembered but didn't know me, "So you're back, are you?"—as much as to say that he never thought I would have the nerve to show up there again. I reckoned that I was back, since it was September. He started to make out the papers, but every second or so would raise up and look me all over and frown. That manœuvre ended in his laying down the pen and declaring that unless I had proof to the contrary I was too young. Then was one of the few times when somebody else had to come to my assistance. Dick Collins spoke up and said he had known me always and that I had no bad habits (which was the truth) and that of course I was much older than I looked, in fact, that I was twenty-one, at which he turned with a gesture to the others—"Ain't he, boys?" There was a

chorus of "Course!" "Sure!" and one fellow, that I could have hugged, even went so far as to explain that he had always considered me twenty-five at least. A silence followed, during which I felt as though I owned the premises and stood there looking that lieutenant right in the eye. Right then I knew that I was going to get along fine with army men and that I was never going to be afraid of officers. There was still some doubt, so Dick and I played our trump—Dick said that he wouldn't enlist without me, and do you know that man had his nerve, he said that neither would the others! I held my breath, waiting to see if they would agree to that. They came across in fine style: there was a chorus carrying the general drift that they would be seen with the devil before they would enlist without me. That settled it. The lieutenant knew that it was a good thing for his records to have enlistments, so we proceeded without more interruption. Later on, only Dick and I and one of the other fellows survived the medical examination, but that was better than the average.

In those days only one man out of seven that applied for the Army was accepted. In fact, the whole Army consisted of less than a modern division; there were only about 20,000 soldiers in all, and they were a mighty select bunch, I can tell you. And the Army had been about that size ever since Civil War days; in fact, 20,000 was a sort of sacred and perpetual figure and nobody thought that the Army should ever be any smaller or any larger.

Before the ink had dried on my signature in the lieutenant's book he was giving me my first orders—of course, it included all of us. "You will go over to the Commercial Hotel. There the Government has rooms reserved. You will stay there for ten days. Meals are included with the room. If, during the period when you are living at the hotel, any one changes his mind and wishes to withdraw his enlistment, he may report back here to me." It was a funny rule they had, which I never could understand, that a fellow who enlisted must live ten days at the expense of the Government and that he could get out of enlisting at any time during those ten days. I guess they wanted to make sure of a man's intentions and that he wasn't just going into the Army out of spite or foolishness.

So it happened that Dick Collins and Herman Archer settled themselves in the Commercial Hotel to put in ten days of pleasure in Parkersburg. Dick had a good time with drinking and living a usual normal life, and I had a good time with thinking I was a soldier—a nut of a soldier, but I didn't realize it then. I went around town looking just as usual without any uniform or distinguishing marks, but I felt very unusual. It seemed to me that everybody I met would nudge themselves and make way for me while they cast sidelong respectful glances and whispered, "There goes a soldier!"—or if they didn't do that I felt as though they ought to.

You know I don't drink, but that never prevents me from being good friends with everybody. I stuck pretty close to Dick Collins while we were in Parkers-

burg and was able to help him out of little scrapes now and then. One evening we went into a "speak-easy." It was the first time in my life I had ever been in one. There were beer and pretzels and chorus girls, and since I didn't take beer Dick ordered some pop for me. Then the boss spoke up and said, "You can't come in here, you're too young." That showed that the fellows who keep those places are really very decent, and that they have the good of people on their minds. But, anyway, the remark cut me to the quick. He couldn't have said anything that would have hurt me more. I answered right up, "Well, I'm in the Army, ain't I?" The man hadn't realized my position before, but that fixed it up all right, and I was allowed to stay.

One day Dick and I were going along the street when we came across a fellow that had had too much liquor and was pretty far gone. We tried to stir him up and get him started on his feet when we were surprised to recognize Ben Gremlick, a friend from home. We decided to take Ben into a side door of the hotel and sneak him up into our room where he could stay until he had slept it off. The first part of that plan worked out all right. We put Ben on the bed and then went out and locked the door, taking the key with us. But when we came back a few hours later here was the door of our room with the panels splintered and the whole thing pretty well busted up. It was in an out-of-the-way part of the hall and I guess that we were the first persons to discover the accident, which was a very lucky thing. Of course, the ruin represented Ben's exit. He must

have been scared and decided to escape at any cost—which he succeeded in doing. But now it was our turn to be scared, thinking what might be the result when the hotelkeeper should find out the condition of the government bedroom. I had heard about courts-martial and it seemed to me that there was practically no difference between that and getting hanged, but in my pride I found comfort in that, whatever my fate, it would be that of a soldier. Well, we didn't spend any time whining, but set about fixing the matter up as well as possible. We completed the smashing of the door by kicking and tearing at it until there was nothing left except splinters, and those splinters we turned so that they pointed in instead of out. Then we went down to the office and reported what had happened—that our room had been broken into while we were out, and that we felt very sore at not getting better protection in that hotel, etc. It wouldn't have sounded well to say that it had been broken out of. I never did see Ben Gremlick again. He died later, poor devil, but I've often wondered what he figured had happened to him when he came to and found himself locked up.

Only the day after that happening our term as guests of Uncle Sam was completed and we reported back to Lieutenant Bennet for instructions. In those days a man who was accepted in the Army could apply for any branch of the service and even for any particular unit of that branch that he wanted to belong to. I never forgot Battery F of the Second Field Artillery whose gun I had seen blown up in Chicago two years

before. That suited Dick Collins, too, who had no special reason to go anywhere except with me, and so it turned out that we were slated in the artillery together. We received our orders to report to the commanding officer of the Second Field Artillery at Fort Riley, Kansas. My career as a soldier had begun.

Fort Riley was all dolled up. A new flag unfolded itself lazily from the tall pole that stood up on the bluff above the junction of the Smoky and the Republican rivers. The lawns of the post were newly mowed—grass-cutting being one of the most important duties of a soldier in peace-time—where the grass on the parade ground had been worn off, the bald spots looked carefully swept and varnished, the driveways were raked, the dark blue uniforms of the soldiers were creased in the proper places, and their black shoes sparkled when the sunlight struck the shine. That was plenty to impress a recruit. I had always had a sort of idea that soldiers, when they were in garrison between fights, had nothing to do except strut around and salute officers. Here it was proved that I was right and the discovery was pleasing. And while on one side of the red brick barracks there were fine lawns and spotless uniforms, on the other side was the picket line where the rear elevations of several hundred horses were lined up in a glossy, moving line. Marvellous sight! Where but in the Army could such a thing be seen? And all those wonderful tails, smooth and even and well-combed, whose regularity was only emphasized

when one whisked up and brushed off a fly. At a given signal—a glorious blast of the bugle—all the stiff and parading soldiers could be thrown into action; they would rush upon the horses in one fell swoop, harness and hitch in five minutes, and with flags flying and bugles calling they would sweep out to battle against Indians, or a foreign enemy. That was what I saw at Fort Riley, part of it actually and part in my mind, when I got down from the wagon that took us up from the station. But if I was impressed by the sight of neatness, order, and discipline which met my eyes, I was thunderstruck by the explanation of what it was all about. On the next day General Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the Army, would make his annual visit of inspection to the Post. They might as well have told me that the preparations were in honour of recruit Archer—I couldn't have felt more excited.

Therefore, it turned out that my first little experience with the guns was to be made under the very eyes of one of the grandest old soldiers and officers that ever lived. General Miles had served as a major-general in the Civil War, he had commanded an army corps at the age of twenty-five, he had paralyzed more Indians than any other white man—Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Chief Joseph, Geronimo, and Natchez—his reputation as a soldier never will be equalled. Well, of course they tried to keep us new recruits in the background, and of course we wanted to be in the background except that we also wanted to see everything that went on. A new recruit was a soldier that had just arrived

and didn't know anything, while a recruit was almost every soldier who had been in the Army less than ten years. There was one of the new ones assigned to each section for the visit of the General. That was trying to spread the butter so thin that it couldn't be tasted, but they didn't succeed in my case, because the Captain got a bad taste right off.

All I had to do was to follow the gun limber around, which sounded simple enough. Everything went well at first. We got the gun unlimbered and put into position out on the drill ground. Then the horses pulling the limber and the extra cannoneers and drivers and myself took up a post about twenty-five yards in the rear. In those days there was a command which had its origin from surprise attacks by Indians from the rear. I don't suppose they had ever done it in actual fighting, but it made a mighty neat appearance on the drill ground, and was supposed to be a crack manœuvre. The command was "Fire to the rear; limbers and caissons pass the pieces, gallop—*March!*" Any battery that could execute that was a real top-notch outfit. Well, we were standing at our places by the limber, and when I realized that nobody was paying any attention to us but had their eyes fixed on the piece, I began to glance over to where the reviewing party was stationed on the flank. They were all mounted, and General Miles was in the centre on a big sorrel horse. He was easy to distinguish just by the way he carried himself, and his blue dress uniform and epaulets and sword all seemed to be just a little bit grander than those around

him. I fell to thinking of all the places he'd been and the Indians he'd talked to face to face, and here he was right near me—little did I guess that he would be looking right at me and nobody else in about the next minute. But when I came to my proper senses it was just in time to see my limber beating it off around the gun, and to hear the last half of that fancy command—"Pass the pieces, gallop—*March!*" I took after the limber, which was strictly according to instructions, but it happened by that time to be right at the muzzle of the cannon. Then there was a yell from somewhere, somebody hollered, "Look out!" and to run the other way, and I turned but don't know where to. Just then she went off! Of course it was a blank, but when you're only a few yards in front of a cannon, and your high and mighty commanding generalissimo is watching you, and they let off a charge of black powder which spurts fire and belches smoke and kicks up the dust and pebbles under your feet and deafens you, and you lie down to die in front of everybody, it is no joke. I would have cared much less if that gun had been loaded with grape and canister. In that case I might have been a hero instead of a fool. Probably they told General Miles I was only a new recruit, and probably he smiled and then forgot all about me, but I have never forgotten and will never forget the Old Man and his annual inspection of 1896 at Fort Riley.

The incident broke me into the Service right away. Usually a new recruit is to be ignored—he stands for nothing else but an ignorant green spot on the battery.

I, at least, had got my name known, and when the soldiers saw me they would say, "There's Archer, that young ass that balled things up the day of the review." That was something and, for a recruit, it was a good deal. After laughing at me at first, they even began to come around and talk it over, and I bet there was not a new recruit in the entire post that did not wish he had had the start that I had got by being independent in front of General Miles. There isn't anybody that can't benefit by a little advertising now and then.

There followed some months when I was learning and getting broken in to army manners. That was really the tail-end of the period following the Civil War, when the little Army was peppered out in small units over the frontiers and plains. I don't think they expected any more Indian raids, but the Army was left scattered after the pacification and it never occurred to anybody to change the arrangements. So one regiment might be in a dozen different places at once, with itself divided into units of a battery or a platoon and those units widely separated. There naturally sprung up a fierce rivalry among the outfits, which was a good thing, and which occupied most of the time and talk during those days. When two units of the same regiment would be brought together—maybe one had been in Presidio and the other training on Governor's Island—then they would set about proving which was the best.

The paymaster was the great national hero of the day—not only for the certain blessing which he brought, for soldiers were paid three dollars a week—but because

of the gossip of the rest of the regiment. He had to do a lot of travelling to pay his regiment and he took the opportunity of keeping everybody informed of everybody else. We might have called him the "liaison officer" in modern language. But when the bugle sounded pay formation was the time to show off. Then the paymaster held his watch on us, while we—"Fall in! Call the roll! Report!—*Paid!*"

"By the gods! we must have trimmed a few seconds off of Battery D's imagination that time!" But in checking up eventually with the others it came to light that it was always some *other* outfit which was a few seconds ahead, and not the one where the paymaster happened to be. He, the sly devil, saw to that.

But just as I was fated never to fight Indians, I was also fated not to spend very long in the outposts of the plains. I was getting my training for none of the people that I had in mind as being the rightful enemies of the Regular Army. Sooner than I could ever have thought, our guns—my gun—were to be turned against the Regulars of a civilized country in Europe. In the usual course of events the time was soon up for our stay at Fort Riley. We moved to the Presidio, San Francisco. But our time there was cut short, because one day there came a surprise order to move clear across the continent to Rhode Island. Then the *Maine* was sunk, and a blind man could have seen what was up. Nobody had been thinking of war in the usual sense; there hadn't been any for more than thirty years. But here we were face to face with one.

Things moved fast from then on. My battery was one of the four which was ordered to Cuba, and so we found ourselves in Tampa along with everything and everybody else in the United States that was mixed up in the war. I never saw such confusion—except in the traffic jam by Montfaucon, and then everything was working to one end while in Tampa there were as many ends as commanding officers. The docks and warehouses and even the streets were piled with such a jumble of supplies that the only clothing that could be extracted for us was heavy wool and dark blouses just as though we were taking ship for Alaska instead of the tropics—I've often wondered why they neglected to issue earmuffs—and the only food that could be detached from the general supplies turned out to be *hash*. If any one word were used to sum up the sounds and sights and feelings of Tampa it would be that little word—*hash*.

Well, we got ourselves aboard the transport *Berkshire*, Number 9. There was very little trouble except the mules, which lived up to their reputation. I was one of a detail that had the care of getting those animals on the ship, and I tried to recall all I had learned about mules' dispositions while driving that one back at Loda, Illinois. It was finally arranged that four men per mule would be the proper proportion; that allowed for two in front to lead and steer old Maude by the ears, while two came behind to tickle his mulish highness with switches about ten feet long. With this arrangement our escort made trip after trip up the gangplank until all the animals had been stowed away.

You must remember that this was the first time that the Regulars—or any other American soldiers for that matter—were going to fight on foreign soil that was separated by salt water from our land. We naturally felt pretty uneasy at the idea. Some of the boys began to celebrate "the night before the battle" in a way that was greatly helped along by considering that it was also the "last night in this old country of ours." Everybody who was down in Tampa remembers a low dive called the "Blue Goose." The place was notorious. There some of the fellows lost money and got into trouble in many ways, until finally somebody cried, "Let's see the Blue Goose lay a golden egg!" Then happened one of the meanest things I've ever seen, because even if some of the boys did come away broke there was no cause for what they did. The torch was put to the building, and we boarded ship with the glow of the Blue Goose lighting our steps.

Much has been written about what took place on the inside and the outside of that parade of transports which steamed out of Tampa. We steamed out—thirty-two transports in line and eight war vessels—the grandest sight you've ever seen. But you know that saying, "He walked right in and turned around and walked right out again." Well, we did just the opposite of that—we steamed right out and swung around and steamed right in again. Yes, sir, after all the farewell kissing and shedding of tears and heaving of sighs, and after all the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs and tooting of whistles, we had the nerve to show up again

in Tampa! It was rumoured that Cervera's fleet was on a tear, and so we skeedaddled back into our hole. But the worst of it was that when we got back to the dock we unloaded every horse and mule, which we had taken such pains to get on board. We waited eight days before making a fresh start, while the animals lived on shore and the men lived on the transports. The Government hadn't yet learned how to pack soldiers and supplies on an ocean-going vessel. The soldiers were fixed in such a way that strong men turned pale just *thinking* how seasick they would be; and the supplies—well, when anybody could find what they were looking for he was as surprised as the man who stepped on the needle in the haystack and ran it into his foot.

Now, First Sergeant Headland and Clerk Green of my battery had taken the precaution to lay in a case of canned peaches before we left Tampa. Of course, the rest of us didn't know anything about that at the time. But those peaches got put in the hold along with the rest of the stuff, so First Sergeant Headland and Clerk Green decided that there wasn't any use of worrying about those peaches until we unloaded. But one day while feeding the horses a nosebag dropped into the hold and I had to go down after it. There beside that nosebag was sitting a box of peaches, and right then I knew that those would taste better than anything else on board ship. I got together with Dick Collins and another fellow, and we fastened a rope to a nosebag and arranged that when I gave a jerk the others would

pull her up. In that way we hoisted out the whole case of peaches, a few at a time. So far, so good. But where could we put them? Those were good-sized cans and it was no cinch getting them all hid—we put them in the lifeboats and everywhere else—and then it was a terrible annoyance getting them eaten. So I decided that we needed a friend. I approached the First Sergeant and offered him on the side an invitation to eat peaches. He seemed very interested and he enjoyed eating his share. You see Headland didn't catch on that I hadn't bought that fruit, and so he patted me on the back and said that I was a fine fellow to share my peaches with him. The truth of that matter didn't come to light until after we landed, when First Sergeant Headland and Clerk Green began to nose around for their peaches and couldn't find them. But lucky for me the troops were too busy in Daiquiri to let Headland do more about it than change his mind about me being a fine fellow, feeding him his own peaches.

There was something else connected with that incident. When I was looking for that nosebag down in the hold I found, besides the peaches, a case containing forty-eight cans of condensed milk and a one-hundred-pound sack of sugar. I and a fellow by the name of Wass talked over what to do about that situation and we decided that the milk and sugar ought to be used for the benefit of our section. I want to say right here that in all my career I have never sneaked up and stolen anything, because I don't believe in stealing, but often, when the opportunity is offered, I have gone straight

out in open and *taken* some things. So that time Wass and I took the milk and sugar, and we hunted up the limbers belonging to our section and stowed away the provisions by taking out the separators in the chests, because of course there was no ammunition in there at that time.

Now I'm a-goin' to carry you ahead for a second and see what happened to that extra food. The fellows, of course, appreciated very much the thoughtfulness that had given them the provisions. Here is how we used the milk. First we took the hard-tack and fried it in bacon grease by using our mess kits like frying-pans, the way they are made to be used; then we took a can of milk that had two little holes punched in it—if we punched them too big it would have spilled in our saddle bags; then one fellow held his fried hard-tack under one hole in the can and another fellow put his mouth to the other hole and gave a blow, as hard and sudden as he could. Out would come a nice spurt of milk and spread over the hard-tack, if it hit it. I've never had a sandwich that tasted better than that fried hard-tack and milk tasted. Toward the end of the march we still had some of that milk and sugar on our hands. It was the day before the battle at San Juan, and what with the forced marching and the loading up with ammunition it was necessary to leave things behind. I saw Wass giving away milk to other sections and when I asked him why he was doing that he answered with the old saying, "We may not want it, to-morrow we may be dead." I've often thought of that remark

because, the next day, when a shell struck the battery, Wass fell dead across the trail of our gun.

But of all the incidents on the *Berkshire* the one that I like to remember best was an acquaintance that I made. There were a number of newspaper correspondents on board and they used to mix pretty freely with us fellows—I guess they thought they could learn more from the men than from the officers. Well, among them was a chap by the name of Davis who was representing the New York *Herald*, the London *Times*, and *Scribner's*. Since he was only one of the reporters and I was only one of the bucks it seems funny to me now to think how it happened that we got so friendly. But he had been out to the Fair in Chicago, and had seen my ferris-wheel so that gave us a good start. Davis was a fast talker and he used an accent that I've heard on lots of Easterners; for instance, he called himself "Divis." He told me how he had started in the search for adventure down in Philadelphia, where he dressed up like a bum and loafed around a saloon. In that way he made friends with a bunch of burglars and later reported them and got them put in jail. I believe he could have made friends with a wooden Indian if he tried to, so I didn't blame the burglars for falling for him. Davis was just back from the war between Greece and Italy, so he knew all about what a war was like, and I learned from him a good deal about what to expect in Cuba. There was only about one thing that Richard Harding Davis preferred to a high-class war, and that was a revolution.

He had been down to Central America and learned a good deal about how a revolution should be conducted from the fellows down there. I said, "By the gods, I'll go to any old revolution with you," and we laughed and joked awhile, never knowing that fate had something in store for us along that very line.

One day while I was watching us approach the shore of Cuba a terrible explosion almost knocked me overboard with surprise. The cruiser *New Orleans* had crept up beside our ship without my noticing, and had opened fire on the shore. I felt very proud of what happened—for most of us it was the "first shot fired in hate" that we had heard, and nobody can be any kind of a soldier without having heard a "shot fired in hate." As I stood on the deck with the cannon of the *New Orleans* blazing away, I thought how little the folks back at Carlisle knew about war or such things.

Of course, we expected that there would be firing from the shore, nobody knew at that time that the Spanish had withdrawn all their batteries to protect Santiago. Sure enough, there it was. Up on the hill among the trees there was a little puff of smoke, and then a dull boom drifted down to us. I was perfectly calm, and only turned and said to the man next to me, "We are under fire!" Then I heard a laugh and caught sight of Davis with his sides shaking.

"What's the joke?"

"Don't you know better than that, Archer? I took you for a man of sense. We're not under fire, those are the shells of the *New Orleans* bursting up there."

I had learned something and never made that mistake again.

Since the Spaniards didn't have any guns to shell us with they must have gotten nervous, and being anxious to show what a good fight they could put up they set the town on fire. I can't understand any other reason for the burning of Daiquiri. That was the only firing that the enemy did, and with resistance ended the troops began to think about landing. You generally think of landing and unloading an army in some port, but Daiquiri was nothing but a handful of shacks in a niche of the south coast of Cuba about eighteen miles from Santiago. The niche wasn't big enough to protect more than a rowboat from the open sea, and the dock consisted of a few wabbly piles and loose planks which, if they had tried to land an army on it, would have had the fate of the egg that was crushed by a locomotive. To make matters still more complicated the entire outfit had only two lighters, and one of those had broken loose on the way down, so that the remaining one had to work overtime landing supplies and the guns. That left us to get ourselves and the horses off any way we could.

The infantry could pile off into rowboats all right. We had a detachment of the First Infantry on the *Berkshire* with us. They took them off by means of launches from the men of war, which glided around among the transports, each with four or five rowboats in tow. The launch would stop by our Jacob's ladder and wait until the first boat was filled, and then it

would move on a little, bringing the next boat up to the ladder, and so on.

Just a little way off from where our ship lay was a war vessel which brought General Shafter, the commander of the whole show. On board that vessel they were engaged in disembarking the old man and, say, they had a bigger job on their hands than we had with two batteries of horses. Shafter was one of the bulkiest men I've ever laid eyes on. I've never been able to figure out why the War Department sent a man to Cuba in command who couldn't get around; he might have known a lot about the Army and fighting, but a general ought to be able to move. Anyway, I just stood there and laughed till I cried at what was taking place over there. A bunch of sailors had ahold of Shafter, steadying him on the edge of the gangplank, while a steam launch was puffing and backing and trying to get into an easy position for the General to step into it. But the swell of the sea rolled the ship back and forth and made that launch bob up and down, so that it would take a lively man and not one like Shafter to make the transfer. When the gangplank and the launch got on an equal footing, I could hear the voices of the sailors, loud and sharp—they could be heard all over the harbour—"Now! . . . Let go!" But Shafter was always too slow, and when he reached out his foot, the deck of the launch would be ten feet below or maybe away up above. They kept that up for I don't know how long—every time the opportunity looked favourable, I would hear, "Now!"—but Shafter would miss

and paw around in the air with his foot or maybe dip it in the water. I've never seen the beat of that in all my life.

The Rough Riders had been the first to go ashore, and while we awaited our turn to disembark, they marched inland and engaged the enemy at La Guasimas. On that day something happened which brought home to me for the first time that we were in Cuba to kill or be killed. From the deck of our ship I noticed a launch which was boiling around, and then a man stood up with a megaphone and called for Captain Capron. It looked like something interesting, and so I edged over to hear what was going to be said. When Captain Capron came to the rail and made himself known, the voice through the megaphone spoke quietly but without hesitating: "I wish to report to you that your son was killed to-day." That was all that was said, but those words sent a shock into me. Capron kind of lurched forward with both hands on the rail, his head dropped a little, but he said nothing. A couple of days later we passed by Las Guasimas, and there I saw the graves of young Capron and Sergeant Hamilton Fish.

We had about a hundred horses between decks. Our problem was how to get them out of their foul, crowded quarters into the open, and then carry them across 300 yards of rough water (for we were exposed to the open sea and the waves were high) and land the nags through the surf, and still have enough horseflesh left to pull the guns. There was no sally port which opened near the surface of the water, so the horses had to be brought

up on the deck, where they huddled together and shivered and looked stiff and scared. It sounds easy to talk about throwing horses overboard and letting them swim ashore, but let me tell you that a horse perched upon a deck thirty feet above deep water is too scared to budge, he simply won't throw. Well, I suggested to a sergeant that we get a plank and tilt 'em off. Make 'em walk the plank! So we looked around until we found a young gangway and then set it up on the edge of the deck with a couple of feet of it sticking out over the water. The horses were led up one by one, and by the time a horse caught sight of what was ahead of him he was on the plank; then about ten of us grabbed it and gave a terrible heave and over he went. I've heard of horses who have been trained to dive into a swimming pool—well, down there at Daiquiri was the original performance. They pawed in all directions, and their tails and manes flew back, and altogether it was as pretty a sight as you've ever seen—those horses flying through the air and ending up with a splash which almost sank the rowboats that were hanging around. That took place from the side of the ship toward the shore, and it never occurred to anybody that a horse wouldn't have sense enough to strike out for the beach. But maybe that was enough for the crowbaits and they wanted to die or maybe it was just pure cussedness such as causes a chicken to run across a road. At any rate, when fifteen horses were gathered together and ready to head for land, one of them set out around the boat and headed for the open ocean and, strike me dead,

if the whole flock didn't follow! I guess right there is where the expression about "horse sense" came from. That was an unexpected turn of events, but there wasn't any use gaping at them from the deck. As many of us as there was room for climbed down into boats and started to row out toward the horizon to head our horses off. But we were soldiers and not marines and we didn't know anything about the Navy such as rowing a boat; besides, those horses were hell-bent on becoming whales, and they were ploughing along for all they were worth. I could have done just as well with that long-handled shovel that Charlie Wise and I navigated the Ohio flood with. Luck looked against us, sure enough, and I'll say this, that it was only by luck and the help of some fellows in another boat that the leader of that salt-water mob got turned around. But new trouble was waiting for us. The beach was steep and the breakers would charge up, carrying horses and men head over heels and then suddenly retreat, drawing everything back again, so that it looked as though our animals were going to be drowned this time sure. Then they called for volunteers to swim out among the horses. I don't know what my training in the swimming hole above the dam at Duck Creek had been for if not for this occasion, so some of us swam out, and the fellows on shore threw ropes which we fixed around the horses' necks while trying to avoid being cut in two by the front hoofs that were stirring up the water like mill wheels. That succeeded, but right then I got a good idea of what the Cuban Army was like.

The Cubans had turned up like rats along the shore as soon as the enemy had disappeared. Probably they enjoyed the idea that they had driven him off. At any rate, there they were hollering, "*Viva !*" and "*Santiago !*" They always hollered "*Santiago !*" I learned afterward that it was one of the two words which Cubans knew, the other one being "*mañana.*" Well, with all their celebration those curs didn't have time to lend a hand to the men and horses that were struggling through the surf—that would have taken some effort. And, do you know, two men of the Ninth Cavalry, weighed down by their belts and packs, drowned a few feet down the beach from us and right under the noses of those "Santiago!" squawkers.

The Cubans were dark, but all shades from yellow to black; they had shifty eyes. I've still to meet the white man who has looked a Cuban in the eye; they were dirty—at least that was what I thought then—but now that I remember China and Honduras I have to reserve that word for use where it is more needed. They were noisy and didn't know anything about soldiering, and whenever, on the march, some of the Cubans tagged along it was as though we were escorted by a gang of roughnecks. But for all that, I felt sorry for the scoundrels in a way. They looked as though they were down on their luck, they were barefoot and hungry and every fellow was his own transport and commissary department. They were always toting along huge earthen pots with water, and they had their cooking utensils clanking over their backs, and what with all their other

belongings dangling from their persons the poor devils worked under difficulties, and transporting themselves and their household and military goods around seemed to use up all their energy.

Will any man who was down there ever forget the sight of those Cubans traipsing along with the American column? With all their other encumbrances they tried to carry a gun, and when they got hot, which was all the time, they took off the upper shirts and went naked to the waist. But we could hardly see anything but their "mango" bellies underneath a huge slab of bacon, which we had given them and which, I suppose, was a hundred years old. They carried that slab on their heads, and it stuck out like a broad-brimmed sombrero and flopped up and down at every step. But what made it the craziest was that the sun blazed down on top and the grease ran off in little streams from the lowest points, like rain off an umbrella. When we hollered at the ginks and kidded them along about being out in the rain, they must have thought we were cheering their "military appearance," because faint gurgles could be heard coming from under that greasy, dripping umbrella—"*Santiago!*"

Just before Davis left our battery to join the Rough Riders, I and he were looking at part of the Cuban Army. They were dressed as usual in ragged pajamas, and Davis, who always was a bright fellow, said, "I guess they'll fight, all right. I don't see how such ragged fellows could with modesty turn their backs on the enemy." But he didn't tell the Cubans that point

of view, because they never thought of it a few days later at El Poso.

Soon after landing I was put on a detail to open ammunition. We had rigged up a narrow-gauge track which ran from that flimsy dock that I was telling you about to the dump, where a couple of us fellows were waiting with axes. The shells were packed in wooden boxes, there wasn't any time to waste with screw drivers. We just *busted* them open. Well, I never saw such treatment of high explosives. We swung an axe and smash went a box, and how did we know that we weren't going to whack one of those shells on the nose and set her off? But my guardian angel had me by the hand again that night. I remember Shafter coming up while the smashing was in full swing, and he started to criticize Captain Parkhurst—"Captain Parkhurst, there is no semblance of order here. If you can't do better than this I'll have to get a lieutenant to take command of the battery." But the captain was in fighting trim, he was working, and he was hot under the collar, as well as everywhere else. That is the only time that I've heard a major-general talked back to: "General, you may *have* to get a lieutenant. Moreover, sir, it's your fault, providing us with only one lighter," etc.

Of all the piles of tomatoes there was the awfullest pile of tomatoes I've ever seen right beside where we were opening that ammunition. Now since swinging an axe for a couple of hours in the tropics is not much like sitting under an electric fan drinking lemonade, we

became the owners of a terrible thirst. The tomatoes were inside of cans and the cans were in boxes all nailed up tight, but for a thirsty man with an axe the tomato juice might just as well have been poured out in cups and offered to us on a tray—we wouldn't have taken it any easier. First I gave a swing at the ammunition, and while they were picking up the shell, I turned a little and gave the next swing at a box of tomatoes. We must have soaked up quarts of that juice, and it was better than water because the acid made up for not being cold. The water down there was hot; when we had filled our canteens at a pipe that was rigged up at Daiquiri we used to dip them in the ocean to cool them off—and the ocean wasn't just off any iceberg, either.

After the confinement on the transport and the swimming and the fight through the surf, the horses had only nine hours' rest before we pushed on. That resulted in their hair coming out and their skin peeling off before we were through. While we were harnessing and hitching the carriages I remember Major Dillenback, the artillery battalion commander, coming up. In the hubbub he caught sight of First Sergeant Headland.

"Sergeant, where's my horse?"

Now Headland had his hands full and he wasn't fooling around with any major's horse either, so he said, "I don't know where your horse is."

"Where's my saddle? I can't find my saddle anywhere!" moaned the sore major.

"I don't know where your saddle is."

But just then the Major looked down—"Yes, you do, you're standing on it!" So the Sergeant had to climb down off the saddle, and he and the major didn't get along very well after that.

## CHAPTER III

HERE I was in a foreign land whipping guns along a muddy trail through a tropical jungle in order to shoot up soldiers from Europe—that was some different from fighting Apaches in Dakota or standing guard in the streets of Chicago while curious American people stood around and admired. But always it has been the unexpected that has happened to me. A soldier never knows what he will be doing or where he is going to be next—the only thing that he can be sure of is that he won't be more than one day's travel from where he is to-day!

When our guns got started up the road we had to keep going. There was just that single narrow trail leading toward Santiago, and when we stopped, everything behind us stopped, unless we could find an open space to turn off into. That was no parade-ground marching, believe me; in places the ruts were so deep that I've seen the axles and the hubs dragging in the dirt. You can ask any man that was down there.

This was the first time that any of us had seen such sights and had such feelings as are found in a tropical island. But we have never been rid of them from that day, because the battle that was a week off was fated to bring millions of miles of jungles and islands under

the care of the United States—and it is the soldiers who have been the caretakers ever since.

We landed in Cuba on June 22, 1898. The rainy season was just setting in, so that every afternoon at three o'clock it started to rain, and spilled such a lot of water in an hour that the country was steaming all the rest of the day and night trying to get rid of it. But there was no use of the sun trying to burn off the moisture, because, first thing you know, it was three o'clock the next day and spouting rain again. All the heat accomplished was to make our canteens filter through our hides in about half an hour, and the only dry thing in Cuba was the insides of the men, who were always damp and sticky on the outside. The next most peculiar thing in such a country was the houses. When we looked for places that the folks lived in they turned out to be dirty little thatched shanties no bigger than a station on the B. Z. & C. and not half as respectable. And the woods—instead of real woods of hickory or hazel or poplar trees, there were only clumps of palms and canebrakes and thickets. On account of the many poisonous fruits and berries and because there were lots of boneheads that couldn't tell the difference between a paw-paw and a gourd, orders were issued that nobody was to touch fruit and berries in Cuba, with two exceptions. The exceptions were bananas and cocoanuts—it being figured by the officers that a man who couldn't tell a banana or a cocoanut when he saw one ought to be poisoned. But even at that there was some confusion because the bananas grew pointing

up instead of hanging down as they should, and as they always did in front of the fruit stores in America. And so for a few days we were a great, grown-up, armed nut-and-banana party, and we gathered untold quantities.

Have you ever seen a mango? Do you know what one is like? I'll tell you how to make one: Take a bunch of hair and some fibres and glue them to a small stone or a large pebble. Now try to eat it—there's your mango. But they are ham and eggs to the natives. That is how they got what we called "mango bellies," but really that is not so much from eating too many mangoes as too little food. It was an inflation from starvation and about all the Cubans had it. But a mango that is just ripe and off the tree is not as bad as an old one. I remember my first experience with them. At one place where we stopped Captain Parkhurst had his tent under a mango tree. When he walked away, of course I was one of the first up that tree. It didn't make any difference that it was against-the-orders fruit. I was shaking the branches for all I was worth and the other fellows were picking up the mangoes when Parkhurst came back. He started right in giving the fellows the devil, but unfortunately he didn't see me and I didn't see him. Just then I gave another shake and down came a shower of mangoes as hard as green apples, and it was my luck to have a couple of them bounce off the Captain's head. That shut off the bawling-out of the men as sharp as an electric light is turned off. The Captain looked up at me and I looked down at him, and I read a heavy artillery expression that said, "You

come down out of that tree, my man; I've got something on my mind to tell you!" I started coming, and I arranged that the last branch I would step on must give way, because it seemed to be better if I could hurt myself a little. So I sprawled like a fool, but couldn't hurt myself a bit. I was the only poor devil that didn't get a nice ripe mango off that tree.

What with the fruit and enthusiasm, our army got along pretty well considering how it was pushed. There were only little incidents of hardships those first few days in Cuba which preceded the fight around Santiago. One that didn't bother me but affected many soldiers and that is often spoken of in connection with that march was the shortage of tobacco. A thirsty man likes to chew and smoke, and under the circumstances the three-days' supply which was tucked away in our pockets disappeared almost immediately, and it was a common sight to find soldiers smoking tea, and grass, and dried leaf, they were so desperate for the weed. And the hard-tack—it was *hard* and made to resist any kind of weather or treatment. We had cups which held about a quart of water in those days. Well, when the condensed milk and bacon grease ran short, I used to soak my hard-tack in one of those big cups. Man alive, after soaking for two hours in water that hard-tack, instead of being soft and mushy as you might expect, was tough and would bend and that was all. The only time I ever saw hard-tack affected by water was once when I left three or four pieces on a limber. That night it rained steadily, and in the

morning somebody said, "Come out here and look at this." There was that hard-tack, which should have been half an inch thick, raised up to a height of two inches. I don't know what that stuff was made of. In addition to the tobacco, there was a shortage of medical supplies. Some of the doctors in that Cuban campaign did wonderful work, but there were others who should have stayed at home. The trouble was the marching, for when they found that they would have to carry supplies under the blazing sun and hot rain, the medical chests were the first things abandoned at Daiquiri. But it didn't take the fellows long to learn that about the best thing for the sting of a poisonous insect was a quid of well-chewed, precious tobacco.

There was little resistance at first by the Spaniards who had retreated into their positions at San Juan and El Caney; only the Rough Riders ran into any scrapping. Everybody nowadays talks about that Rough Rider regiment as though it was the only one in Cuba. I'm going to tell you something about it later, but let me say that there was no "riding" to it. The guns needed the horses, and the Rough Riders *walked*, so that among us down there they went by the name of "Weary Walkers." The artillery was getting most of the attention from those on the spot. That was chiefly because very few of the volunteers and even lots of the Regulars had ever seen a fieldpiece before, so that our advance sometimes took on the nature of a triumphal march. When we plugged along between a regiment that had stopped to rest by the trail they would cheer

and whistle, and I tell you that there is something inspiring about catcalls from your fellow men under such circumstances.

And what about Shafter all this time? General Shafter, who commanded the Army, had a bulk, as I've told you, that didn't like a hot day, and he suffered so much that he was almost helpless. I didn't see much of him, neither did anybody else, but it took four men to help him onto his horse and everybody could see that and hear the puffing and blowing from a long way off. During the actual siege Shafter was laid up in his tent for four days by the heat, and you want to remember that, when you hear of his order to retreat after San Juan. Yes, sir, after that bloody victory, Shafter wanted to give it all up and retreat. But the order was issued by a man who was all in, and also sure to be sunstruck if he stuck his head out of the shade, and the order was issued to men who were out in that sun among the dead and dying bodies of their comrades. Lucky that retreat wasn't carried out, but I don't know but what, from a military point of view, the order was right. God only knows how we came out of that war as well as we did—I don't. The histories like to tell only one side of the fight, and that is of complete American superiority. The papers never printed that the Spaniards ran us off every hill we got on. But let me tell you that on the day of the surrender of Santiago we were *whipped*—on July 1st we were *whipped!* But the Spanish didn't know it and that was why we won that fight. Now see what happened:

The night of June 30th was clear except for the sickening mist which gathered in bunches here and there —just like most of the nights—but I remember the moon especially on account of the scene which it lighted. A narrow road curved up through the black jungle, leading toward San Juan and Santiago, and along that road the whole army struggled—infantry, pack mules, guns, horses, carts, all mixed up together and pushing along on each other's heels, cursing, clucking, groaning, shouting, muttering, and that undisciplined Garcia rabble mixed up in the whole business. It was the narrowest and most crowded approach to a big battle that could have been invented. The trouble was they treated that army as though it was only a single squad, and when it marched it was ordered to do it all at once and nothing first. By rights we shouldn't have been plunging along that way in the dim moonlight. It had been intended that positions would be reached before night, but so crowded and confused was the whole movement that some of the outfits were still marching at daylight on the morning of the battle.

When the sun popped up on July 1st it was blood-red and dripping sweat. It dragged the moisture out of the foliage and spread it around in a stinking mist. Buried in that mist lay that part of the American Army which had gone forward to the attack. Seven thousand men—and one out of every six of those men was doomed to be killed or wounded when the blazing sun went down on that day. Over to the east in the direction of the ball of fire, about five miles away, was the storming

party of Lawton and Chaffee with Capron's battery. Everybody had his mind on that action because, first-off, Lawton and Chaffee were to take El Caney—they were expected to swallow it up before breakfast—and then, second-off, they were to join forces with the rest of us and we would all together move on San Juan. Then came the boom of Capron's guns—they were firing fast and furious—they would have El Caney in an hour, and meanwhile we might as well get in position to wait for the signal. Everywhere was heat! heat! heat! Hot noises, hot smells, wet, hot vegetation—but what did we care, the Spaniards were cowards and couldn't fight! My battery started to shake itself together, we had orders to move up the slope just ahead—it was El Poso and a mile beyond was San Juan. The drivers of the leading piece stood up in their stirrups, they lashed their horses, the gun moved forward and stopped; the drivers lashed and shouted, the horses plunged, and reared, and jumped. It was the worst driving I've ever seen, and a Regular outfit, too—I guess the atmosphere must have got on their nerves. Halfway up the hill the gun stuck again, the horses were turned sharply to the right bend and started; men and officers standing around added their voices to the hollering and helped to rain blows on the straining animals. My section sat there disgusted. Those fellows were going into battle like a bunch of crazy men. Then we started. The drivers leaned forward in their saddles and gathered the horses; with a few clucks we moved off at a walk. The others had rushed the hill and got into trouble; we

walked and kept walking all the way up El Poso until we reached our place.

Out in front, over the crest of one ridge, Grimes had his guns in firing position—lined up twenty-five yards behind him were his limbers and caissons; then at twenty-five yards more my battery—I mean Parkhurst's—and behind us in the line twenty-five yards away was Best's outfit. A more asinine arrangement could never have been thought of, but luckily in those days they didn't have shells that could sweep through three batteries in column and wipe 'em all out. Slowly we realized the signal was due and overdue from El Caney. Everybody waited, and there was a terrible silence. I could hear a brook rippling along below the hill, and a few birds that hadn't been parched were twittering in the trees. The air was perfectly still. Every few minutes came a dull thud, which was the only signal from El Caney—it was Capron still firing, no longer fast and furious, but slow and deliberate and with no effect at all. After the first burst of fire, and the Spaniards hadn't run, there was not enough ammunition. Back of us where the ridge swept around and made a spur was the "town" of El Poso, which consisted of a few grass and mud huts clustered around a church, and there was the headquarters of General Keat. From the church tower a good view could be had of San Juan and Santiago beyond. The foreign attachés, the newspaper correspondents, the staff officers, the artists, and the Cuban generals and bucks had taken their stand there. Time passed. We still waited in suspense.

I often think now what a famous bunch "we" were: there was a collection of more noted people in El Poso than had ever been together in a single battle on a single day before. Of course, they weren't noted then, and they didn't even know each other, but listen to part of the roll-call: Up there in the church tower with the correspondents and attachés was a young lieutenant who was serving as quartermaster in the Tenth Cavalry —his name was Pershing. Down in the hollows, waiting for a chance to advance when the signal should come and our guns should have prepared the way, was the "Weary Walker" Regiment in command of Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt. The only celebrity that I was on speaking terms with at that time was Richard Harding Davis, who strolled up to my caisson and said, "Good morning, Archer" in such a way that I could have busted a rib in my joy at seeing him—it was like a cold drink to hear him talk. Old Colonel John Jacob Astor had found business down in Cuba and was there at El Poso with the rest of us. Then there were the military chiefs—Lawton, afterward of the Philippines, and Chaffee, afterward of China, who that day had bumped themselves against trouble over at El Caney. All this gathering—with the exception of the last two who had their hands full—waited in suspense for the next thing to happen. And I forgot to say that so far none of us had seen a Spaniard although we knew they were in possession of San Juan Hill out there in front.

Well, it got on toward the middle of the morning

with nothing but the same brook babbling and the same birds twittering and the same occasional boom from Capron. The officers grew nervouser and nervouser waiting for that signal that didn't come. And I want to say right here that over there at El Caney was an example of what a few brave men can do, and that bravery was the first and last name of the Spaniards. Lawton had five thousand men against five hundred determined soldiers who held the height—but that handful fought like devils, they fought until half of them were dead, they fought after their commander and his brother had bullets in their hearts; and they even fought when Americans arrived in the trenches that they were defending. That attack on El Caney started at four-thirty in the morning and the troops, where we were, waited all day to move on San Juan until finally at five o'clock in the afternoon we moved on San Juan without Lawton and Chaffee, and El Caney didn't fall until five-thirty. But I am getting off the track thinking of that amazing little defence and have carried you ahead too fast.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning. Grimes was prancing up and down back of his four guns, looking first at his watch, then at San Juan, and then frowning toward the east where there was no change in the slow fire from Capron. Captain Grimes with his sleeves rolled up had sighted his guns ten times over—in those days one of the ways they got the direction was to squint along the barrel of the cannon and simply point it by waving to the men to jerk the

trail this way or that—and then he had gone through his battery and checked the laying as many times. Finally Grimes, without raising his voice (but all of us near there could hear him plainly), said, "Well, I guess you might as well begin"—just like that. It was only a simple remark, as though he had said, "We might as well go to dinner."

The pieces were loaded. Newspaper men produced their pads and pencils, officers adjusted their glasses, men backed away a little so as to get a view around the smoke which they knew was coming, and we fellows back there on the caissons—I have to laugh when I think what we did after seeing the way everybody sneaked around out of sight in France—we climbed upon the limber chests, stood on our tiptoes on the wheels because they were a few inches higher than the rest of the carriage, clumb trees, craned our necks, and prepared ourselves not to miss a trick. Then Grimes said quietly: "Let her go!" The stillness of a summer day in Cuba was torn apart, a heavy cloud of gray smoke belched out, the gun jumped back ten feet and was pounced upon by the cannoneers who shoved her up into place again. Then there was a few seconds of silence while we all waited to see what would happen. Nothing happened. But the suspense was broken and everybody felt better; we began to laugh and cheer and clap each other on the shoulder, and back of us, concealed somewhere in El Poso village, the Cuban "braves" set up a great hollering and began to shout "Santiago!" So the first shot against San Juan was a

great success from every way of thinking except a military point of view. Then the rest of the battery fired, each gun in turn, and each shot resulted in nothing but a smoke screen and a lot of joking from us and whoops from the Cubans. All this time there was not a sound from the enemy, and we began to enjoy the war immensely. The second round of the battery was fired—still not an answer. Third round, first shot—it was answered by a whirr and a whistle over our heads, like the noise which I've heard when a Frenchman looks up and says "Paree!" The correspondents and greenhorns ducked, all except Davis. He remarked, "Here she comes! It's a good one, and straight-line firing, too!" Some young lieutenant gasped within hearing, "My God—the Spaniards!" At which I couldn't help remarking to a fellow near by, "What does that guy think we're looking for—violets?" Grimes answered with his next gun and a second Spaniard whirred closer. The third one nearly clipped off our ears, and we weren't standing on any limber chests by this time, either; then it crashed into the steeple of that El Poso church. Out came the spectators: staff officers, correspondents, artists, foreign attachés, and especially Cubans!—I've never seen such a scramble, they reminded me of a bunch of ants that scamper around all scared when you kick over the ant hill—through the dust and smoke, and I actually believe they climbed up out of the hole where the shell went in. There were seven men killed in there, and right away we saw that it took ten or a dozen Cubans to carry each wounded one to the rear.

Say, I want to tell you a story about that Cuban Army which we used to laugh over, and which may not be true, but it could have been just as well as not: A Cuban "general" was up on the firing line—that is the only part of the story which couldn't be true—and he wanted to order an attack. But when he came to look around for troops there wasn't one to be seen except his peon aide. Says he: "*¡Qué diablo!—¡Hola! ¿Donde está mi ejército?*"—which means, "Where in hell is my army?" Then he ordered that peon aide of his to tear back into the country and find the army. While the aide was gone the General tore his hair and stamped around—which is too much energy for a Cuban, but it is the story—and when after a while the aide breezed up all by himself the General spat on the ground, and shouted, "*¡Caramba!* Where's my army?" Then he was informed that "they got started all right, General, but down the road a piece there are a couple of drunken American soldiers who are preventing 'em from coming up!"

But I've let the Cubans interrupt the shooting which was taking place on El Poso. After the enemy hit the church the *next* shot came right down on the barrel of Grimes's number two piece as though somebody had laid it there, and then it splashed out, killing the gunner and number two, and wounding all the rest of the crew, even number four, who was twenty-five yards back with the limber.

After that the Spanish did as pretty shooting as I've ever seen; I've often thought if I was commanding a

battery I would like to shoot the same way they did. They silenced Grimes absolutely and we all had to beat it for cover. Of course, the worst part of it was our smoke. Every time we shot a gun, up would go a cloud of smoke that must have looked from San Juan like a big white sheet hung out for a target which said, "Here we are—shoot us!" And all they had to do was to aim at the smoke. On the other hand, the Spaniards used smokeless powder and we had no idea where their guns were located. All you've read about that smoke situation is perfectly true—it couldn't be stated worse than it was. And the next sore point with us was the balloon —that hell-anointed balloon. After the Spanish got our range there was a sudden shift in the fire, and when I looked up to see what was the matter, here was that balloon coming along the road beside the hill. It was in the air, of course, but the men that were dragging it had to travel along the road which was crowded with our soldiers. You can see the situation—the enemy couldn't have gotten a better target or a better indication of the road we were using if they were making that battle to fit in a book. It didn't take them long to hit the gas bag, and then a peculiar thing happened. She didn't explode or catch fire, but the gas simply left in such a rush that she caved in and turned into a parachute. That caused the wreckage to float down gently, and not one of the observers was hurt.

Finally it was decided to move all of us ahead without waiting any longer for Chaffee and Lawton to give the signal that they were coming. My battery hadn't

fired a shot so far, although it had been receiving a good share of the iron confetti. But now we were ordered to proceed forward as fast as we could and go into action. I was perched on the caisson minding the brake when we started. Down the hill we dashed in pursuit of our gun which disappeared among some trees; we tore along the road as fast as the team could travel, scaring all stragglers off into the bushes. Then we splashed through a shallow stream at a place that became known that evening as "Bloody Bend," and started roaring up a hill, but it turned out to be *the* hill. Suddenly one of the Rough Riders who were concealing themselves around the grass popped up and hollered, "Hey, there, where you goin'?" And we had our eyes fixed on the crest which I'll swear to a jury was only a couple of hundred yards from where we were, and we thought those guns of ours had taken off over the hill. But then some of the Rough Riders got excited and rushed out to stop us. They said, "Guns, hell, you'll never come back from up there!" So we got turned around and hustled back to find that our pieces had turned off at a place we hadn't noticed. I can see to-day that grassy slope of San Juan with the Spanish hiding on top ready to blow us up, and a caisson beating it up that hill in the open, and me perched on top of the swaying chest inviting bullets. But the glory and reputation of capturing San Juan were reserved for the Twelfth Infantry, assisted by Wood's and Roosevelt's regiment, and the honour was not for a single caisson dragged by six horses in

charge of a fool of an unarmed cannoneer working the brake.

Right after that the attack began which carried the hill just before dark. My guns found the ridge—it was a first-class fight at last, and no fooling. Now let me tell you about that dynamite gun of Sergeant Borrowe's which everybody talks about. The chief reason why it has got a reputation for being the most fearful piece of artillery in the war is because the dynamite gun was there to support the Rough Riders and anything that had to do with them got into the papers and books. It was fearful, all right, but not so much for the Spanish as for us, and people make me tired when they talk about that gun. The thing was in position a couple of hundred yards behind us, and it was impossible to calculate where on this side of hell the next dynamite shell was going to land. One shell would drop with a nasty shriek into the ground about three hundred feet on our left, and then explode with a terrific shock which knocked us over. I've never seen such a sore bunch as we were when that happened, and when we picked ourselves up after the explosion there was murder in our hearts for the crew of the dynamite gun. Then the next shell, which was fixed with the same elevation by the way, might go sailing off into thin air and land about a mile ahead of us. You see the trouble was those shells were propelled by expanding gases, like a Whitehead torpedo. Sometimes the propelling gas would work fast and powerfully, sometimes it would be weak and drop the dynamite down on us; there was no

way to control it. Early in the bombardment, when the members of Battery F were still on speaking terms with the dynamite crew, a shell stuck in the bore of Borrowe's pride. We sent our armourer, now called a mechanic, back to help them out—he was a red-headed Dutchman named Schiller. It was no peculiar thing to have a shell stick in a gun. All we did when this happened was to take the rammer, which had a cup on the end to keep from hitting the fuse, and ram her out by pushing from the muzzle. So Schiller rushed back with our ramrod and cup, and standing out in front of the muzzle he started pushing and pounding on the dynamite shell. The crew rose up terror-stricken at that and said, "Say! Look out! She'll go off if you hit her from the front." And when Schiller realized that, he said, "Vot der hell kind of a gun iss dis anyvay?" That showed what he thought of it, and then he dropped all his tools and ran as though the devil was after him. But the Dutchman had spoken our feeling—it wasn't any kind of a gun.

One peculiar thing happened about that time which never happened before and probably will never happen again in the history of modern artillery. Parkhurst's battery was in action alongside of Grimes when all of a sudden a shell from the Spanish whizzed over and struck one of their guns *squarely* on the muzzle. It couldn't have been a more perfect hit. The shell headed straight down the bore, and the steel jacket of the tube was first torn into long shreds about the shape of shoestrings and then curled up like long shavings.

And when that gun got through curling up, part of the enemy's shell was left embedded in the wheel and had split the hub exactly in two! That gun, just as it was left, can be seen to-day in a museum in Washington, and if you don't believe that it happened, you can go down to Washington and take a look.

Captain Parkhurst, who gave his name to our battery, was wounded in the firing against San Juan. It happened by the same shell that killed my friend Wass. I remember seeing Wass fall across the trail of the gun and the Captain fall atop him. Before it was decided who would be the new "old man," we were kidding around among ourselves about it. Somebody said, "Where are the officers? Back in Tampa and Daiquiri we were tripping over them, but up here under fire there aren't any to be found." Then they offered to let me be captain—"Here's Archer, let's make him captain!" But I answered, "No, fellows, I don't want to be captain, but here's Private Bonebrake, you elect him captain and I'll make you do what he says."

But Lieutenant Hinds took us in charge. That was the first command which Ernest Hinds had, and the latest one has been as head of artillery of the First Army in France. I remember when he rode up to our guns to take the command because it was the first time I had ever seen a khaki uniform. Folks talk about "the boys in khaki" but at that time it was "the boys in blue." Anyway, Lieutenant Hinds had discovered the secret that dark blue was about as appropriate for July in the tropics as a Palm Beach suit would have been on Mat

Hensen, the coon that went to the North Pole with Peary. That khaki of Hinds's had some features that I've never seen since. It had a bright red collar, red flaps on the pockets, and red cuffs, in imitation of the English uniform, I suppose. As quickly as they could get new uniforms made, the whole army was in khaki soon after, and it was only the very earliest ones that had the red trimming.

That evening, July 1st, the Americans took San Juan. Were the Spanish cowards? Could they fight? Look at these figures of the American loss on the grassy slope: 241 killed, 1,300 wounded. I guess the enemy must have been saving ammunition for that defence when they let my caisson manœuvre under their noses without blowing us into bits. After the capture let me tell you what happened. Under cover of darkness we moved forward and up the slope, and this time nobody hollered a warning that we wouldn't come back. The movement was made just as innocently and quietly as though we were little lambs going to slaughter. Major Dillenback placed us in shallow trenches dug by the Tenth Cavalry on the brow of the hill. We pointed the muzzles out into the darkness toward Santiago and wondered if the Spaniards had taken refuge on Cervera's fleet yet. They hadn't—we were almost stepping on them. Then came daylight on the morning of the second and we looked out to see what we could see. Our glances got only as far as 100 yards before they hit the enemy. We opened up right away, and remained in action for *thirteen seconds* with

canister—a very short time when you read about it, but plenty long enough to make history and also long enough for our health. It took just that amount of time for the Spanish invisible guns (I call 'em that because of the smokeless powder) to find us, and then there was no use talking about bravery or holding on, because there was nothing to hold on to except flashes of fire, and smoke, and hot iron—man, they were shooting the spokes out of the wheels! So we laid bare hands on our guns—that was no place for horses—and we gave them a push down the rear slope of the hill. But the horses had been sent for, and they had gotten about halfway up the hill when the shelling started. Well, those guns going down met the horses coming up, and you can guess what happened when a pair of big wheels running away with a couple of tons of steel tore into those poor animals. If you should visit Cuba and San Juan Hill to-day, you would see a tablet erected in a shallow trench marking the spot where the American artillery, that was we, took up too close a position during the night and remained in action thirteen seconds at 100 yards' range.

Well, the details aren't pleasant, but the general fact that in the long run we succeeded in holding San Juan will serve the purpose of history. If the Spaniards had known how that holding on was by our finger nails, which were tearing, they wouldn't have been in such a hurry for an armistice. Food and ammunition were almost gone, and what was left of the Army was so worn out that it was on the verge of a great physical

collapse. Shafter had asked for reënforcements from the States, and meanwhile he planned to withdraw, but after paying the price at San Juan and El Caney, I believe there would have been mutiny if the order to retreat had ever been carried out. The whole plan of attack on Santiago was based on an under estimate of the enemy and on the failure to supply and equip us for that kind of fighting which made the whole trouble, so that we pulled through only by the grace of God. During the armistice we were able to improve our trenches and get fixed up so that when the surrender came, and the troops were drawn up at attention in the front lines, we made a hedge of blue uniforms six miles long in a big semicircle around Santiago. A gun fired from one of the forts, a flag fluttered to the top of a pole, somewhere in the distance a band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," and for five minutes the happiest, proudest place in the world to be was in the Army in Cuba.

Since our horses were the only ones at hand, they were kept busy during the armistice hauling supplies to different outfits. I didn't think much of the job at the time, but I remember it now because of a meeting I had with Roosevelt just a year before he died. It was at Camp Sherman, Ohio, where I was serving in a national army regiment of artillery. Roosevelt paid a visit to the camp and General Glenn invited some of us down to headquarters to shake hands. When I came along I said, "Mr. Roosevelt, you and I have met before." He said, "Have we? I wouldn't be surprised

if it was in Cuba, because to judge from your appearance you have been an old-timer in the campaigns." That was paying me a big compliment. When I told him the following incident, do you know, he remembered it!

In Cuba Roosevelt had his tent on the rear slope of San Juan. Colonel Wood was the senior officer in that outfit, but since he was by profession strictly a surgeon he had the sense to let Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt run most of the show. So when we delivered supplies, we reported direct to Roosevelt. I took the limber chest off the axle, and that left a little two-wheeled platform that would hold more boxes than when the chest was there. This carriage I used to drive right up to Roosevelt's tent, and after reporting we would pile the boxes of hard-tack and bacon wherever he told us.

Those Rough Riders were a peculiar bunch. They used to talk about boat races and tennis—one of them had the title of national tennis champion and only the year before the blood and sun and rain of San Juan he had kept the society of Newport on their toes at the tennis court. I've seen sentinels from that outfit who read Shakespeare while on guard—who ever heard of such soldiering? But if you remember that there were others at San Juan, like the Tenth Cavalry and the Twelfth Infantry and the four batteries of artillery, you can remember a brave regiment and one that deserves a good share of credit when you think of the Rough Riders. Because of his coolness and his work among the

wounded they made Richard Harding Davis an honorary member.

I don't want you to forget about those Spaniards who fought at Santiago, either, so I'm going to tell you what happened to them. They sailed back to Spain with their passage all paid up by your Uncle Sam. Believe me, the money that sent Toral's army home was well spent, and they probably had a good deal better time on the trip than they would have if they had known how nearly they had us whipped. Now what about the yellow fever?

The day before the surrender I bet that there were not two men on the sick list in my battery—the day after, as I recall it, there were not twenty men fit for duty. It was partly the letting up of the mental and physical strain of the fight, and partly the rotten condition of every man after ten days in that climate during the rainy season, and partly the fact that it takes about four days for the yellow-fever poison to take effect. I've seen things just as awful, but I've never seen anything that affected so many people all at once as did the sickness which settled over us. If you have ever seen a person with yellow fever you know why we were scared: the temperature shoots up and through a man like a flame of fire, his eyes water, nostrils and lips grow a brilliant red, and his tongue scarlet. When a man has looked at a couple of his friends who are suffering that way he is likely to think he feels it coming over himself. There wasn't anybody that wasn't affected one way or another. Under those circumstances there

was only one thing left for the whole force to do, and that was *get out.* The correspondents and observers raised their voices. They had a meeting and drew up and signed the famous "Round Robin" which was sent to the newspapers of the United States without going through military channels. It told exactly what was happening without any official mincing, it told that the Army was laid low, and that unless it was withdrawn within *two weeks* there would be no Army! That was a blow straight from the shoulder, and it stunned the country. Whether it was exaggerated or not, and whether it was the right thing to do or not, don't matter now, because it took effect. The troops in Cuba were ordered to rest at Montauk Point, Long Island, immediately. Now I am going to tell you a personal experience of mine in Cuba which has sunshine and health and, yes, a black-eyed girl in it.

## CHAPTER IV

We stayed only a few days at Montauk Point, the famous health-resort of the Army of Cuba. It was down there that we first met the army "Gold Medal" cots that have been the regular couch of the soldiers ever since. Twenty-five thousand of these cots had been invented for Helen Gould (who afterward married Finley Shepard) to present to the Army. Helen Gould was the goddess of goodness to the Army at that time. She came down to Montauk Point herself and saw that the cots were doing duty. Then the Army collected ten cents apiece from every soldier until they got *three thousand three hundred dimes!* With this money we ordered a solid silver model of the Gold Medal cot and presented it to Helen Gould.

At Montauk they put my battery on a train and we travelled down to Long Island City and ferried around to Hoboken. There the Red Cross had erected tents right on the dock with the ropes nailed down to the planks instead of being pegged. They had a huge dinner waiting for us, so you see, such a thing as serving by the Red Cross on docks was not a new thing in the last war. But I remember that meal especially because I was not able to touch a mouthful—and that was one of the times when I did not take full advantage of my

opportunities. But I felt terribly sick with a headache and all the symptoms of yellow fever. It hadn't gotten me so far, and I was no fool about it now, but the situation looked bad. When the nurses saw that I wasn't eating anything they brought around a thermometer and took my temperature—it was 102 degrees.

Now in those days the Red Cross had almost any amount of power, and could give orders to commanding officers. When they wanted to take a man right out and keep him, they did it. So in my case the nurses went around to Captain Hinds and told him that they had taken me. Then they led me around to a tent by itself, which had a good clean bed, and told me to turn in. After I should be fixed in bed I was to blow out the candle, and the doctor would be around to look me over when the troops had left the dock. That plan didn't suit me, because it meant transfer and that I would never see the boys again. So I waited the proper time, just sitting on the edge of the cot, and then blew out the candle and sneaked around back and joined in with the battery again. They were entraining for parts unknown, which suited me much better than being cut off on the dock. The train had a Pullman car for the fellows that were under the weather, so they made me all snug in an upper berth. We pulled out sometime early in the morning. It must have been an old-fashioned car, because there was a narrow window in the upper berth, or maybe it was the ventilator that I looked out of, but anyway I remember looking out of some slot and there was the Hudson River as smooth as

glass, and gliding along was a big steamship which was dazzling white in the early morning sun—and then suddenly it all went out, there was nothing, not even blackness.

The next thing I knew I turned over in bed in the hospital at Huntsville, Alabama, and somebody was telling me that I had been sick with the yellow fever but would be all right now. It took me a week more in the hospital and then they gave me a leave of twenty days, and I started to take my remains northward. I was headed for Duck Creek to tell the folks all about the war! But I never got there. A telegram cut me off at Cincinnati; the battery was under orders again and was proceeding to Havana. It never pays for a soldier to make plans.

This time our transports steamed into a fine harbour with the walled heights of the city on our right and the dark towers of Morro Castle on our left. We pushed up to a dock and rolled the guns and horses off the ship and right up the street. That was some different from our other entrance into Cuba a couple of months before, when we flung the horses overboard to sink or swim! The people of Havana had shaken off the despised Spanish rule only a little while before we got there, and they were still feeling good and were still ready to fling their sombreros into the air and start their infernal *vivas* when they saw us. On this occasion they brought flowers and pelted us with them, strewing them in the street so that our guns and caissons rolled over a bed of flowers. That was just one kind of Cuban shilly-

shallying. Two weeks later, if we had driven the guns through the streets of Havana, I think it would have been over a bed of knives. It was all due to jealousy and misunderstanding the purposes of the American soldiers, same as out in the Philippines a year later—only the Philippines didn't have a General Wood to set things going right, so it took years of blood out there. But at first, down in Havana, they established double patrols, two soldiers, one from each army, would patrol together during the military rule, a Cuban and an American, to take care of the two elements. The first thing we knew that plan was working just the opposite of what it was intended to do. I mean, the Cuban policeman wouldn't touch Cubans but was always picking on Americans, and the American policeman wouldn't interfere with Americans but was always having a quarrel with the Cubans. One night, within a month after we got there, an American sentinel was shot dead. Immediately there was a commotion and troops were called to arms. We took horses and pistols and came down to Havana from our camp nine miles out, and that night I saw our cavalry dashing through the streets in every direction, sweeping them clean of Cubans, and spurring the horses which thundered around as though they were crazy. But after General Wood got there things changed, and while the Cubans didn't waste any love on us, at least they didn't waste bullets, either.

Camp Columbia, where we were finally quartered, had the finest location of any camp I've ever seen.

Have you ever been in Havana? You will remember the ridge which rears itself above the city and above the Castillo de San Salvador de la Punta, and overlooking the dark blue water of the Strait of Florida on one side and the deep pouch-like harbour on the other. There was always a breeze up there, and there was none of this dank, mosquitoey foliage, and that was where our Camp Columbia was. I'll never forget a little incident that happened the night we moved into the new quarters. It was fall, and the "rainy season" was over, so that the weather was free to rain any time night or day, and it didn't have to turn on the hot-water faucet only between three and four every day. The barracks of Camp Columbia were most of them made of tin and corrugated iron, and they had just been painted a deep rich red by Cuban peons. In fact, the one which we fellows moved into had been painted only the same day, and we were proud of all appearances. That night after dark it started to rain, and so hard that the water was pouring off the roof. I said, "Come on, you dog-robbers, here's a bath offered to us, so off with your clothes and make the best of a shower!" The others weren't so quick to act on the idea as I was, or some of them were too lazy, but, however, it happened I was the first one out the door and enjoying the finest *feeling* bath you've ever heard about. I swished the water through my hair, and made sure I got thoroughly wet, and then came in and grabbed a towel. There were only one or two candles for light in the place, and I guess I thought I saw shadows. I put the towel

behind my back and began to saw back and forth, the way a person dries his back, but it wouldn't glide as usual—a couple of tugs and it stuck fast. Then I caught on and the whole place had the laugh on me sure enough, because that thick red paint had run off the roof and I had been taking my shower bath in it along with the rain water. I don't remember how long it took that paint to wear off from my hide, but I think it's all gone now.

Then began one of the happiest years I've ever put in. When we arrived in Havana the people—Cubans and Spanish alike—were starving. They were all run down and tuberculosis was tearing them to pieces. Oh, there was a lot of sickness on account of lack of food, on a small scale, just like you hear happening on a large scale to-day after this last war.

Well, there was a Spanish contractor who had charge of work around Camp Columbia, such as building and repairing barracks. I guess I owed my red paint bath to him, but, of course, I never held that against anybody, so the Spanish contractor and I were good friends. He told me that his wife was dying of tuberculosis. They had plenty of money but they couldn't get food enough to help her along. That sounded like an awful pity, so I used to take the contractor canned peaches and canned tomatoes and things that I could buy at the commissary. That friendship pleased him so much that he asked me to his home one day. I went in and saw the wife laid low with tuberculosis, and with her there was a girl who turned out to be one of the neigh-

bours that had just run in to help take care of the sick woman. Of course, there was nothing unusual about that, but the next time I went to the house there was another girl acting as nurse, and while I stayed she left, and in came nurse number three. This one was about the prettiest little girl I've ever seen, round dark eyes, a dainty turned-up nose, and black flowing hair that let a loose curl escape here and there from under her Spanish mantilla. It turned out that these three girls were sisters—Fausta, Elorduy, and Sabina—who lived next door and took turns with the wife of my friend. We all became friends; I used to come often to the house, and always I tried to arrange the time when Round-Eyes would be there. That was the way I met Sabina.

During this time I used to get advice from a fellow named Adolfo, who lived in Havana. Adolfo was some sort of an exporter and used to come up to New York once a year. In fact, he claimed to be partly American, and for reasons of his own he used to come out to camp and chum around with the soldiers. Well, every time I wanted good advice on what was the right way to act, or the right thing to do and not to do, with Spanish people, I went to Adolfo. He knew all the ropes, and the Spanish are particular that all regulations are complied with, I can tell you. One of the things he warned me against was the expectation of getting invited to the house of the three sisters. Sure enough, I saw them for six months, we played and laughed and taught each other Spanish and English, but always it was in the

house of my friend the Spanish contractor, and nothing was ever said of coming to their own house. I suppose the situation to them was that I came to see the sick woman and so did they, and we just happened to meet—anything more than that, no. But that state of affairs got on my nerves. I was fond of Sabina, I wanted to see more of her; and I didn't want to be always butting into Fausta and Elorduy and the Spanish contractor. So for a while I took to going with other friends, making sure that Sabina knew about it.

A fellow in the battery by the name of Jackson asked me to join a party that he was getting up to go to the National Masquerade Ball. That used to be the biggest social event in Cuba, and it called together in Havana people in costumes from all parts of the island. Since dancing was in my line I was glad to go. We rented dominos from a second-hand clothing dealer and joined the ladies. But of course it wasn't long before they had found out which of us was which and they were calling us by our rightful names—"Jesse" and "Carlo." "Jesse" is the name that I have always gone by with my closest friends. We were all having a good time, but the people in our party began to tell other people who we were, until I began to feel foolish in a domino that wasn't any use. So I said to Jackson, "Let's swap costumes and fool 'em." So we changed clothes outside the hall, and after that they called him "Jesse" and me "Carlo." Then when I was sitting out in the court under a palm tree with Jackson's girl, I remembered what he had told me about how he and

nobody else could kiss that girl. Now it had been a long time since I had kissed a girl, because I had not thought of such a thing through all the red tape around Sabina, and it occurred to me to put Jackson's privilege to the test. But that was where I didn't know my girl. She drew back her hand with a cave-man gesture and landed the most awful wallop on my mouth that I ever received. It cut my lip and made me sore, but I kept my head and didn't say anything, only I decided that it was high time for me and Jackson to change our costumes back again.

A little while later, after we had been dancing in our proper clothes, Jackson got me off in a corner and said, "Archer, we might as well go home by ourselves. I can't figure out what has happened, but she's mad." But I said that I was going to stay with the ladies, that we had brought them and ought to take them home. Of course, I knew more about that affair than he did, and after we got back to camp, said I, "Now look here, Jackson, I'm agoin' to tell you something. You're cussing your luck, but it's all your own fault for lying to me about the privileges which you had with that girl. Here I've got a nice cut lip on account of you."

That fellow had hard luck. Soon after the National Masquerade Ball incident he started to go with the widow of a Spanish soldier. She was a little off in her mind and most people called her the "witch." She took in laundry for the soldiers and Jackson used to collect the money for her among us. I don't know

whether it was because he wouldn't divide fairly on the laundry profits or whether he had promised to marry her or what it was that caused them to have an awful falling out. He told me that the "witch" had threatened to lie in wait for him and kill him. I made fun of that and reminded him that he was a fighting man by profession, but I never saw a man so scared of one other person as Jackson was of that woman. One night we were walking along the road from town; a mixture of distant street lamps and stars afforded a dim light. All of a sudden there rose up from behind a hedge a white figure. It looked like a ghost, sure enough, and my spine just turned to rippling ice water. Then came the most awful shriek—"*Carlo!*" Poor old Jackson gasped, "There she is!" and we never stopped running until the sentry challenged us and we had gotten behind his gun.

My acquaintances in Havana were the cause of my almost getting into hot water. There was a fellow in the battery by the name of Brooks who had the peculiarity of being able to speak Spanish only when he was drunk. I suppose the truth was that when he was sober he was too bashful to speak anything but American, but let that man get a little cognac in him and he could reel off Español by the hour. There came a time at Camp Columbia when we were quarantined on account of a yellow-fever scare—that was before they discovered that mosquitoes were responsible. The quarantine was strict; they even sounded call-to-arms at ten o'clock every night, during which a cordon of in-

fantry was drawn around the camp. If a man was caught outside the line at that formation he was docked at least sixty dollars and got six months in the guardhouse. But it wouldn't have made any difference if the penalty had been six hundred dollars and six years—Brooks had to have his cognac, and I had to see my friends, so we got in the habit of going and coming together. One night we were on our way back, Brooks with a bottle of cognac in his hand which he was carrying as carefully as he knew how. We must have figured the time wrong, because all of a sudden I looked up and saw the white helmet of an infantryman just above us and at the same time came the challenge—"*Halt!* Who's there?" Brooks and I melted away down that hill like a couple of black streaks with the white helmet after us. I forgot to say that during the occupation of Cuba they issued white pith helmets to the infantry—like the British soldiers were wearing in India—and the artillery was equipped with regular Panama hats. Can you beat that? Our flight ended when without warning we struck a low stone wall, and oh, man! how I barked my shins on those stones; nothing ever hurt so much before or since. We lay in the grass and got overlooked, but it took about two miles of roundabout walking to get into camp, where we made straight for the hospital to show them where a horse had kicked us. Maybe you're wondering what happened to that cognac bottle. Well, Brooks had clung to that through thick and thin. He was resolved that no infantryman was going to get it. But when we

came under a light I caught sight of what Brooks had been carrying around all that time—the *neck* of his cognac bottle! The rest of it must have been left back at the stone wall.

At length, sometime after the quarantine was lifted, the day drew near when I figured I could go directly to Sabina's house and be welcome. My first enlistment was drawing to a close, and so was the enlistment of Dick Collins—we had stuck together ever since I put him on top of the freight car at Caldwell, and now we counted on making a trip to New York for a breathing space. But with Sabina and my friends in Havana I wasn't so crazy about New York as I ought to have been—only the excursion would give me an advantage in Sabina's eyes. So I didn't say anything about leaving Havana and just sprung it on my friends one evening. The night before Dick and I were going to sail I went to Sabina's house without invitation. I thought as long as they didn't ask me I might as well settle the matter one way or the other. I told them I had come to say good-bye, because my enlistment was up, and the next day I was sailing for New York to get discharged. Then I looked closely for the effect of that astonishing information. The effect was satisfactory. They were surprised, especially Sabina, and they were pleased that I had come there, and then they said good-bye with tears in their eyes and expressions that I had made the days in Havana brighter for them. Before we left camp, I tipped off Adolfo to get word to the Spanish family that I was coming back.

The transport docked in Brooklyn, and right away, before we had left the vicinity of the dock, Dick and I got discharged along with some volunteers under G. O. 40. The hotels of Brooklyn had runners down on the dock all ready to grab the goops who were released from the Army. I guess that after the Spanish War when volunteers came up there to get discharged the hotels flourished on the cash that had been hard-earned under a hot sun at fifteen dollars a month. Well, Dick and I and another fellow got taken by the runner from the Atlantic Hotel. But we didn't have good luck. The very first meal, they had the nerve to serve us corned beef and cabbage. Just think of such a thing after riding on a transport! We balked at that, and sent in a special order for steak buried in mushrooms. After supper we set out to spend the evening at Keith's Theatre, which was down on Broadway near Fourteenth Street, and since there was no subway it was no joke getting there from the Atlantic Hotel across Brooklyn, and then over the old Brooklyn Bridge. In those days Keith's used to go all night with a repeating performance until five-thirty in the morning, when it began to get daylight and the actors would go home to bed. We didn't figure on staying all night at the show, but when we got back to the hotel and started to go to bed, I raised up the cover and there was the whole family. I was sore and went down to the night clerk and said, "Say, we want a room to ourselves." That gink was so far asleep that he didn't catch on. He said, "There ain't nobody else in your

room, is there?" I invited him to come up and see the whole family. "Well," he says, "there ain't no use changing you, colonel, because the family's all over the house, it is." We had seen worse situations in Cuba, but this was supposed to be New York, and we were boiling hot. By the time I got back to the room I had made up my mind: "Say," I said, "I'm going to get out of here. Wait a minute." We collected all the bedding in our room, it made a couple of enormous armfuls, and toddled out to the elevator, and heaved the whole business down the shaft. Then we walked down the stairs and started on the trip back to Keith's—there was no use staying in that hotel—and we spent the rest of the night sleeping in the theatre chairs. That was the last little experience that Dick Collins and I had together, because he didn't reënlist. I haven't seen Dick from that day to this, but he is a farmer with his family settled on Duck Creek.

There was a lot of talk around New York about the war in South Africa. Over there the English failed to measure their enemy the same as we failed in the Philippines, and they had almost as bloody a time of it getting away with a victory. At that time I wasn't taking any sides or expressing much of an opinion about the Boer War, but South Africa struck me as being a great place to fight in, and moreover it was a place that I had never been to. So when some of the fellows that I knew went over there it set me to thinking. The idea was to go to New Orleans, where the British ships were taking on horses and mules as fast as they could—they

never again shipped horseflesh out of this country in such a hurry until the last war. Well, when a fellow got a job loading animals he could also find an opportunity of staying on board and sailing with her. The ship's officers didn't object so long as that man would sign a paper indicating his intention to fight with the British forces in Africa. That was the way practically all the Americans worked it from this country who threw in their lot with Lord Roberts—and there were hundreds of them. It took only a little thinking on my part to conclude that Sabina would have to wait awhile until I had had time to go to South Africa and return. So I and three or four friends set out for New Orleans to load horses. It didn't matter to us, of course, which side we would fight on, but since it was a British ship we had to take, I suppose we would have fought with the British.

Down on the dock the purser of the *Petermoritz* sat behind a little table at the lower end of the gangplank. He was engaged in checking off horses as we led them aboard; every time we passed the table we reported the number of the horse and our own name. In a drawer of the table the purser kept, besides his records of loading, a little black tin box with a lock on it. Once a day, after hours in the afternoon, that box was opened and those of us who were wise knew what it contained. Everything went as it should, and I got my name on the paper which was kept in the little black box. The day for sailing came, and after leading the last horse that was assigned to me up the gangplank, I failed to come out of the ship again. But she didn't clear—

something was wrong. About eight of us fellows had hardly had time to get ourselves settled as caretakers of the animals before the trouble was made known. The police came aboard and took us off that boat—and locked us up! I guess some Boer sympathizers had heard about what went on and had told the port authorities. They kept us locked up until all the British ships in New Orleans had sailed. But I want to tell you something: New Orleans is the only place that I ever got put in jail. A few days after my release I was on my way back to Havana, the old battery, and Sabina.

The next six months at Camp Columbia was as much better than the first six months as Sabina's house was better than the house of the Spanish contractor. I mean to say, the girls asked me to their house from then on. But the Spanish have queer customs. Do you know I believe I called, most every night that I wasn't on guard duty, and yet in all those months I don't believe that Sabina and I were alone together for two minutes. Always there was the chaperon—usually the father—and I would have been sore, sure enough, if Adolfo hadn't warned me to expect the situation because it was the Spanish way. Some of the fellows who went flirting around Havana did their talking between window bars—but however it was, the duenna was always on hand. I can see that old man, the father of Sabina, right now. He still haunts my memory. Hands behind his back, his heavy body swaying clumsily while he walked stoop-shouldered, his coat too large, and his trousers baggy and piled up on his shoes,

and his black Spanish beard, scraggly and shot with gray. That was the way he looked when we strolled out along the Prado or the Calle de O'Reilly—but he never appeared to notice us; always when I caught sight of him he was glancing out over the water or interested in something in a shop window, or just sniffing the air as though he were going to predict the weather. That was how life flowed along like a song in Havana.

One time I thought that I would take Sabina to the theatre, but I knew that to meet the Spanish requirements there would be some complication. So I asked Adolfo the proper way to approach the subject. He said that I must invite the whole family. Well, I thought if the right thing to do was to ask them all, including relations, I might as well ask them, so I did. The old man accepted with a bow for the whole outfit; and I went out and bought nine tickets at $1.50 each. That took pretty near a month's pay, but I had stepped into it, so I was going to see the thing through; but, incidentally, I wondered how they ever kept the theatre going if such blowouts were required by everybody. When I turned up at the house to collect my bunch and escort them to the theatre, only two of them planned to go. And what was more, Sabina's father handed out three tickets for us! I certainly kicked myself for not realizing what would happen; probably Adolfo didn't even think it was necessary to tell me that *asking* the whole family was enough. They knew what to do when the time came, and they had sense enough to

send only the proper people. But there I was with twelve tickets for three of us.

It was during this time that I learned to speak Spanish and at the same time I tried to teach Sabina some English. It was more a way of passing the time than anything else, and it gave an excuse to call every night. But I've always been glad to have the Spanish, since afterward, during the years in the Philippines and Honduras and on the Mexican border, it always came in handy and has gotten me both friends and food, and out of scrapes. The result, as it affected us in Havana, was that Sabina and I talked partly in English and partly in Spanish. That worked out all right, with one hitch, and that was the only setback that I suffered in my friendship with the family. One evening my little girl and I were amusing ourselves together when she said, "Sabina is so hot!" I made some fool answer in English. Immediately the temperature in that room grew cool, Sabina opened her eyes a little wider, if that were possible, in surprise; and the old man lifted his weight from a chair and lurched toward me, while I just froze and wondered what hellish thing I had said. You see I had been talking all English, and they thought I had spoken partly English and partly Spanish, and believe me, I found out it was dangerous to mix things that aren't supposed to be mixed. They ordered me out of the house and I went straight to look for Adolfo, because I couldn't understand what had happened. Adolfo laughed at me, and said he would fix things up by explaining how I had been speaking

all English. That was the only time the old Spanish chaperon reared and threw me, but he soon quieted down and forgot his troubles.

Now, have you guessed the truth by this time? Yes, you must know that Sabina and I were engaged. We fixed it all up after the best customs of the Spanish people. There was nothing in the procedure that wasn't done right. The old gentleman had kept his deepset eyes on the two of us for nearly a year. To be sure we never caught them on us but they were there just the same. In that he was well assisted by the other two girls, Sabina's older sisters. And finally, at the end of that long period of watchful waiting, we got the approval and blessing of everybody, including the third cousins twice removed of Sabina's spinster aunts. When I look back on it, I don't see how I ever stood all that rigmarole between me and the girl. One day after the engagement the family got a letter from Spain. It was good news; it sounds like a book. Some wealthy uncle had died and left an estate in Spain, and the family decided to go over and live on the estate. I was to go along.

One evening Sabina and I sat together in the patio. We weren't used to being left alone; it seemed strange and forlorn, and we whispered for fear of our own voices. I remember what we talked about—it was "castles in Spain." We had visions of our future life, a life of ease and wealth without mosquitoes, or hot sun, guard duty, or inspections. That night as I made my way back to Camp Columbia in a sort of dream, there pressed down

on my mind the memory of the battle at San Juan; I could see Davis whipping out his glasses to look for sharpshooters, and I could see other fellows I knew so well working the guns; then I thought of Dick Collins and how we had slept in the seats of Keith's Theatre on Broadway—and in contrast to those real things the "castle in Spain" grew dim and far away. Then I started up the ridge toward Camp Columbia, and when I approached our barracks I gave a jump of surprise. There were lights and men moving about. The sentry challenged me—"Halt! Who's there?" "Corporal Archer, Battery F, Second Field Artillery." "Pass, Corporal Archer," and he added under his breath, "You better hustle up, assembly was sounded an hour ago!" I found the outfit all packed and under orders to go aboard the U. S. S. *Kilpatrick* which was scheduled to sail for New York in the morning! The Spanish estate didn't worry me another minute; there was too much to do getting ready to go to America.

The news of the departure of the Second Field Artillery and other American troops from Cuba spread like a breeze through the streets of Havana. It wasn't necessary for me to send any message to my friends, they were on hand as near as they could get to the gangplank the next morning. Say, man, I'll never forget that send-off as long as I live. Each friend—and I had made quite a few—brought flowers and a silk-embroidered handkerchief. They shoved these things out at me as we passed along toward the gangplank, and pretty soon I was as pretty a looking Regular soldier

as you've ever seen. Here were my hands full of silk handkerchiefs which hung over my arms and dangled from my pockets, and a huge armful of roses. Some of the fellows had to help me carry the flowers, so that I was preceded and followed by bunches of roses as though we had been robbing a flower show. I felt so queer I couldn't speak but could only mumble and give a sickly smile. Those handkerchiefs are out in my home in Carlisle to-day. When you come out some day I'll show them to you and then you'll know why I felt foolish and couldn't talk. Some of them are embroidered with "*Buena suerte!*"—which means "God-speed!" and some have just "H. N. A.," but the biggest, silkiest one Sabina had been working on a long time and it wasn't bought at any store—it says just "Herman." When we got aboard the ship an officer came around looking for Corporal Archer and his flowers. Then they fixed up a place in the stern of the boat on the deck where my roses stayed until we were almost to New York.

Now that I've thought it all over, say, I'm glad that I never did marry that girl. It is the Spanish disposition and the Spanish way of doing things that gets me. Even after you're married, you're not supposed to talk to any other girl. When you go to a dance, you can dance only with your wife. I like to have a good time with everybody, and my wife expects me to—the Spanish way wouldn't have hit me.

## CHAPTER V

THE anchor of the U. S. S. *Sherman* went kersplash, and stuck into the bottom of Manila Bay. There was a lot of signalling back and forth, and strings of flags were run up on American cruisers that lay around, and somewhere a gun was fired for a salute. Steam launches were tearing around in every direction without seeming to get anywhere in particular, except one that came straight over from Dewey's flagship with an officer in white ducks, who brought dispatches and greetings to our captain. There was need of a fuss. We had been fifty-four days out from New York until it looked as though we'd got to be ancient mariners fated to go on and on and on, eating prunes and rice, and beef with the maggots in it, and not even allowed to die. The only time I ever think about dying is when I'm on the water.

Of course we had stopped on the way, five times in all. You can't get away from the English by taking a long boat ride. Every time we stopped it was under English guns, and supplies came out in English barges, and we used to look up to see English officers in white pith helmets with bamboo canes pointing us out to their ladies. English officers always had canes and they always had ladies. Gibraltar was the first place out of

New York that we hit. Here we lay under a wall of rock that loomed up so high, it kept us in shadow until noon.

A funny thing happened at Gibraltar—two men were almost drowned. In the morning it was pretty quiet with only the barges bringing out coal and supplies and a few skiffs with Spanish families, to whom we hollered in Cuban. But as the afternoon wore on, the garrison in the rock must have been relieved of duty, because the skiffs came out with fancy British soldiers in them. Once a Scotchman stood up in a little boat and whooped at us: "Hoot mons! Hey ye goot any kilts aboord?" At that McClaren, the bass-drum beater, started hoot-mooning back at him as though he'd seen his family ghost. But that was nothing. When an Irishman called out to all his fellow blokes the crowding around that part of the rail pushed two men off into the water. You never heard such a lot of blarney as went on.

At retreat time that evening the old rock came to life. Halfway up there must have been a road out on the side, because when we heard cheering in English we looked up and saw a line of red and khaki uniforms waving their hats at us from up there. It looked like a coloured ribbon stretched across the face of the rock. We got together and cheered back in American until dark, and then the *Sherman* slid away.

Down at Port Said we lay over while they were busy trying to pry up a big sailing vessel that had sunk in the canal and blocked it. While waiting there two days some of us went ashore. Port Said is nothing to write home about; only a swarm of white houses with flat tops

that sizzle under the sun and the scenery is stretches of blinding sand. Each officer took five men to Cairo to see the Pyramids. They are just big tombs set on the edge of a scorching waste of sand. But when it comes to looking at Pyramids a soldier is no better than any one else, and if you went there to-day you would see them just the same as we did—they haven't changed a bit and nobody's going to tear them down and build new ones or burn them up to collect insurance. The only way the place has changed since then is that they have dug up an old stiff named Tut-ankh-amen and everybody's forgotten about the Pyramids nowadays thinking of him.

The *Sherman* stopped at the Island of Perim, and Colombo, and Singapore. We took in the sights and smells of all those places and bought fruit from the folks that came alongside in bumboats and jabbered like lunatics. Just out of Singapore I had a little start. By the gods! it looked as though we were coming into Pittsburgh after so much of that heathen scenery. Here were the works belching fire and smoke and looking respectable. It made me think Pittsburgh wasn't a bad sort of town after all; you could reach Duck Creek easy from it, and Chicago, and compared to this place Havana was a suburb of Pittsburgh. But a newspaper correspondent who was on the ship was very obliging and explained that the present view was Pulau Brani. It's the biggest tin-smelting works in the world, but no place can be reached from Pulau Brani except India or China or "The Islands."

There's nothing in the world like the Islands. They've made more traditions than anything else that ever happened. They've also made more heroes, liars, broken men, and memories. There are memories that will never be forgotten as long as the Old-Timer lives, but some of those things can't be told, they can only be *felt*—and when the men that were out in the insurrection (I don't mean officiating or looking on but *in* the insurrection) are buried, those memories will be buried, too, and forever. The Islands have got a reputation that's just uncanny. If the straight truth was told there would still be mystery left. It is all a great big mystery with a lot of words mixed up in it, words like these: jungle, Aguinaldo, water cure, *bolo*—but there aren't enough words to go around. If you want to start something when talking to an Old-Timer just say, "What about the Islands?" Now I'm going to tell you some things straight about the Islands, the way I saw them.

We disembarked from the *Sherman* into barges that were towed by fussy launches, and as the barges got near to the Luneta I saw a fatigue detail being marched along by the water and I heard for the first time this song:

> Am I the boss, or am I a tool,
> Am I Governor-General or a hobo-hobo?
> Now I'd like to know, who's the boss of the show—
> Is it me, or Emilio Aguinaldo?

That was the first time I'd ever heard his name, but if you'd give me a cent for every time I heard Aguinaldo

mentioned after that I'd be a millionaire. Why, just the other day down here at Princeton I was reading the New York *Times* and my eye caught this: "Miss Aguinaldo a Bride in Washington." Ah! Miss Aguinaldo —Señorita—what a daddy you did have in 1899! A *demi-sang* of Hispanotagal, he had the brains, he was learnt, but, by the gods! his ways of fighting were savage. Much better is it now to have him farming on his little place just out of Manila and coming down to play chess with American officers than to have him off in the mountains and jungles heading some of the most devilish business that ever went on.

One of the first things I did after we landed in the Islands was to buttonhole one of the soldiers, Sergeant Sokey. He had come out under Otis, and he knew everything that had been going on. Only two years before Aguinaldo had been bought off by the Spaniards. The Spanish Government had appropriated the equivalent of two million dollars for the purpose of "taking care" of him. Out of that Aguinaldo got $800,000; the lesser fellows divided $400,000; and the rest of it, $800,000, went like lightning into the breeches pocket of Primo de Rivero—old "First on the River," the Spanish Governor. That was enough money to get Aguinaldo to live in Hong Kong and to there he was banished, and in Hong Kong he was living when Dewey sank the Spanish Fleet in Manila Bay. Just because Aguinaldo was an enemy of the Spanish some people figured that he must be a friend of ours, so the Americans sent for him. He came boiling over from Hong Kong with his eyes open.

The Americans told him he was a good fellow and to go out and collect his Insurrectos. He went ahead very willingly doing what he was told, and accepted very willingly the Krags and Mausers and ammunition that were laid at his feet by our army.

The subject of those particular arms and ammunition is not a favourite, but there has always been a lot of talk in connection with how the Insurrectos got the tools they used against us for three years. There was no mystery to that. We gave them some, they captured some from the Spanish, and above all there were the Rizal arms! Those last-named arms came about through a girl's love—a girl that had her romance cut off by Spanish bullets.

You have heard of Dr. José Rizal; he's now the hero of the Filipinos. People like that have to have a hero, so the American Government decided lately to make Rizal it. They have a statue of him in the Plaza at Manila, near the Luneta, where he was shot in 1896. They'd call Rizal a Bolshevik to-day—what he did was to travel around a lot and write poetry and inflamed words about freedom for the Filipinos. That sort of thing appealed to a little Irish girl that he met. She was Miss Josephine Bracken, daughter of a sergeant in the British Army. Sergeant Bracken had seen service around India and the East so long that when he reached the retiring point he settled with his wife in Hong Kong instead of going back home. Miss Josephine was born at Victoria Barracks in Hong Kong, but her father and mother both passed on and left her an orphan.

She was brought up by a kind couple named Tauffner. When Josephine was eighteen the Tauffners had business in Manila and moved across the water. Then it was that this little girl fell violently in love with José Rizal and he with her. They became engaged.

About that time Rizal got himself into trouble over the literature he had been turning out. The Spanish Governor arrested him, he was tried by court martial and sentenced to die for treason and stirring up rebellion. Miss Bracken did all she could, but there was no help for it—Rizal must die. The time of the execution was set for eight o'clock, December 30, 1896. The place was the Luneta. At three o'clock of that morning Rizal confessed to the priest and took Holy Communion in the chapel of the Royal Fortress de Santiago. Then he waited there for two hours until five o'clock, the hour when Josephine Bracken arrived, after much trouble getting passes to enter the prison fortress. There in the presence of the chaplain and the officers and non-commissioned officers of the guard the two of them were married—Josephine and Doc Rizal. The bride and groom should have had three hours, but their time was cut down an hour because the authorities got worried over the crowd that was collecting to watch the execution. So at seven o'clock sharp they hustled Doc Rizal out to the Luneta. He stood up on the waterfront, faced the city that he called his, and with a single crash of seven rifles the business was done. But only that part of the business was done.

Señora Rizal was stirred up. She had Irish in her

blood and blood in her eyes. She ran away to the Insurgent camp and fought. She carried a rifle and shot at every Spaniard she saw, until the time came when the Insurrectos she was with were all either killed or captured (they say the bullets went through her dress in twenty places but never scratched the girl). She escaped and set out desperately for America. In the United States she gave voice to her hatred of the Spanish and there were those who listened to her. You can see that by the way she was able to get what she was after—arms and ammunition. She fixed it all up and then sailed off to Hong Kong where she settled. But those arms flowed steadily into the Philippines, and the flow didn't stop until the Spanish-American War.

When we hit Manila things were moving fast. Aguinaldo had announced his declaration of independence, and he had followed it up with the declaration of war. The declaration of independence had been made with a ceremony. It took place in an upstairs back room of a saloon in Bocae, a suburb of Manila. Dewey and his staff had been invited and sent their regrets. If Dewey had accepted the ceremony might have been held in the plaza of the city instead of upstairs in the saloon outside the city. Aguinaldo had told his people that Dewey was invited; so when Dewey didn't come, to keep his face he had to have an American present. There was only one available. Mister Johnson was a filibuster who had kept a bar or a hotel in Shanghai, but when moving pictures came in he moved to Manila to start a show. He soon saw that Aguinaldo was going

to run a bigger and better show; in fact, that he was the whole shooting match in the Philippines—so Mister Johnson let Aguinaldo know that if there was any little piece of work he wanted done, there was a man named Johnson ready to do it. In this case, the piece of work consisted in being envoy plenipotentiary at the declaration of independence. A half hour before the meeting Mister Johnson (whose commission hadn't arrived from President McKinley) was promoted in a hurry to the rank of colonel from the rank of bartender by Aguinaldo himself. That was how the story went; and according to reports spread around by Mister Johnson, Colonel Johnson took his part without any confusion.

The proclamation of war was scattered around the city by an unseen hand one night—the Insurrectos were always able to work while you sleep. Here is the way it read:

*Down with the bad man!*

KILL THE AMERICAN!!

LET THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES BE EXTERMINATED!!!

(Notice—this sheet is distributed gratis.)

You see, it was given to us for nothing! I've always had a feeling that Mister Johnson had a cool finger in that; they must have used him to write it in English. Yes, we laughed at it; some of us guffawed very loudly.

"Hurrah for the Philippines! Look what we've done!" That was the feeling just at that time, after

the streets of Manila had been shovelled up, sewers dug, smells reduced, and lepers and people with smallpox herded out of the way. Also, the population of the city had been made to feel discouraged about throwing their slops out of the window—after a bucket of swill had been heaved out of one of the "best family" houses and on the head of His Highness an American private. But Manila was just one little spot, in fact, the *only* spot where a white man could circulate with only a natural amount of cussing, and without blazing or hacking or fighting pests, or wading, or scaling cliffs. The story of the Insurrection was the story of the mountains and gorges and trackless jungles that weighed down the bulk of the Islands.

That little scrap of paper that Aguinaldo distributed for nothing wasn't so comic. We soon found out.

> Oh, the Bridge of Spain will groan with pain
> When the Fifth[1] moves out to battle!

The day came when the Bridge of Spain roared like a wounded carabao under the wheels of Reilly's battery, which was moving out and turning north:

"Give way to the right!"

"You damn fool! Can you see? We're plumb against a thicket!"

There was no fooling with a thicket; it had daggers, called thorns. Everything has thorns in the Islands. The thicket had a law all its own. The law was that all

[1]Archer was transferred from the Second to the Fifth Field Artillery when he embarked for the Philippines.—Ed.

creatures, whether they walked on legs or crawled on their bellies, would travel the trail or have nothing to do with the thicket. The trails went in like tunnels—I've seen the place where we travelled for five miles and never saw the sky clearly but only through the tangle overhead. Those trails must have been as old as the thicket or they wouldn't be there, made by the great forefathers of the carabaos that used the trails we used. In fact, even the snakes used them, and the ants, which looked like shivering red patches of ground, there were so many of them. The Insurrectos used them, too, to dig pits in and fix pointed stakes at the bottom and then cover it over lightly with sticks. Jake Jones of Sioux City, Iowa, might come walking along wondering where he was going to eat, and, *smash!* he would be down in the pit. Only a scratch on the leg, that's nothing. But next day Jake's leg would begin to swell and swell, and *then* he'd see what was up. Another little trick was less refined than poison stakes. The Insurrectos bent a bamboo tree over the trail, and to the end of that they fastened a spear, hiding it neatly. Then if our men happened to step on a certain twig—*zip!* Up she'd snap and that spear would be jerked across the trail with the meanest uppercut you can think of. I've seen a spear like that go straight through a man.

Tricks: the Insurrectos' first name was "tricks." It was something unexpected, something mysterious, something that couldn't be explained. They were clever, as clever as devils. They built the most beau-

tiful trenches I've ever seen, not excepting the German trenches. These had aiming devices for rifles and always a get-away ditch so that they could disappear without being seen. But as fighters they were rotten, although we couldn't test that much because the only time Aguinaldo attacked an American force was at San Fernando.

San Fernando was stuck on a hill. When you were approaching the town you might look up and see it straight ahead—then, quick as a wink, there it was on the right—and next time she popped up on the left, or, by the gods! directly behind you; although all the time you were plugging along on the same path trying to reach the place. Well, Aguinaldo took it into his head that San Fernando he must have. So out of the jungle one evening there came a notice to the effect that all Americans who did not want breakfast in hell must vacate San Fernando within three hours. Next morning they attacked. There were Spanish uniforms and Señora Rizal rifles among them, but what every man remembers who was there was the Igorotes. They came sweating up that hill wearing nothing but ugly expressions and loin straps, *and they charged straight at the two fieldpieces we had with bows and arrows!* It was the beatenest thing I've ever seen! Bows and arrows against three-inch guns! And how Aguinaldo came to pull such a thing as that off has got me stumped. The more I think of those bows and arrows coming up that hill the more sure I am there's something which has never been explained and never is going to be in connection

with that attack. But there are other things that have never been explained before and they're going to be right here:

"Get Tinio"—that was the first order from Lawton. If there was ever a man with brains it was Tinio; he was as wise and clever as Aguinaldo himself. He was so clever that he knew enough not to be *too* clever or his chief would have to dispatch him the way he did other generals with brains.

We were operating from Bacolor as a base. Bacolor was like every other town: it was a collection of flimsy houses with big stone buildings for the monastery and the church. The monastery had a stone wall enclosing a court; and all this masonry fronted on the plaza. We made it a habit in occupying a town always to occupy the monastery, and there's many a tale of how a handful of Americans were cut off in their monasteries —stories that make the Alamo sound tame. As usual, we moved into the monastery at Bacolor; and Colonel R—— occupied a room in the priest's house with the priest in a room on one side of the Colonel and the priest's brother-in-law in a room on the other side. There was nothing wrong in that, because the people in the Islands always had a "cousin" or a "brother-in-law" dangling around. I used to think that Havana was fuller of people's relations than any other place in the world, but the Philippines was 'way ahead, especially with in-laws. During the week at Bacolor, patrols were kept busy chasing around the country following every rumour about Tinio. The rumours kept increas-

ing all the time. We thought a hundred times we had him cornered. Whenever a Filipino was pressed for information he always had some to give—he had caught a glimpse of Tinio at some neighbouring town—"*Sí, sí, bugeye*," there was no mistake—everybody around there knew Tinio. And there was not a rascal in Bacolor whose army of cousins and brothers-in-law had not had a confidential conversation with Tinio himself only the day before, but who, to help the Americans, had thought it best to tell what they knew.

Every evening at Bacolor we used to gather in the plaza and build a huge fire that put the stars out. The yellow light that was against the buildings around the square was so full of the shadows of men that it looked as though we were surrounded by long-legged giants who stalked around the plaza watching carefully and stopping every now and then to listen. Always then the priest and his brother-in-law came out of their house, and sat on the stone steps to watch. It was a kind of homey little feeling then in that spot of light with all the boys around chewin' and swearin' and spittin' and singin'. To stop and think of all the black jungle that stretched around us was enough to make a man shiver even by the fire—just one little speck of a place that was cheerful in all the oceans of blackness. There must have been a million animals, from centipedes to carabaos, out in the jungle listening to the singing by one hundred and fifty American voices—then it was *not*:

"Now I'd like to know, who's the boss of the show," but:

Damn! DAMN! DAMN! the Insurrectos,
Pock-marked, khakiac, ladrone.
Underneath the starry flag,
Civilize him with a Krag,
And return us to our own beloved home.

sung to a tune brought over all the way from Chancellorsville and Gettysburg: "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching"—you know it. But you never heard that other song to the tune, the way I did, or you'd be losing sleep now.

But all this time the priest and his brother-in-law were sitting on the steps of their house. They were quiet except when the great song thundered, and then the louder we damned the Insurrectos the better they liked it, and sometimes they even stood up and waved their hands—"*Bravo—bravo, Americanos!*"

It's not my habit to be offish with anybody, and least of all when a person looks lonesome. So not more than an evening had passed as I've been telling about, before I sauntered over to where the priest and his brother-in-law were sitting on the doorstep. I found them quite handy with the Spanish that I unloaded from Havana and we got along just fine. We talked about the stars and how bright they usually showed up but how you couldn't see them above the fire. We talked about Manila; we talked about monkeys and cobras, and Tinio, and everything except the weather. They asked me if the Americans had any more news about Tinio; then the priest started in about how a cousin of his brother-in-law's fourth wife—but I cut that short—

"There, there, padre, I know all about that; you know I ain't campaigned all over this world for nothin', and I'm pretty well up on other people's relations"—or words like that in Spanish.

I think that brother-in-law of the priest's was the handsomest man I've ever seen. I saw in the paper to-day where some fellow in Paris has invented a way to make a statue out of a corpse—that man would have made the most beautiful statue of a man. His clothes were only in two parts—a dusty pair of white trousers as baggy as a pair of gunny sacks, and a dark gray shirt that looked permanent and that was unbuttoned at the collar showing a little silver rosary hung by a leather thong around his neck. Now it sounds funny, but that man was perfectly dressed. He was so good looking that he looked *neat;* his feet were bare but that only made him better looking. He was small but handled himself like a Cossack when he walked; his cheekbones were kind of high, his hair was black and wavy and thrown back from a forehead that was like a polished piece of bronze. His eyes were very deep, and when he clamped them on you they kind of burned with an unholy fire. I was attracted to that man, but there was something queer about him. I fell to turning that priest's brother-in-law over in my head—there was something I didn't know. Finally, at the end of a week, an idea began to sprout up; what sort of fools was that fellow making of us, anyway? I went to look for my friend Sokey:

"Sokey, have you ever heard the people say what

Tinio looks like? Everybody knows Tinio, what does he look like?"

But Sokey didn't know any more than I did what Tinio looked like. He just looked like everybody according to everybody. That same day at retreat orders were read to make our rolls, we were leaving Bacolor at midnight. What I'm going to tell you now we didn't know about that night or the next—it came out later—but I do know that there was a queer feeling among the men that evening; we all felt uneasy, as though something had happened.

Colonel R—— had his supper and was returning to his room that evening. Just as he was about to open his door he noticed that the next door was standing wide open. He must have been curious because the priest's brother-in-law had always shut it before. Anyway, the Colonel looked in and *there was something*, all fixed and waiting for his eyes. A big rafter ran up the wall and right bang in the middle of that was a bolo stuck in with such force that an inch and a half of blade was buried in the tough wood. This bolo pinned a paper—and here is what that paper read:

El Capitán R——:

The writer is surely gratanio for your great goodness in allowing him this place. We have been sleeping for six nights within four feet of each other, you on your side of the wall, and I on mine. But after all, I know you better than you know me. You see this bolo and how it is drived? There are many bolos and they can all be drived; but the hands cannot be seen. By the way, the singing of your men, it is wonderful—and what is that they say about the insurrectos? Tinio.

At midnight we slipped out of Bacolor. The preparations had been made behind the stone walls and all we did was to open a little gate and file out after the guide. It looked like a pretty neat manœuvre. We were just as quiet as a lot of little mice. Now I'd just like to know how many eyes saw us go. As the last man cleared the town the black stillness was suddenly broken. The bell of the monastery suddenly clanged out with a God-awful clamour. That lasted for about four seconds and then stopped as suddenly as it had started. When the echo died away, the line was halted. All you could hear was "My Gawd!" from some poor mother's son who was as scared as the rest of us. A patrol rode back. They climbed the monastery tower, and found —rats and a rotting bell rope. That was all they found.

It was about the biggest honour in the Islands to belong to Lawton's force. Lawton had a roving commission; he could go anywhere and do anything without asking questions of a department commander. His men were always the hardest worked but the best fed. He took what he needed. Lawton never hung back and he never let anybody else hang back. Once when he ran into a scrap, he turns to his aide and says, "Where's Major O'Brien?"

"He's back in the cocoanut grove, sir, directing his men."

"Directing, eh? Tell him to come up here and *lead* them."

I tell you the men would have gone to hell and back with Lawton.

Just before he died, Lawton and his men almost captured Aguinaldo. That was early in the Insurrection. There's more than one reason why that affair isn't known; it was shut up as quick as if a lid had been banged down on it. The Third Cavalry just missed making the capture; as it was, they did get Aguinaldo's supply train and his wife and sisters. I have my own idea that the little dark pock-marked leader knew where his wife and sisters would be the safest—but he couldn't have been figuring on the capture of the supply train. *Sst!* I'm agoin' to tell you something. There were twelve chests of gold pesos captured in that train—600,000 pesos—the pay for the Insurrectos. There were boys who filled their saddle bags with gold; and there were boys, lots of them, who went to Fort Leavenworth and Bilibid for that day's work. It was the capture of Aguinaldo's family that people talked about.

Lawton was killed at San Mateo before my eyes: he couldn't last long with his way of acting out there. He was the last great soldier of the old school, of the days when a captain got out in front of his men, and majors got out in front of the captains and the generals came plunging through on a horse and led the whole advance—the more an officer exposed himself and got reckless, the better leader he was. Lawton had a notion that he would never die by a bullet. He was an old Indian fighter, the Pale Face Chief, who would walk right up to an enemy and scare him by looking him straight in the eye. That look was the weapon that he had used on the Indians; then he had gotten

away with it at El Caney; and finally he tried it on the Insurrectos.

San Mateo was just a skirmish. There was a rice paddy, and beyond that a field where we grazed the carabaos, and on the far edge of the field was a bamboo copse. Lawton was passing close at hand on his big black horse just at the time when some Insurrectos tried to kidnap our carabaos. At the sound of the firing he dismounted and came straight over to the rice paddy. He had a half of a cigar in his mouth that stuck out straight ahead, while the points of his long black moustache stuck out straight on each side so that he stabbed the air in three directions as he walked through the paddy—*but he wore a white helmet.* The rifles cracked from the bamboo copse, and for a little way that helmet kept straight on toward where some of our men were answering the fire. He had gone forward quite a distance when there came another crack of the rifles. The white helmet disappeared. The greatest soldier in the Islands was shot through the heart; he was killed outright because he didn't realize the difference between an Insurrecto and an Indian.

You can't hurry a carabao. But if you let him go without water for too long, he'll hurry bad enough. All a carabao can do is pull; he pulls as powerful as a freight engine, but he can't be made to go any faster or any slower than the rate he goes at. You might as well try to hurry a Congressman; it just can't be done. The carabao will look at you with big round watery eyes

until you feel like apologizing. But as long as that carabao is supposed to keep going he'll go. I've seen one of them try to keep on after he was down on his knees. But they have to have water—that is why they got to be called water buffaloes. Not to drink—they drink very little—but to sit down in. The carabao soaks up the water through his hide; this acts like blotting paper when he starts taking in water. Mud or wet leaves will answer just as well. After he has blotted them up, he's happy. But when a carabao gets too dry, you look out! It makes him crazy.

The first time I ever saw one run amuck was down in Manila. The animal had stampeded the Thirteenth Infantry, and I met him coming over the Bridge of Spain just after. I heard a rumble and there he was. His horns stuck 'way out on each side; his nostrils were wide open and spurting out foam; his eyes were all blood-shot, and behind that awful face bellowing with the most ungodly roaring was a ton of meat sweating blood. You can't imagine such a terrible sight, and I can't just remember what I did do. But the first thing I realized, that crazy mountain of flesh swerved and plunged down the bank into the Pasig River. There was one last terrible roar and a splash as though a burning house had fallen into the river, and the carabao fell over dead.

We often used carabaos on the guns—they could pull them anywhere. But I never gave them all the credit they deserved until one poor old fellow got the Philippine glanders and the "vet" ordered him killed. It happened just at the time when we were short of am-

munition, and we didn't want to spare it for killing the carabao when a sledge hammer would do just as well. We made a kind of ceremony out of the event. All the boys in the battalion knew the old bull and wanted to be on hand at the finish. Even the Major, "Battle-Axe Ren," turned out and occupied a ringside seat on an upturned box. The carabao was led in, smelling like a musty stable as they all did, but just as good-natured and sweet as a lamb and keeping his eyes straight ahead according to regulations. A fellow by the name of Lusky was shoved toward the animal:

"You got a mean stroke, Lusky."

"Show 'em how you make little ones out of big ones, Lusky."

"A gallon o' *bino* you'll take more 'n one, Lusky."

That was how the huskiest man in the outfit was encouraged to do this little piece of work. Well, Lusky didn't need much urging. He rolled up his sleeves, shot some tobacco juice into his hands, while he eyed the carabao with one eyebrow lifted, and with a grunt grabbed the sledge hammer. He balanced it, and swung it easy up and down a few strokes, and then he marched over to where the buffalo was standing all peaceful, just waiting. Lusky started the stroke from the ground behind his heels, the sledge curved up and around like a meteor and came down, *smash!* Squarely hit on the solid part of the head where the horns meet in a ridge just under the skin—it was a blow that would have knocked the Sphinx off his base. The buffalo ducked his head, closed his eyes, and opened them wider

than ever and terrible red, and turned them full on Battle-Axe Ren.

"Major, I've pulled your guns fifty miles up the jungle and now you let the boys treat me like this?" If he'd said it out loud instead of with his eyes there'd have been no difference. Battle-Axe Ren sat there and pulled at his pipe, only taking it out long enough to say, "Who's next?"

That affair was getting just a little more than I could stand. It wasn't sympathy or sentiment but I was just plain sore to see an animal suffer. I jumped up and said, "Give me that sledge," while some of the fellows hollered, "You'll show 'em, Sarge." Then I thought there must be an end of that matter right there—a carabao's made of flesh and blood, not granite. So I gave one awful heave plumb on the old boy's head, and you can call me a liar, but that sledge hammer bounced up as though it had struck on a piece of cast iron. But the bull was on his knees, and then I thought there was sport enough, so I whipped out a bolo and cut his throat. Those carabaos are great animals; there's nothing like them in this living world—but when they run amuck—*You look out!*

The rotten ties and rusty rails of the Manila–Dagupan Railroad was the only trail leading one hundred and fifty miles north into Luzon that we could be sure would not be stopped by a thicket, or get lost in a jungle, or be blotted out by swamps, or plunge suddenly into a chasm. The railroad had been built by

the English, run by the Spanish, and ruined by the Insurrectos. It was like a *bastinado* on the horses to travel up that railroad. The steady jarring and bumping all the time was worse than if it had been big bumps. So we tied prolongs to the carriages and pulled the guns ourselves. It was bump, bump, bump, all day, and when Jakey Smith, the Colonel, passed, his sword went clumpety-clank at every step. Jakey used to say: "Men, when we get to Dagupan, we'll never go back to Manila. The transports leave for Frisco from Dagupan." But Jakey was all wrong. It was nearly two years later that the massacre in Samar was ordered, and Smith's name went around the world on account of it—nobody took a transport at Dagupan.

It seemed as though every man in the Army in those days had worked "on the railroad" at one time. You hardly ever hear of a young fellow working "on the railroad" nowadays; but at that time there were railroads building across the United States, and no matter where a boy lived it was natural for him to get a job "on the railroad." The result was that the first regiment that was asked for volunteers to get the Manila–Dagupan road running again stepped forward to a man: Engineers, mechanics, surveyors, track-walkers, switchmen, side-door passengers—in fact, everybody that is necessary for a railroad was found in that single regiment. When the first train left Dagupan, Sergeant Freeman leaned out of the cab in blue overalls—he might have been driving Harrison's Special—a fireman

lolled back with the bell-rope in his hand (I'll swear it was a halter shank and tentstay spliced together); the conductor had 200 rounds in his belt and a "45" for a ticket punch. Somebody bawled "Awlaboord for the Southern Limited, stopping at Malolos and Calumpit, junction of railroad and buffalo trails—'board!" Then was the time when those fellows' girls ought to have seen them.

Speaking of girls reminds me of a terrible experience. If ever there was a Filipino who was not a two-faced rascal it was my friend Pedro. Pedro was Sergeant of Police at San Isidro when we moved in, and ever since that day that I was provost sergeant and he reported to me, we took to each other. He was a good fellow, was Pedro. None of the white-coat doings about him. And, by the way, the white coat of the Filipinos was white in contrast to black; it was as though a barber had worn his coat for a year and then gone out and hoed potatoes and fed the pigs in it—that would still be a "white" coat. All the Filipino men had them, and they always put them on at a certain time. There might be some firing on a patrol or a murder or two, after which we would round up all the people in a certain area—men, women, and children. Then the white coats would come out, and not a rifle or weapon would be found. These had been stuck in a bush somewhere, and what we had was a lot of ignorant people, dressed up in their best clothes, and sighing or hollering "*Ameago, Ameago, Viva Americanos!*" But when they started *vivaing* then was the time to look out.

Well, Pedro was different. Pedro had two daughters that I saw when I went to his house for an evening now and then, until it got to be only now and then that I did not go to Pedro's house for an evening. Somehow, when I looked at those girls they reminded me of an oasis in a desert—an oasis with tall trees that drooped their branches very graceful, and that had clear pools of water and bright flowers. These two girls had the figures and deep eyes of the most choice Island beauties, and they had the manners of Spanish belle ladies—you can bet your last chew that there was a *mestizo* grandpa mixed up in it, but we'll let that pass without inquiring. Cultivation, that is the word that describes the whole Pedro family. These nice young girls, one sixteen and the other eighteen, had been to school in Manila, and they brought back to San Isidro a geography. It was printed in Spanish but there were pictures of polar bears, and a street in London, and Eskimos, you know the kind of a geography that it was. One evening Pedro, who always sat with a pitcher of *bino* at his elbow, pointed to a picture of an Eskimo that had a dead seal at his feet and asked me if that was an American. I tried to explain how he was more an American than we were, since he had always lived there, and we had come over later in the *Mayflower*. That led on to the subject of Peary, and I told Pedro how he had gotten lost in the snow and ice and had to eat candles. When Pedro heard that he began to waggle his head and act as though that was impossible, eating candles, which struck me as queer since the

Filipinos eat bamboo, which is worse than candles. He tried to find explanation in the pitcher of *bino*.

"Eat candles!"

"Why, sure, Pedro—to keep his stomach warm."

"To keep his stomach warm!"—the *bino* swizzled in his throat.

"That's nothin'. What's the matter with that? That's nothin'."

*Bino, bino, bino;* swish and swallow.

He leaned 'way over, looked me straight in the eye, and winked. Then he squinted and grew serious.

"*¡Hola!*" says he very confidential-like, "how did he get the matches down to light it?"

"Say, old man——" And then I thought there was no use arguing with Pedro any more about candles keeping the stomach warm. I had explained it all carefully. It was something very simple. But all the time he had been thinking it was something else and taking me for a liar and a fool. That's always the way in talking with a foreigner. Great guns—how did he get the matches down!

But the black day was near which was to show us what the Insurrectos were like.

One Sunday afternoon I saw Pedro and his wife and younger girl coming along the street in one of those deformed Filipino two-wheeled buggies. Pedro pulled up his horse, and leaning forward so as to talk across the two women, he gave me *gratio* for some canned tomatoes that I had taken around to them the evening before. The women bowed and chipped in "*Sí, sí,*

*gratio, amigo* Archer," smiled, touched the nag into a trot, and went off. Later the guard at the end of the street said he saw them drive out of town, but he knew Pedro by sight, and didn't pay any attention. I never saw them alive again.

A search party was organized. At first we found nothing, then a wrecked buggy was stumbled on. That was all for two days, until one man happened to look down a well—twenty-five feet deep—and there were the bodies of Pedro, his wife, and that girl. They showed signs of a struggle after which they had been thrown down there while still alive. Pedro had played fair with the Americans and paid for it.

Marie, the daughter who was left, was too good for San Isidro then. So we sent her back to Manila with a letter to MacArthur. Her, too, I never saw again; but I know she went into a hospital as a nurse, and finally got to be assistant superintendent. A friend of mine in Manila used to tell me about Marie; but his last letter four years ago said that she had finally gone to join her mother and father and sister, those that we found in the well.

The terror of the Philippines was on us. It came with the garrison duty, after we had stopped chasing Insurrectos through jungles. It came as silent as the dhobey itch and it spread faster.

It was necessary to get information; not just to *ask* for it, but to *get* it and get it straight. A way had to be found for finding out things quick, and in all sorts of places, and a way *was* found. For three hundred and

forty years the Spanish had ruled those Islands until they had got the people so hard and tough it was impossible to make another dent. The Spanish way was brutal. The Filipinos might have been tired of it but they expected it. Cuffin', kickin', bangin' over the head—that was the routine, it was custom. So what we invented was something new. It was so different from the routine that the natives just quaked when they thought of it. This wonderful thing was called *tubig:* You say "*tubig!*" to a Filipino, and then listen to his teeth rattle; because *tubig* is the name for water cure. Here is how the magic effect of this cure on an Insurrecto was discovered.

There was a fellow in the outfit by the name of Davis. I liked Davis. He was just a kid, only nineteen. He was sent out as a replacement and came from a farm in Michigan as innocent as a pail of milk and as green as clover. I remember the day he arrived we were just starting on some relief expedition. As usual we got issued rations for five days, consisting of a hunk of bacon and the emergency. That Philippine emergency ration looked like sawdust and tasted like hell; after it got inside of you it began to swell up until you felt plumb full. You can always tell the recruit, because when he got his hunk of bacon he would whip out a knife and carve off the tough skin on it. That's what Davis was doing the first time I ever noticed him. He sloughed off the hide of his bacon and threw it away. I walked straight over to that chip; picked it up, brushed it off, and tucked it away in my pocket.

Davis looked, but never said a word. Now maybe an expedition would last five days as was figured on, or maybe, as usually happened, it would prolong itself to any number of days. Then, just at the time when the boys were scraping gum off the trees to spread on the reserve ration or throwing stones at the monkeys because they had only six rounds left—just at that time, out would come the despised outside bacon hide. Slice, slice, slice—very thin, but just enough for the only egg that was ever laid in the last village we passed through. Plop—sizzle, sizzle, sizzle. Exclamations of great surprise. "Where'd the man get a fried egg out in the jungly desert!" It was time for the lesson—so I bulged one cheek out with fried egg and pointing with my knife at Davis, talked out of the opposite corner of my mouth, "This here recruit gave it to me." Nothing else needed to be said. The recruit looked wiser. The old 'un had taught the young 'un something.

One day Davis was assigned to prisoner guard. He was given two prisoners, a father and his son, and told to make them cut bamboo for a fence around the Colonel's quarters. Everything went fine. Those snakes were peaceful enough and did what Davis told them, working all day cutting bamboo. When the sun got low and it was about time to march the prisoners back to their stockade the younger offered to shin up a palm tree and pluck a cocoanut for Davis. Of course, Davis should have made him shut up, but he was just a kid and he had a hankering after cocoanuts. Besides, that standing around in the scorching sun all day had given

him one awful thirst. He didn't see any harm in letting a half-breed Insurrecto fetch a cocoanut for his pleasure, so he said, "Go ahead." Up the tree went the young monkey and down he came with a fine-looking nut for Davis. That wasn't the end of his service; he took a bolo he had been using to cut bamboo with and made a neat nick in the cocoanut where the milk came bubbling out. That looked like the end of a perfect day for Davis. He drew in his breath, threw his head back, closed his eyes, and started to drink. The older prisoner must have been standing quiet as a mouse while the chip off the old block was getting the cocoanut. When the Americano got his head back that was what he was waiting for. Quick as a flash a curved blue knife was snapped through young Davis's neck. It cut his head almost off. Close by where this dirty work was done flowed a river.

The murderers proceeded to carry the body of Davis over the bank. Do you think they threw it in? No, sir; they were too clever for that. They knew if they threw it in there was only a matter of time until the crime would be discovered. So they rolled the body just under the lip of the bank where it had been hollowed out by the water, and then they broke down the overhanging ground so that the spot looked like one of a hundred places where the bank was caved in. With that little piece of business done, the two prisoners took to the hills.

It came so devilish near to being another mysterious disappearance. It was just by the sheerest stroke of

luck we ever found it out; and not through any traces of the crime, because there weren't any.

That evening it was whispered around that Davis and two prisoners were missing. We knew there was some rotten business, but that wasn't saying what. By searching we found the cut bamboo showing that work had gone on according to schedule all day; but that was all, except for a couple of innocent-looking cocoanuts lying together on the ground. After a day had passed and there was no explanation, some white-coated "friends" of ours offered to help clear up the mystery. It was only a little while later that they told us exactly what had happened. On a certain evening some of the people had caught sight of three men running over the hills; two of them wore the clothes of prisoners of the Americans, and the third was an Americano soldier with his rifle. We called in the witnesses and they all swore to seeing the three men running. That was all there was to it.

We carried Davis A.W.O.L. (absent without leave) for a week. It began to look bad. If he hadn't run, where was he, or his body? Some of us who knew him put our heads together, but we didn't help matters. The Captain was just as sorry as we were, he didn't take much stock in the sworn testimony of witnesses that Davis had run—he would carry him A.W.O.L. as long as possible; but after a certain time we knew it must be "deserter." One night I told the Captain—"I know Davis. He'd never touch their pesos. There's dirty work here." The Captain said he thought so, too, but

we'd have to find something new, and find it pretty quick.

Nothing turned up for nearly ten days with everybody cussin' and fumin' over where was Davis. Then a chance came for some of us to go down the river to a dance. Now I've never missed a dance in all my life that I had a chance to attend; but let me tell you I would rather miss all the dances in my life if that was necessary to have attended this particular one down the river. It's a good thing some of us from old Battery F went to that affair.

The hall was crowded, the music was good, the girls were the pick of the Islands, and everybody was enjoying themselves, including the "white-coats" and "no-coats" that crowded around the doors and windows. Right in the midst of things when the band had struck up, "Damn, Damn, Damn——" I felt my sleeve plucked and a voice whispered, "Archer, don't you see nothing?" The way that voice sounded made me think I was going to meet my great-grandmother's spook the next second. Corporal O'Brien, who did the whispering, had kept right on across the room as though he had simply said, "Howarya?" But in another second we passed again, and this time it was, "The second window!" A fool might have wheeled around and stared at the second window, but I started to brush a speck of dirt off my sleeve and—by the gods! I *saw!* There was no mistake. Looking in at the window along with a raft of other "no-coats" was the squint-eyed face of the younger of the two prisoners

who had disappeared with Davis. There could be no mistake—I knew my man. About two minutes later four of us from up the river "happened" to run into each other outside. We had come out for air and a smoke—and something else.

We grabbed him from behind so quick he didn't know what struck him. We stopped his mouth and had him away from the crowd before they could turn halfway around. A blacksmith from the garrison was found, and riveted on the irons so that the rascal couldn't run or kick but only step about six inches. Then we went right at him with questions. Where was Davis? Where was he? "You tell us what become of Davis, you cur—now *tell!*" It was no use. He was struck dumb. We strung him up by the thumbs—but all that was routine with him, as I explained before. He was scared of us, but he was more scared of telling what he knew. He was shut up like a foul tomb. So in the end we put him on the boat and went back.

I don't know who thought of the plan first, but it was thought of, anyway. For the first time that ever I saw it, and maybe for the first time in the history of the Philippines, the bamboo tube was brought out. When the prisoner was laid in a reclining position, water was brought up in buckets and put beside him. A scared look came into his face. Then we told him in his own language—"*Tubig!* Where is the Americano? Answer and this water in the buckets will be poured out on the ground. No answer, and this water will go into your belly till it bursts—*Bugeye?*" He grunted.

His mouth was propped open, and the water started trickling down the bamboo tube. In a position like that there's nothing to do but swallow. So the prisoner swallowed and swelled up a little bigger each swallow, like a toad. There was spittin' and thrashin' and coughin'—but all the time the water trickled and he swallowed and swelled, until finally—up came his hand! It was the sign. He would talk. He did talk this time, just so quick as he could clear his throat. Because we had washed out the mouth of the Insurrecto, he was telling the truth for once in his life. What we heard was the story I've told you about Davis.

To prove that what he said was true, the fellow took us down to the bank of the river and straight to a place where it was caved in. Pickaxes and shovels were brought, and after we had dug a little we found IT—DAVIS—A. W. O. L. There was one of the most horrible sights I've ever laid eyes on. The lips had fallen away from the teeth, and IT had a smile that jarred the reason of all the men who were leaning over the bank looking down. There was not a sound, only a kind of low moaning 'way back in the throat of the prisoner who had led us to IT—until somebody spoke—"Oh, my Gawd, it can't be 'im!"

Two nights later a little incident happened. It was dark, and over in a corner of the guardroom sat a man whose eyes burned like glass; he might have been a cat-man. He sat so still he might have been dead, but he wasn't dead, he was only *thinking* of death. Two men (I'm not telling names) opened the door and came

in. They ordered the figure in the corner to get up and follow. He refused. They made him. Then the three went out for a walk beyond the village. If you had been within hearing just after that you would have heard two shots ring out from nowhere in particular.

"Turn out the guards!" But as they turned out, and the corporal ran his eye over the men to check them up, I'll not swear that Carmichael didn't poke Rainwater in the ribs. Then next morning it was spread around that a picket had been fired on—nobody hurt. But all the time the long grass was hiding something from view—a corpse with powder stains on its shirt. Then the vultures and ants and sun did more than the long grass could do. As long as we were in that post there was a queer-looking inkwell standing on the table in the surgeon's office. One of the men who was handy had made it out of a skull, and there it was for all of us to look at.

I have spoken several times of the ants. That's no joke. The ants out in the Islands are a subject all by themselves—they were man-eaters! I always think of an incident that happened near Dos Marinos. We arrived there one afternoon; everybody got settled in the empty convent and the guards were posted all around. A man was sent about two miles to climb a tree and watch for signals, so that if we should be attacked and cut off in the convent, he could beat it off and bring relief from the next post. It was daylight when all these matters were

arranged, and then the men began poking around. The first thing we looked into was the church, that was a big pile of white plaster and rock. There was something worth looking at in that building. Those Filipinos can't get away from the idea of stuffing their churches with treasure. A town like Dos Marinos may be the cesspool of the earth; the people can't even get themselves clothes enough to wear; and the town possessions may be a dozen razor-back pigs and a couple of cocks for fighting; and yet in the middle of such a place stands a church with so much treasure that even Henry Ford would have to buy it on the instalment plan. In this particular church there were paintings around the walls showing the different "Stations of the Cross" as we call it. Over these pictures were little stone pedestals on which stood crosses, each one about six inches high, of solid gold. 'Most everybody in the outfit went to take a look at those crosses; you see we hadn't yet seen the summer palace at Pekin or the Temple of Heaven. It looked like a good thing to tell the folks back home about. But among those who looked at the gold was a Jew by the name of Letzelder.

Next morning at roll-call everybody was present or accounted for. We marched out of Dos Marinos glad that everything was so peaceful. Ten minutes later we were going down a trail that was grassy and that deadened the sound of marching and the rattle of accoutrements. Suddenly shots were heard in rapid succession back in town. A strong patrol crept back,

They reached the plaza and found the place crowded; *aldeanos*, dogs, pigs, and children were running up and down the steps of the church, all excited. Our soldiers got around the outside of this crowd and drove them into a bunch; then they entered the church and saw right away what the fuss was all about. Two of the gold crosses were missing.

While that was going on, we called the roll out on the trail. Private Letzelder missing! If they had only shot him dead with the gold in his hands there would have been a lot of trouble saved. Probably in this case the Americano deserved what he got, but remember—what happened to one man in the Islands happened to fifty or more. There was not an Old-Timer who was out there that can't from the memory of his own experience produce almost exactly what I'm going to tell you.

The gold crosses were missing; Letzelder had disappeared. At first it looked simple, but as nothing came to light it looked more and more mysterious. It took *tubig* to finally crack the nut. I believe *tubig* saved more American lives in the Philippines without taking a single life among the Insurrectos than any other activity. When we had selected our man with the use of the bamboo tube, we saw he was going right—through a rank forest, around a thicket, over a hill, out across a scorched desert plain where nothing grew but thorns as long as daggers. Finally the leader stopped in a hollow. Here was a crop of giant ant hills; there might have been twenty-five of them and each as high as a

man. They looked like young volcanoes, and they were pock-marked with little round caves in and out of which poured red streams of bloodthirsty ants. These were the man-eaters. We were looking for Letzelder's corpse, but that was not what we found. One of those volcanoes was crushed; a man had been thrown on it, and staked down. What we saw wasn't the man, but his skeleton, bleached in the sun. The hemp still tied these bones to the stakes, but they were twisted, showing the short struggling before the ants and sun did their fast work. There was no clothing. Some Insurrecto in his mud village must have been showing off a felt hat from Red Bank and a pair of tan shoes from Haverhill. We knew this was Letzelder only by his teeth.

Now you can understand why the Islands is one place where there was no straggling. A man who straggled would get picked up all right, but by the wrong people.

If you should turn on me and say, "Sergeant Archer, you've been in the Army thirty years or so, you've travelled all over the world, and seen all kinds of experiences—now tell me, what is the most remarkable story in your memory?" I would answer, "Friend, because you ask me straight, I'll tell you straight: The story of Private Frame and Private Greenough beats them all. The doings of those two boys one midnight on the North Line is the most astonishing thing that ever happened in my experience."

Of all black spots in the world the North Line of Luzon in 1900 and 1901 was the blackest. In the first place, the "Line" was a number of garrisons hidden in an endless stretch of mountainous jungles. The loneliness for an American in such a place was horrible; and it was made still worse by the strangeness. Strange noises, strange birds, strange insects, strange people, strange happenings—everything strange. The worse it got on our nerves, the more queer everything seemed. When a man stood guard and he was out on post, he was *out*. There was none of this visiting of the posts every hour by an officer the way it calls for in the regulations. During one night there might be nothing unusual happen to the man out on post. But on another night with no sound, no warning of any kind out there where the man stood guard, a bolo flashed and fell—in the morning Private Jasper, dead. Another night there might be a sudden crackle of rifles and a flock of bullets would come hissing into the garrison from nowhere—then stillness, that was all. It got to be at one time (just like it was in France in the trenches) that we daren't light a match in the open without inviting a whistle and zip of bullets. To add to that, after a rain the gnats were bad. I've seen posts located in the middle of a river, the man on guard up to his armpits in water, just standing there with his rifle on his shoulder, protecting his body in that way.

One night I was sitting staring out of the door of our shack, trying to remember what boys were on guard that evening. I fell to wondering how they were getting

along out there where the blackness looked worse than ever between flashes of heat lightning. All of a sudden in one of those flashes I saw *him*. He was kind of high, must have been on a horse, and he was leaning over looking square at me. The next flash he had turned and was pointing his rifle. Sure enough! He seemed to be waving back and forth. I hugged my Krag-Jorgsen—one more flash and I'd shoot—that damn—*flash!* BANG! Some monkeys screeched, but that wasn't human. The whole garrison was up in arms. I looked out and waited—it seemed as though the lightning had been turned off and that I had split it all to pieces with my shooting. There! She lighted up again, and I saw—*a big loose banana leaf waving back and forth!*

That sounds silly. But it was because of such things that big weather-beaten men cried on the North Line. They weren't afraid, not they. They had fought Indians, and mobs, and Spaniards, in fact, fighting was like going to dinner for them. And yet, because of glamour and yells and sun they sometimes acted like children out there in the jungle. Or else they yelled out like maniacs, half civilized. Of course not all of them; our flag wouldn't be out there to-day if most of them hadn't stood it. Jakey Smith issued a book that will make him more famous than the homesickness. Homesickness in the Islands. Jakey Smith said, "If you see a man looking at the sky or twirling his thumbs, or looking and thinking at the same time—hit him, kick him, beat him over the head, *make him mad.*"

There was a fellow by the name of Jack Hand. Jack was harmless; he had friends and no enemies. But Jack liked his booze. He was always figuring how he was going to get it, and he got it. A good deal came through "Bino" Bill Edwards, the English spy, who with one little donkey went up and down, and back and forth, through Luzon, in places where a whole battalion couldn't go. "Bino" Bill, who called everybody by his first name and always said when he met you, "Well, my boy, how's your old craw to-day?" was finally caught with his saddle bags stuffed with .45's tagged from Ramsay & Company, Ltd., Hong Kong, on their way to the Insurrectos. But that's another story; it only shows one way that Jack Hand provided himself with liquor. One afternoon Jack was left in the shacks with a couple of other men who had just come off guard. They were resting on their bunks while he sat at a table figuring about his next drink. For a long time he nodded and looked stupid. All of a sudden he stiffened, put both hands on the table, began to stare: "My God!" he said, and then "Oh! My God!" With that he gave a terrible yell, and followed it with a moan. "I've got 'em." By this time the others came to life and said, "Shut up, you fool!" But he kept on moaning, "I've got 'em, I've got 'em!" Then they said, "What you got?"

"The blue tremens!" And he pointed a shaking finger at the corner of the room where a plank was out of the floor. "There ain't no snake there at all, is there? Quick."

Then it was the turn of the others to look pop-eyed. A rafter showed in the hole in the floor and gliding across the top of it was a shiny black rope, only it was ten times bigger than a rope—it was more like a huge wet hose. There was no beginning and no ending, it came up from the darkness under the floor, glided across the rafter, and disappeared into the darkness under the floor. Jack said it had been going all one way and stopped and moved all the other way. He was so relieved when he saw the other men staring and realized there was a real snake there after all, that he suddenly got more sense than anybody. He grabbed an axe and went over near the hole, and waited. Pretty soon the thing grew smaller, and the pointed end of it flipped over the rafter, and it was gone. There was heard a kind of scratching under the floor, while Jack stood his ground. Suddenly an ugly greasy head shot up through the hole and stared, with its tongue like a thin dagger quivering straight out in front. Jack was on it in a second; the axe whirled through the air and smashed down. To-day if you go to the American museum in Manila you will see the mounted skin of a black snake twenty-six feet long. People who see it won't believe that there aren't four or five skins put together but you can examine it for yourself. That is all one snake and you will be looking at the same thing that Jack Hand looked at. As soon as he realized there was no spook Jack knew what to do.

I've told you all these things to show what kind of a country it was that Frame and Greenough were

placed in. Those two fellows were pals. They were fine boys, both from Indiana; Frame's folks lived in Terre Haute, and Greenough came from a town about sixty miles away named Crawfordsville. They had not known each other in Indiana, however, but struck up their friendship after joining us in the Islands. We hardly ever talked of them separately, it was always Frame and Greenough; just as you might say Jack and Jill, or Mutt and Jeff. I've heard of men having a deep affection for each other, a feeling equal to love, but the friendship of Frame and Greenough was the nearest thing of that kind that I've ever seen. They even used to trade guards with other fellows so that they could go on post together. It has always seemed funny to me that, with the way they were so thick together, they didn't find out more about each other—but that's one of those unexplained accidents of life. Anyway, here's what happened.

The day came when Reilly's battery was ordered back to Manila for a rest. We were assigned to an old fair ground, where the buildings had been turned into barracks, and we had stables for the horses. One of the buildings had a cement floor that had been laid with a drain in the middle. We used to take buckets of water in there and use it for a bathhouse. On a certain afternoon Frame and Greenough were in there flinging water at each other and rough-housing around. Some other boys taking a bath at the same time weren't paying much attention but they did notice that in the rough-house a little chain that one of the two boys wore

around his neck was torn loose, and the other one must have picked it up out of the drain. From that second they were enemies.

Everybody in the outfit noticed the change. Frame and Greenough hated each other. It was more conspicuous than their affection had been. But they wouldn't say a word. When we tried to find out what was wrong they climbed into their shells. It was all a mystery to the rest.

Sometime after that we were back on the North Line again. The old place was as wicked as ever. We had to give up posting men alone, and posted them in pairs. In order to get the guards out without having their positions discovered (although the posts were changed every day) a great rigmarole had to be gone through with. When the guard was changed a whole body of troops—a platoon or half a company—turned out for the purpose. The men who were going on posts fell in at the tail end of the formation. Then this big armed party started out, making just as much noise as it could. The men laughed, sang, swore, clattered their rifles and thumped through the bushes, so that it sounded like a whole army. When this howling mob of soldiers passed over a spot where a double sentinel was to be, a little prearranged signal was made, and two men, unnoticed and quietly, dropped off and sat right down back to back. If there was a carabao wallow for these men to sit in, so much the better: they sat in that and had some protection.

By fate or freak Frame and Greenough, after they

had become enemies, were put together on post one night. When it was pointed out to the Top Kick that "that there was a bad combination," he said his orders were out and the guard roster made. Besides, it would do them good to meet again; if they were going to be like a couple of mummies it wasn't his fault, etc., etc. We all agreed with him, I guess. The two boys started out with the noisy relief band looking like they were going to church together—neither glad nor sorry—but just doing it. They had the good luck to be posted in a carabao wallow. In the bottom of that hole they sat back to back, not moving or saying a word. Of course, there was nobody to watch them, unless it was a pair of dark eyes in the bushes, but what I'm telling you now was written—you'll see. Time passed. The silence of the night was broken only by the shrieks of bats or monkeys, until finally they began to talk to each other, very low, as two men will talk who are in a dark hole together on a still night. Sitting in that wallow, under the tropical stars, Frame and Greenough talked. It was about a little girl who lived eight thousand miles away in Indiana, a little blue-eyed girl eighteen years old, in a clean gingham dress and swinging a sunbonnet. They talked about the same girl because they were *both* engaged to marry her. The picture of this girl had been carried in a locket hung by a silver chain around Frame's neck.

Just what they said about her will never be known because they had serious business on their minds. Although together in the same little wallow, the two boys

decided that the world was suddenly too small to hold them both. Close beside them was a flat stone which they could reach out and touch. Frame took some pebbles in his hand.

"Greenough," he said, "I'm agoin' to put either one or two pebbles on this flat stone. You take a guess which it is, one or two, and then feel. If you guess wrong, stand up on the top of this wallow, light a cigarette, and I will go home to Margaret. If you guess right, I will stand up, light a cigarette, and you will be the one to go home to Margaret."

It was agreed. So out there in the dark, in the shadow of the jungle, Frame and Greenough gambled. The game was short. Frame put two pebbles on the flat stone.

"Now guess."

"Two!" (Can't you just hear those deep husky voices?)

"Now feel."

"Two!"

"*Yes.* You win! We've played fair, and we're goin' to go on playin' fair. Remember the agreement. Not a word to Margaret. I only got one thing to ask. Here are some papers; give them to my mother. Say I died fighting for *her* in the Wildman's Country. When you and Margaret are married, don't worry about me, it's all in the game. I'm fumblin' for a match—my God, Greenough!"

Had they raised their voices above the danger point? Or was it just a stray bullet from one of those myste-

rious volleys that killed Greenough? He had won, but he was dead.

Frame had said, "We're goin' to go on playin' fair." He still had in his hand the papers that he was turning over to Greenough. He fished out a stub of a pencil and scrawled all that I've been telling you here. He wrote all the circumstances carefully—the busting open of the locket in the bathhouse, the game they played with the stones, their conversation. He ended by telling that he would carry out his part of the agreement.

At half-past four in the morning we found their bodies. Greenough in the wallow toppled over with a bullet in his brain. Frame's body was ten feet away, shot in three places; and he had a cigarette in his hand that was hardly smoked. Later we found the papers which were stuck back of a flat stone, and the stone had two pebbles on it.

For the honour of the names of those two boys, and at the request of the Colonel, we kept that story to ourselves. It didn't get out for eight years. And they tell me that when they came to look up the girl in Terre Haute she was married to another man. I wonder if she was married when two homesick fellows were staking their lives for her in the Islands!

## CHAPTER VI

I NEVER did forget what old Mart Maumee used to say. It was when they were chewin' the fat around the stove in the general store on Duck Creek. Some of us kids might have come in for a shoestring of licorice (which was popular because we could spit the same colour as the men—it looked like tobacco juice when you kicked the door of the ashpit open and let 'er go. It always helped the talk to stop for spittin'). Then Mart Maumee said, "Herman, if you lift up that there plank you're standing on, and dig straight down far enough, you'll come to China." To this day I have never gotten it out of my feelings that digging is one good way to get to China. I used to think that sometime I'd try digging and find out if Mart Maumee was right. At any rate, I had more idea of going to China then than when we were up on the North Line in Luzon.

One day we were at Manila for a rest at the Fair Grounds. I had gone down to the Luneta to see if a certain transport that was coming with some friends had been heard of. There was a warehouse and a dock that the Americans had built; and a ship was just docked, and going through all the commotion of taking off cargo. "From Nagasaki, with a load from Tientsin," they told me. This "load from Tientsin" happened

to be coming off just then. It consisted of a number of boxes, some trunks, and bags that missionaries and other Americans in China were sending to Manila marked "Care of the Commanding Officer." One of the boxes fell off the top of a pile and busted clean open in front of my eyes. There was presented a spectacle the like of which I never saw in any baggage (up to that time). Here was dark blue silk and bright red silk, woven with gold threads; here were yellow-tile dragons, and ivory and amber necklaces, and jade stones. That was *some* baggage. They rushed it all into the warehouse and locked a door on it and put a guard over the door. The whole thing was hushed up, and I never heard another thing about the belongings which were coming out of China "Care of the Commanding Officer, Manila." More darn things were hushed up in the Islands than you can shake a stick at.

The missionaries and legations were scared for a month or more before the outbreak. The Boxers—"The Fists of Righteous Harmony" is the proper translation—didn't swoop down all at once. They frowned and schemed; then they gathered in gangs; then they organized in swarms; then they struck. It was during the frowning period that "the foreigners"—which is what the Americans and Europeans were called, although the Chinese should have been "the foreigners"—packed up their belongings and sent them to Manila. So that was the first omen.

Matters moved fast, and two weeks later from the deck of the transport I was watching the hotel at Naga-

saki change its sign. That's a famous hotel—everybody in the service knew it because it had as many names as there are countries. When the English put in for coal, it was the Victoria House; when the Americans came along, it was the Astor House; the French found the Hôtel de Paris waiting for them; and the place even had one of those ungodly Russian signs.

We got to Tientsin soon after its capture when the Russian General Stesses was in command by consent of Chaffee and the others. In the American quarter there was a proclamation gotten out by S. C. Wah, the Chink interpreter. It had a translation in American alongside the Chinese crow-tracks:

PROCLAMATION

I am very sorry for all the good inhabitants that there is a great confusion took place on which you met with. Now I inform you to be peaceful by Major of U. S. when this proclamation is hanging to all buildings of all streets; so I order all the peoples stayed within American section, and all the soldiers of all nations as follows:

1. Many kinds of weapons are not allowed to keep in all dwellings belonging to this section, and your inhabitants should send the weapons to the interpreter of U. S., the Chinese scholar, S. C. Wah's house, if you have kept before.

2. You should take great care for the fire letting out in any time. The Tientsin Water Society must be allowed to carry water in putting down the fire as possible.

3. You should come to the noble U. S. reporting all soldiers of all nations or the native robbers when they disturb in any building of this section.

4. I have paid the wages to the labours to bury all death, and clean all streets to take away the dirts, and you should keep the cleanliness.

5. If all the escaped people like to come back to their original

buildings, I must protect you by the American force, and you may stay here as usual.

6. All native shops should open for sale, because you certainly live upon this purpose. If any person disturb the shops or do not pay the money for buying things, I must give the punishment.

7. All soldiers of the U. S. forces in the city will give protection to the Chinese Scholar Wah.

By order of the Guard of American
troops in the South East Quarter.

*July* 22, 1900.

But we didn't any more than get settled in Tientsin than the move started. You know what happened. The allied officers were palavering back and forth when Chaffee got up and said, "Gentlemen, whatever you decide, I march at dawn."

Oh, Chaffee was a great soldier. He was up from the ranks and the soldier's friend. But we did have one thing against him. When he was commanding at Manila the order was "blouses." The trees might have been dripping perspiration under a white-hot sky, but the order was "blouses"—no shirt-sleeves for Chaffee's troops. But in China he said he'd march at dawn with what he had and let the reinforcements go.

That night I took a detail of twenty men and went into side streets to mop up coolies. That was the easiest thing that ever I did, although China is the only country that I was ever in where I couldn't stop a man on the street and talk enough of his own lingo for common needs. There wasn't any use stalling around, so the first man we met, I just out with it in the broad tongue of the Buckeye State: "Do you want to work

for ten cents a day?" He bowed and grinned and then gulped out, "Yes." So I told my men to take him in tow. It was the same with every man I asked. We hadn't gone a block before we had, in the centre of our formation, such a mob of Chinks as ever I did see. They looked surprised and a couple tried to slink out, but the boys were watching them close. There wasn't any use to stop any more. We couldn't have handled them. Every man that was asked had said "Yes" very politely, and that was enough for me.

It was afterward that I found out the only word of English a Chink knows is "Yes," and they all know that. As a result on the road to Pekin the luggage of Battery F was carried on poles or hauled in carts and rickshaws by barbers, jewellers, bakers, butchers, and loafers that we picked up in Tientsin or in towns along the way. When they eased out at a stop there was nothing simpler than to replenish the supply, and so we started!

It was eighty-six miles to Pekin. The road followed the west bank of the Pei-ho River, the river of liquid dust and dead bodies. You know those bodies always puzzled me. They couldn't have been from fighting because that didn't happen hard until later—but there were the bodies of Chinks, washed up on the bank every now and then; I don't know how many we saw. Maybe they had starved, poor devils, at some town farther up and just fallen into the river; or maybe they had been thrown in by bandits; or maybe they had just died being tired of sitting around all day.

Much of the supplies of the Relief Column was pulled along the river in junks. There were thousands of junks, and they had big eyes painted on the bows so that they could see to move. When they did move the coolies were always blowing a horn to scare away evil spirits. I never think of those junks without being put in mind of one of the queerest little occurrences of the whole expedition: the Boxer Goddesses of Tientsin.

There were two young girls, twins I guess, who were considered very beautiful and sacred by the Chinese. In fact, the Boxers held them to be goddesses and called them Ti-Ti-Moos. The capture of these girls was necessary to the putting down of the Boxers, and somehow when Tientsin fell into the hands of the marines they got ahold of the goddesses in all their white silk and gold dresses. But the marines had no more sense than to put the Ti-Ti-Moos on a junk that was moored away from the bank. Of course, they put a guard there, too, but the girls had the freedom of the junk.

You might know what would happen, did happen, for one dark night the goddesses jumped overboard and were fished out insensible. After that they were put ashore in a house that they pointed out and a watch kept to see what they would do. Nothing happened, so after waiting awhile some soldiers went in to see if everything was all right. The first thing they saw was the white silk and gold dresses folded neatly on the floor; and there were the Ti-Ti-Moos dressed in robes absolutely black, with their hair drawn back so tight it raised their eyes, lying on a pretty little ebony bed—

and both of them stark dead from poison. That was only the first of the darn-fool things that we ran into all the time. It didn't mean anything much to us, but I suppose it meant everything to the Chinks. Why, the name of the general that made the whole land tremble at its mention was—WU! Creepy, crawly stuff, that was it—WU!

Eighty-six miles we travelled on a road where the dust lay so deep it was like felt—noiseless. Through the land of rubbish and ashes and little gray bricks into the city of tile and towers. Sometimes we would be stopped by a skirmish. Then if we were in a cut (for that road was so old that it had worn into the rises of ground six to eighteen feet instead of surmounting them) there was nothing to do but sit and wait. If it rained it came down hard, like it rained in Mindanao, but half an hour afterward everything would be as dry as before. Nothing ever got wet; even a man's perspiration shrivelled up and disappeared at the thought of exposing itself to that climate.

The only things that did get wet were the queues which the Boxers wore coiled up on the tops of their heads. When they got wet they got heavy. We laughed at those fellows when they were captured and brought back through the column: some of them had oilcloth parasols with the handles stuck inside of their collars; and some carried fans in their sleeves. One bunch passed carrying a gun eight feet long. It took three to carry it and to shoot it. When the gun went off all three fell over backward. You can laugh, but

they did a lot of killing. The man who says the Chinese aren't fighters in their way doesn't know any more about it than the man in the moon. You can scare them, you can fool them, but you can also die in front of them, and you can't ever get to the end of killing them.

As we got nearer Pekin the mud walls of the villages turned to brick walls; and the road turned more and more into a street. Finally, it seemed like just one long continuous city with open fields beyond the houses on each side.

When the storming started my section was caught in a cut. The order was to get into action at all costs. We could hear the rattle of firing, with now and then the crash of one of the old Krupp guns that the Boxers were using. We knew it was in earnest, but couldn't move the guns backward or forward, so jammed was the road. So Reilly came back and ordered us up the side of the cut! I suppose it was a forty-degree slope but it *looked* like a perpendicular cliff. "Are these horses like flies that can go up the side of a wall, or ain't they?" was what crossed my mind. "Well, here's finding out!" I turned my team into the bank and gave the order to march.

The lead and the swing were digging in their toes and going up. Then old Putnam, the finest horseflesh in the service, struck the cliff, and behind him started the gun, two tons of steel with the limber filled. The gun hit the cliff suddenly, and just as suddenly there was a loud snap, and a yell from the driver on Putnam's back. The big horse heaved back a step; the forward trace

toggle had snapped, and the whole team quit—except Putnam. Then something happened that never happened before and will never happen again. It is the most historic horse story in the Army. Soldiers have argued about it around the mess tables; officers have told it to recruits in driving classes. It has been forgotten only since 1918, but not by the Old-Timers. It is this: Putnam heaved and swayed—then he took the bit in his teeth and started up the bank, pulling not only the gun but the five other horses along with him. He didn't go right up—he fought every step—the handsomest fight you can imagine. His nostrils bulged out, his eyes opened wide, too; his muscles shook and knotted till it seemed they would burst through his skin; his feet hammered into the ground and the dirt spurted out behind them in streams and clouds; when his hoof struck a stone sparks flew out. The other horses reared and fought against him, but little by little up the steep cliff moved that snarling, plunging, objecting swarm of horses, and the two-ton load behind, with Putnam in the middle conducting operations. He brought it to the top—fifteen feet above the road—and there he stopped and everything stopped with him. The whole column below looked up and saw six horses tangled together standing beside their gun. One of them was big, and stood there with his head up, to catch the air, black against the sky, and looking like the king of horses that he was. Then after the soldiers, who had all stopped to look, began to realize what Putnam had done, a cheer went up. They cheered him and called to him by name,

and then went about the business of war with fight put into them by a horse.

The whole thing had happened so unexpectedly that no help had been given Putnam. But now with all the men to help, and six horses to a gun, it took a long time and much trouble to get the rest of the battery up.

From the high ground which Putnam had gained, we saw for the first time the walls and pagodas of Pekin, and the mountains of Mongolia behind. Right in front was the Ha-Ta Gate at the southeast corner of the Tartar Wall. Above the gate was a huge tower like a fortress, bigger than a hundred buildings below it. That gate was then occupied by the Boxers. Behind this gate, although I didn't know it then, were the Legations. We placed a few shrapnels against the tower and along the foot of the wall, until the command came to move forward rapidly and storm the gate. Then it was that the biggest battle of the Chinese Expedition started.

We pulled down into a street leading straight at the Tartar Wall. This was one of the most peculiar streets that I ever hope to see. It was a street of merchants. Thousands of tiny shops with the street, ten feet wide, running between. The fronts of these shops were all open because most of them had no front wall or door or window—they were just glory stalls. These were all decorated with carved wood; some of them had carved wood screens that hung halfway down from the roof. Everywhere, stuck among all this fanciness, were gilded images, and tiles, and bronze incense burners, and long

pendants of lacquer, and jars, and lace, and silks; so that it was hard to tell where the store decorations ended and the goods for sale began. That was what the street had been before we came along.

Now as we moved down toward the huge city wall the wheels of the guns crunched and crackled on the carpet of broken glass and tile. Sometimes the horses' hoofs hit a heavy bronze jar, and kicked it off to the side with a hollow sound of metal. The enamels, and carving, and plates, and saucers, and everything else were vomiting out into the street over the broken counters. And I'll tell you something you won't forget. Mixed up in all that mess there were human bones being pulverized under our wheels; and there was human hair. Only a few Chinamen were left; here and there we could see their eyes shining out at us from the darkness at the back of the shops. Horrible dogs slinked out of holes, and with their tails between their legs dodged the sharp-handled incense burners or whatever thing we threw at them.

You can't say why that street was ruined or who did it? Such delicate stuff as those shops contained could not survive when the tide of battle rolled along there ahead of us toward the gate. Suddenly we had no more time for thinking of carvings and porcelains because we came within range of the gate tower. Stray bullets began to whistle around. It was no place for horses, and so began the most peculiar style of fighting that was ever done by a Yankee three-inch gun.

The horses were unhitched and led away into a temple

yard where they were protected by the masonry. The firing increased so that bullets began to kick up dust along the street like raindrops when a slow storm comes up, and the big drops fall here and there. I began to see that this was no joke. It was like being held in a narrow tunnel while somebody at the end shoots at you. A bullet never seemed to finish its business and be spent. If it didn't get you the first time it would bounce and ricochet around as though it was bound to get you coming, if it missed you going.

Then we tied prolongs to the gun and pulled it along from the shelter of the buildings. When the street widened some, the gun was turned around and we got into action at point-blank. I never saw or heard the beat of that. That "bull in the china shop" was as quiet and innocent as a poached egg compared to my gun when we were busting in the Ha-Ta Gate from a position in the narrow city street.

One of the troubles was that the street was paved with enormous granite slabs. I suppose they had been there a thousand years because there were deep ruts worn out of the solid rock from the traffic of Chinese carts. I don't know how thick or heavy this paving was, but at any rate, there was not time to find out. We couldn't take it up then, and so the trail of the gun couldn't dig in and hold the piece in place. Shooting had to be done with a long lanyard, everybody standing clear off.

"*Fire!*"

When we had recovered from the concussion, and the

echo had gone rumbling off along the Tartar Wall, and the dust had drifted or settled enough to see through again, we discovered the gun fifty feet back of where we had seen it last leaning against the side of a ditch. So up we hauled it, and went through the performance all over again; arranging it so that she'd run into something soft in the background at the end of the recoil.

If that was close fighting for a field place, what was it compared to happenings at the Water Gate soon after? With the Ha-Ta Gate captured, Reilly was ordered to the Water Gate, where the Boxers held another huge tower. We had gone through the Ha-Ta into the city, and come up so quickly that there wasn't time to get the gun into action. It was all part of a sudden and terrific storming, hand to hand, that was going on around the walls, with the Russians, English, and Americans attacking all at once.

At the Water Gate we captured with our own hands three Chinese guns and the Boxer Flag. These have never left the battery since. You can see them to-day down at San Antonio; the only enemy flag ever captured by the hands of artillerymen at the same time they were actually serving their gun! The flag is red, bordered with yellow, and the characters sewed on to it say:

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE FOREIGNER AND ALL HIS WORKS, AND LOYAL SUPPORT TO THE GREAT CHING DYNASTY

When it seemed that the job was done, we stood and looked. Everything busted, everything broken, every-

thing cracked, everything covered with dirt and rotting, except the Tartar Wall, which loomed there just as strong and unbudging and unaffected as it had always been. I was standing near Reilly—he was looking at the gate—he must have opened his mouth to speak. From somewhere along the wall a small gun fired—I heard a quick slushy moan of an old-fashioned bullet, and Reilly fell forward, struck squarely in the mouth. We buried him in the Tartar City.

Now the boys knew that the captain was married and that he had left a wife and family back at the Presidio. So before we left Pekin we had made up a chest of things from the battery for Mrs. Reilly. This chest was the captain's own, but we filled it with the best we could find of silk and porcelain and jade, and even bronze knives and pistols removed from the bodies of Boxers. We thought Mrs. Reilly would appreciate knowing that the boys were thinking about her. Unluckily, this chest was destroyed in a railroad wreck in America after it had gone across the ocean. So Mrs. Reilly only got part of it that was picked up and sent to her.

Pekin is a putting together of five or six different cities each enormous in itself, and each with its own walls. Some of these are side by side with their walls touching, like the Tartar City and the Manchu City. Some of them are inside each other. For example, the Imperial City is inside the Tartar City; and the Forbidden City is inside of that. The mass where most of the population lived was so closely built that from the top of the

Ha-Ta-Men Pagoda it looked solid with houses but porous with streets. When you got nearer the centre, however, the streets opened up and there were big open spaces and courtyards. There were very few shops in the Imperial City; it was mostly big open squares that people could pass through in going from one side of Pekin to the other, but that could be cut off entirely by the closing of gates in its walls. That was the nearest that people could come to the sacred presence of the Empress. Inside this Imperial City were the walls, with gates that never opened, of the Forbidden City. This had the parks and palaces of the Court, and until the coming of the allies, no white man had ever been allowed to enter there.

So you see what had happened. We had captured the outer walls and most of the population. But the centre of Pekin containing the Imperial household was not yet captured. Since the Boxers had all run away and left the place locked up behind them it was only a question of blowing in some gates and taking possession. We weren't sure what was inside, so the attack on the Imperial City and the Forbidden City stirred up the curiosity of the soldiers as much as it did the whole world.

The attack was made five days after the capture of the Tartar City. We had equipment for scaling walls; and there was no reconnaissance from the artillery point of view. Because of the honour which Reilly in dying had given to the battery, they chose the gun that had busted in the Ha-Ta Gate to do the same to the Im-

perial and Sacred Gates. Now I must admit that that performance didn't feel right, although there was nothing wrong with it at all. It is only that a soldier who fights expects to be fought back at—you can't escape feeling mean to go breaking down gates and always find nothing behind except more gates. A three-inch field gun was invented to lie out in the fields behind a hill, and to fire at other guns away off behind other hills that were firing at you. This business of firing from a city street at an innocent old gate made me feel like trespassing in somebody's backyard.

The gun was pulled up to a position in front of a gate that was only fifty yards away. We sighted along the barrel and aimed at the place where huge old oak beams crossed and barred the gate (we felt the way you'd feel if you had to go shooting at your barn door) when she was fired with a lanyard, the same as outside the Tartar Wall. Here it was all open space, and we could stand off and watch the piece travel back across the granite slabs and plunk into a pile of dirt. If the dirt had been put too near the gun it would have brought it up too short and smashed something. We went through three gates like that, each time finding ourselves in a paved courtyard deserted of everything, 100 yards wide and 600 yards long; with low buildings painted red and roofed with sparkling tiles running down each side. They looked like "rope walks." It was there that the court guards and servants had lived.

Finally somebody asked:

"Who's the first honest white man to scratch his

hobnails on the Imperial flags, and to cast his lamps on the sacred padded cells where nothin' but devils has hung out for two thousand years?"

From out in the middle came very solemn and slowly and dignified:

"O'Neil, of Pottstown, Pennsylvania!"

Everybody laughed. It started the men going, back and forth:

"Connenwein of Kansas City!"

"Driscoll of Columbia, Ess See!"

"Potter of Buffalo!"

"Flinn, R. F. D. Michigan!"

That was kept up till most of the United States had been registered. So that was the way we effected the capture of the Forbidden City. Of course, you can't say this one man or that was the first to break in, but this I know: that on that day I saw the one hundred first men; and a finer bunch of Americans never will be seen there or anywhere else. That which had been sacred for 500 years was "desecrated" in five minutes by us "foreign devils."

The actual entrance to the palace itself was postponed until a band was gotten together, and then was held a parade of all the allies, up into the throne room, and through all the inner and outer chambers. That was for the moral effect and because the Chinese are always trying to "save their faces." I don't know what they could say after that.

The Empress Dowager and her Imperial and Royal Court had decamped. But their exit was made in such

a hurry that the eunuchs and concubines had to be left behind. A guard was put over the concubines.

After the campaign, as was the case in Cuba and the Philippines—and Germany, for that matter—there followed the occupation. That was where the Germans arrived on the scene. Somewhere I've seen a painting by a German showing the Kaiser's troops in glorious marching order sweeping along the Pei-ho River, all victorious and shouting. I think it was called "Der Relief of Der Legations." Let me say right here that so far as I know there was not a single blooming German in the relief expedition. It was the Americans, the British, the Russians, the Japanese troops, and a handful of French and Italian Marines that marched from Tientsin. But the Germans and Austrians swarmed on the stage after the last act was over. Old Count Von Waldersee took charge of everything in sight. The German soldiers, five thousand of them, were always seen and heard around Pekin—shouting, singing, shouldering themselves through the streets. In the evenings the German bands got out and made a *blah* that could be heard from the Temple of Heaven to the Violet City.

The Russians were the only ones who could stand the life in the city. Chinese surroundings were nothing to them. And let me tell you that even those of us who had been through the Philippines, and had seen such filth as made the Chicago River a stream of sweet spring water in comparison, or the boneyard in Havana a health resort—even we knew it was time to get out or die when the Chinese sun of August came down on the

Chinese streets and the fumes and stench started to rise up.

The flies took part in the preparation and service of all food—millions of them. A dish would get black before you could get your spoon into it. They covered the blankets; and I've seen the place where they lay so thick on the walls that it was like a solid, prickly black matting. They were wedged so close together that a little motion in any part of the solid mass would disturb all the rest of it. I suppose flies must shift position at night the same as a man, so there was always a swaying going on in the matting which let out sounds like heavy breathing. I never heard or saw the beat of that anywhere else but in China.

So for these reasons the British were sent out to the Summer Palace, and the Americans were sent to the Temple of Agriculture. The Temple of Agriculture and the Temple of Heaven lay three miles south of the Forbidden City at the end of a huge street a hundred feet wide and as straight as a rammer staff leading from the Imperial Palace to the Temples. This street was built for the Emperor to travel once a year when he went to worship at the Temples. There was land as big as the race track at Belmont Park, and trees planted in the Ming Dynasty, and buildings that stretched around with nothing in them at all, and apparently never did have anything in them. These had highly polished floors and marble steps and yellow and blue tiled roofs with a big gold globe on top. They were billets built for the gods, I guess, and so we moved in.

Everything was fixed up fine for us and for all men. The Chinese Government finally accepted the Death Roll, and all the leaders of the Boxers who could be found were executed except those that were permitted and commanded to commit suicide. Old Yu-Hsien, after he had committed suicide twice, was finally executed.

If Christians had a Bible of solid gold pages that had been made in the time of Christ and had come down to the present time, they would regard it like the Chinese regard the Book of Confucius. The Book of Confucius was so old that nobody could read it except a few old priests. The leaves were of gold, scooped out around each letter, leaving the letter as though it was embossed.

One evening we were lined up at the foot of the marble steps for "retreat." The sun was shooting horizontally across the plain and struck the blue tiles of the Temple of Heaven, turning them to bright lavender, and the darkness between the columns seemed to glow with red. At the top of the steps an Indian Sikh, about six feet six, with his head wound up in a turban and his eyes reflecting the red rays, stood watching us as motionless as an image in a temple. I only mention that because somehow I never forgot it. I began to ask myself, "Where in thunder am I? By the gods, what would Sue or any of the folks at Carlisle think if they could see this sight!"

Then Lieutenant Summerall began to read a general order that was no more like a general order, as we knew them, than a page of the Scriptures: To the effect that

three pages of the Book of Confucius had disappeared. That a reward of a thousand dollars had been offered by the Government for information leading to their recovery. That the Chinese were pretty nearly crazy—those who had found it out. That, if they caught you with a page, you were a dead man. And so on and such.

The campaign to recover those three leaves that followed the Chinese Expedition was waged all over the world. Most of it was hushed up; part of it was noised around. Every way was tried to find the three leaves and bring them back. One was traced all over Europe but never found. One was discovered in the office of a lieutenant in Manila a year later. He didn't know what it was; had bought it from a peddler who had disappeared. One was found in the possession of a prominent missionary three years later.

China's the richest, the poorest, the most mysterious country in the world. You know what they call playing the piano? "*Big man fight box, lady cry!*"

## CHAPTER VII

To be in Manila again, after Pekin, was like waking up from a dream. We looked over the wall into the old city just like you might look over your own back fence into a junk dealer's yard—it gave me a kind of a start to see something so familiar looking so puny. It was puny compared to the wall and size of the Tartar City. We pushed the guns off the transport, coaxed the stiff horses down the gangplank, and hitched in. The toggles jangled and we started up over the cobblestones.

At the Governor-General's palace the officials were out on the porch in white ducks to watch us go by. We were almost the first troops from China. The officers had sabres, but Taft had a palm-leaf fan. Taft's palace, compared to the Dowager Empress's beside the Lotus Lake, looked like a doll house. We kept right on to our usual quarters out at the Fair Grounds. That place was familiar if nothing else was. But, by the gods, what a difference to the Temple of Agriculture! Long low buildings and a fair amount of space, but no blue tile, no red lacquer pillars, no marble steps and balustrades, and no immense carpet of dust where a whole regiment could gallop abreast. When I took a couple of cold buckets over my back in the bathhouse that evening I thought of Frame and Greenough scrap-

ping around on that very spot. I fell to wondering how soon we would be back on the North Line, and what the jungle was going to be like after the wind and dust along the Pei-ho. Just then an orderly stuck his head in the door and said: "Sarge, you shake a leg and git up to the major's. They're in an awful sweat up at headquarters to see ten of the boys and you're the rankest."

On the way up to the Major's ten minutes later I passed the picket line and was stopped by the stable orderly.

"Just look at this, if you have a second, Sergeant. Here's Putnam gone and tore his hock backing into a spike on that damn transport. It's risin' on him or I wouldn't stop you. But look how he eases his hoof off the ground."

Sure enough the old hero had a gash on his hock that looked mean. Of course, I had time; the Major'd have to wait. The boy and I found some cobwebs—which was like looking for coal in a coal mine—and we made a poultice for the wound. Then I said to the boy:

"You stay here and watch this. If that leg gets bigger, or he begins to scratch the ground with his toe-nail, you get the doctor and find me. Understand?"

That was the last order I gave in Reilly's battery for five years. It was the last time I saw Putnam, who was later pensioned for life, so you can know the poultice worked or they would have found me later even if they had to follow my trail back through Manila and across

a piece of the harbour to where a packet lay at anchor. Ten of us went aboard before the two million cocks of the American Oriental Capital started their morning concert.

The first field howitzers had arrived in the Philippines. They were assigned to the expedition against the Moros. But the guns had come without crews, so they picked a few from each field artillery battery in the Islands, and transferred us to the Mountain Howitzers. First thing I knew the United States packet had the bone in its teeth and we were ploughing down the archipelago toward Mindanao.

That was the only trip on salt water I ever enjoyed. We were within sight of mountains all the way; that was comforting.

We soldiers didn't hit it off with the Marines but there was a regular fellow named Perkins who was a stale mate or a bosun's mate or something. It was Perkins who first told me about the Jakey Smith affair. It had just happened and the packet picked up the news when she stopped at Samar on the way up. Balangiga and Samar was talked about by everyone in the Islands and all over the world at that time. It was one of the three biggest events in the pacification. The other two were the capture of Aguinaldo and the subduing of the Moros. Here is what happened:

Company C of the Ninth Infantry, in command of Colonel Jacob Smith (called Hell-roarin' Jakey) was stationed at Balangiga, Samar. The billet for the company was an empty convent. This was not a big

stone fortress like the ones in Luzon; it was just a white plaster, thatched roof, one-story affair built around three sides of a paved court. The sleeping quarters were on one side of the court; mess hall was on the other side; and headquarters occupied the rooms across the end. Company C *was* considered the luckiest outfit in the Ninth because it was fixed so permanently and so comfortably in Balangiga. Eleven months passed with Jakey Smith and his men in the convent garrison—eleven months with almost perfect peace and quiet. No shooting to speak of. A presidente that hustled in the fowl or the pig when Jakey gave a wink. A well-controlled town where the chickens laid eggs regularly. But there had been two years of the Insurrection and the boys of the Ninth *knew;* they weren't no fools. They *always* carried their rifles. For eleven months they never stepped across that court into the mess hall without loaded Mausers in their hands. That was the way it was for eleven months. Then came one morning when Company C went to breakfast without their rifles. Those were left in their racks by the Helen Gould cots. That same morning several hundred brown men turned up in Balangiga. Why? To attend a church *fiesta*, of course.

Seventy-eight men and three officers sitting down to breakfast suddenly looked up and saw five hundred bolo men in the court between them and their guns. Do you think they surrendered? No more than did Whittlesey in the Argonne. After the surprise seventy-one Americans who had charged with their bare fists

against the slick cold bolos were corpses on the pavement and the bolos were hot with their blood. Ten more all badly wounded—escaped.

That was the murder of Balangiga, not so much famous for itself but for what followed. Smith was a big major with a fist; he was put in Samar because the place was tough. He dealt out discipline with naked bayonets and hot bullets. That was why Samar was quiet and peaceful until that morning when things busted loose, and all but ten of Company C were murdered. When that happened Major Smith stood up and roared, "*By God!*" That wasn't a vile curse; it wasn't a gross threat; it was just what Smith meant. He said:

"*By God!* These people are not white-winged angels. They are traitors. They are secretly supporting the insurrection. I will give them a lesson. They will know that war is hell. The orders are: *Kill every male in Samar over twelve years old!*"

Samar was soon a howling wilderness.

That was perhaps the biggest basket of laundry that was ever handed to Congress. They not only washed the dirty linen in Washington, it was washed everywhere that two officers could get together and call themselves a court of inquiry. Then they ironed it, wrung it out and pulled it all apart, until you couldn't recognize it. When they asked Hell-Roarin' Jakey Smith *why* he did it, he answered:

"To create in the minds of all the people a burning desire for the war to cease."

Whether it was right or wrong I can't say, but I can say that Smith accomplished in six weeks in Samar what it would have taken two years and four months to do any other way. After Balangiga the penalty for any American who was found out without a pistol was general court-martial and not less than six months.

A little seacoast town on the north side of Mindanao was where the packet dropped us off. The expedition to pacify the Moros was ready and waiting. The officer in charge was a young cavalry captain whom nobody had ever heard of. He was one of the promotions just out from San Antonio with his troop, C of the Ninth. We reported to him, since the field mortars were attached to his command. Soon afterward I asked one of the fellows:

"What's the name of the captain in charge of this shootin' match?"

"Lemme see. Guess it's Pershing."

"All right. I'll let it go at that. Might as well be Pershing as anything else."

But it might *not* as well have been anybody else.

The first sergeant was Bill Heffner. Finest first sergeant that ever lived—tough as old leather when it came to work, thickset, big moustache, big voice, big heart. I can't imagine Heffner any younger or any older—but just First Sergeant Heffner, first, last, and always. What Heffner thought of the "old man" was important. He said that Pershing used his bean instead of his jaw. So that was what all the boys in the troop thought. They never had got over the Cap-

tain's first inspection, on the first Saturday following his assignment to the troop. Heffner tells it:

"We had lost a good captain and a real soldier in the transfer of R——. The boys were in no mood for no upstart to come into that reg'lar outfit. When we heard his name was 'Black Jack' some of us old-uns thought there was hope and some of the youngsters were scared. A few of the youngest were so scared they said: 'There ain't no new captain goin' to get away with nothin' 'round here.'

"Well, he came, and we pop-eyed him for a few days without learning much. Then it came Saturday inspection and we knew it was the showdown.

"I followed Pershing around with a pad and pencil. He wore a mask the whole time that froze up the boys who saw, and I knew he was playin' the game right. We came to the mess shack. The Captain was in a new uniform and white gloves. At the far end, Levi, a little Jew cook about five feet high, was standing like a grown-up gargoyle staring at a knot-hole. Pershing glanced at Levi and then at the pots and pans that hung on nails along the sides of the shack. He reached up and grabbed a frying-pan off its nail. He drew one finger in its new white glove across the bottom. I said to myself, 'Man, he's gone and went and done it.' The smudge on the Captain's glove looked like he had found a lump of coal and was balancing it on the finger of his glove; never said a word but he swung back his arm and sent that pan sliding and banging along the floor toward Cookey. He was reaching up for the next pan so he

didn't see his little scared trained animal give a jump at just the right second to let the projectile keep on without collision by his feet. But the cook's eyes never left the knot-hole. The same thing was repeated for the next pan and the next and the next—until Pershing looked as though he had been cleaning a chimney with his gloves and the floor looked like a junk shop. The only things that hadn't changed were the Captain's expression and Levi's position. This progress brought me and him within the area of knives and blades and points. Pershing looked over the collection carefully and his eye fell on the big Army meat-cleaver, with a blade like a razor and heavier than the hoof of a stubborn horse. Now, sir, all the time not a word had been spoken.

"Action speaks louder than words. The action was simple. The Captain took the cleaver from its nail and started to feel the edge while he threw a glance at Levi. Well, sir, you ought to have seen that little cook jump. It was as though he was standing on a spring that was suddenly released by the Captain's look so that it shot him out of the door. But the bark of a gun follows the bullet close—'*Come back here!*' That voice went out the door and caught Cookey from behind and dragged him back saluting with both hands. 'Yes, sir! yes, sir! yes, sir!"

"Pershing waited for him to get calm and then said: 'Not this time, but *next* Saturday, NEXT Saturday, if——' and he looked from the cleaver to his dirty gloves, and back again to the cleaver, then laid it gently on the table.

"A week passed. At the next Saturday inspection it didn't take two eyes to see that boots were shinier and bunks were neater all through the troop. But when we reached the mess shack—here were the pots and pans looking like a double row of mirrors. We walked through quickly and passed Levi staring at the knot-hole. When we got outside Pershing said, 'Sergeant, did you see any knives and forks?'

"'No, sir."

"'There was not a cleaver there either?'

"'No, sir.'

"'But the pots and pans looked clean?'

"'Yes, *sir!*'"

Once I was in a room with the Captain when we heard a horse galloping outside on the hard road. Pershing thundered: "Stop. Come here. Who are you?"

"I'm Lieutenant F—— of the Eighteenth Infantry."

Then the Captain put his tongue in his cheek and changing his tone, he said slowly:

"Oh, that's different. That changes the matter. I thought it was one of these ignorant troopers of mine who doesn't know enough not to gallop a horse on a hard road."

Maybe that infantry lieutenant didn't slink out of there.

Now Pershing was in Mindanao. That was thought of as the most untamed country in the world. The

North Line in Luzon was wild and treacherous, but with troops you could fool yourself and call it pacified. Nobody was ever fooled about the Moros.

The trouble went 'way back of our time. It wasn't a new fire kindled by American soldiers; but it was an old bed of embers that flared up every time anybody looked at it. The Moro country was the only part of the whole Philippine Islands that the Spanish never entirely subdued—except once. Old Pedro Arolas did subdue it.

He was the only Spanish governor who succeeded, and no other white man before the days of Pershing was able to put the Moros down. Mindanao was reeking with stories about Arolas. He ruled for forty-nine years, each year he was more fierce than the last, until at the age of seventy, when his hair was white and his beard was dark brown from the juice of huge cigars, he had a reputation for power little short of the Almighty. It was said that in the days of Arolas, Sulu was the cleanest town in the world. It was as though you said a back alley in the hoodlum section of Singapore had once been the cleanest street in the world. But Arolas ordered the streets of Sulu to be swept twice a day, and white sand taken fresh every day from under three feet of water to be sprinkled on them—"For," said he, "if the city is not swept twice a day, soon it will not be swept once a week." It was said that he even forbade the trees to drop their leaves, and if a man was caught throwing down his cigar stub he was fined and thrashed. When Arolas was seventy years old he

received a visit from a Spanish official. The two of them were standing in front of the house when a Moro horseman rode up, dismounted, and handed a message to Arolas. The Spanish official began to examine the horse and admire its points. Arolas, who was anxious to please and also to show off his power, drew a pistol, shot the Moro, and gave the horse to the official. Now the reason they talked so much about Pedro Arolas was because no other man ever kept order among the Moros and they couldn't forget him.

They are a fierce-blooded race of Mohammedans. They use their toes in all sorts of uncanny ways. A Moro can pick up things with his toes; he holds on by them when he climbs a tree; he holds the rope in his toes when he sails a boat. When they fight, they *fight*, and the ten-year-old boy is just as fierce as his father.

There was Mindanao, the biggest island in the Philippines, with big rivers and mountains and lakes and endless forests, and—the Moros. There was Pershing, who "used his bean" but who was unknown outside his own troop, sent to Mindanao in charge of a storming party, or a punitive force, or an invasion expedition, or whatever you want to call it. Now listen to what happened.

The first thing Pershing had to do was to stop the Juramentados. All the Moros were Mohammedans, but the worst and wildest were the Juramentados; the ones who had vowed a terrible vow—to kill every Christian they could find. The worst thing about that was that they were not afraid of death. When

they were killed by a Christian they sat on the right hand of Mahomet and drank out of the same gold cup with him. Death was meat and drink; the Juramentados went to it like you and I would go to dinner. When a Moro was shot by a Christian bullet he went to the first heaven, two bullets and he went to the second heaven, three bullets and he went to the third heaven, and so on up, the more bullets the higher the heaven. Single-handed, a Juramentado would attack an armed party. We sent him up in an elevator. It is a question which of three things drives a man plumb the craziest: strong drink, strong drugs, or the fear of hell. The Juramentados had the fear of hell to start with, on top of that they drenched themselves in *pandita*, and on top of that they loaded themselves with opium. Then they were ready for business. By the gods, the result was terrible. To see a man like that and call him a man! When we first went down there the Juramentados ran amuck all over the island; and shooting them didn't stop them. That was what Pershing found.

The Juramentados were stopped by a very easy, simple little ceremony that took about half an hour. The number of persons who saw that ceremony was limited to officers and sergeants and a few corporals. That was all that could crowd into a dingy one-room saloon. It was the biggest room in Buz-buz, and the night of the ceremony it was the most important room in the Philippines. When I came in the door a grining orderly handed me a candle. Almost everybody in

the room (and there were about forty) held a candle. That was part of the careful plan, to light up the place with a weird confusing light. This peculiar glare attracted the attention of the whole town. But the natives kept to their houses so that in almost every window and door could be seen a scared face. American troops filled the streets laughing and chewing, and a big crowd of soldiers who couldn't get into the room were collected around the doors and windows of the saloon. In the middle of the room a little floor space about four feet wide and six feet long was kept clear. The Captain was standing there. He was the only one who remained covered, so that now the tall crown of his campaign hat made him look taller than any one else in the room. He held in his hand a short bamboo wand, like a "swagger stick."

"Is the pig ready?"

"He is just outside the front door."

"Are the prisoners ready?"

"They are just outside the back door."

"Bring them in!"

There was shoving and commotion, while some men pushed their way through the crowd from the back door. Then husky soldiers pushed five wild-eyed little brown men into the centre space. These were some captured Juramentados. They were sober enough now, having been locked up for a week until they got over the *pandita* and the opium. But what part of their faces showed under the long coils of brown hair that hung down like a greasy curtain showed hate.

The fear of hell was still on them. To guard against accidents the hands of the Juramentados had been tied behind their backs. So there they stood, hateful but quiet. The Captain made them kneel down in a row of five as wicked looking men as I ever hope to see. Then with a loud command, he said:

"Bring in the pig." (That was repeated in Moro by an interpreter.)

A little pig was carried in by a sergeant with a long face, and put down exactly under the noses of the prisoners. Then suddenly those red-eyed long-haired men came to life. They scrambled around and drew away, but everywhere they turned there was a solid wall of puttees that pushed in the opposite direction.

Then the Captain raised his voice so that it sounded like the rumbling of heavy guns over a bridge, and he chanted. But the words didn't fit the chant, which wasn't translated into Moro.

"Sergeant, bring a sharp knife. Quick before the 'Ladies' give up. Now make a cut in the fleshy part of the pig's leg and draw some blood."

All you could hear for a couple of minutes was the scrambling of the Juramentados, and a kind of snoring sound from the pig. One man who was holding the pig said "Damn!" when some drops of hot candle grease fell on the back of his neck. When the blood was drawn into a tin cup, before everybody's eyes, the chant started again:

"Put a few drops on the hands of each prisoner where he will *see* it, then *sprinkle* them with it."

When that blood touched them the effect was as though we had cut off their arms and legs. The Juramentados shrivelled up like a piece of paper that is burnt by fire. They turned gray like ashes, and helpless. I never saw such a sudden change come over men. The wild-eyed, crazy look was turned into hopeless terror. They gave up. They were finished. It was all over with them.

One of the officers turned and said, "Captain Pershing, you've spiked their guns."

After that the five Juramentados were turned loose. But before they were kicked out an interpreter was instructed to "tell them that is what happens to every Juramentado that gets caught after this."

Pershing *did* spike their guns. He stopped the Juramentados by sprinkling pig's blood on them. That was much better than bullets.

The Moros puzzled me from the start. What was the idea of the pigs and Christians? There was an old padre in Buz-buz. He spoke Spanish and he was about the only native that I could chin with. We became friends over a can of peaches. It was the same old story of Havana and San Isidro, only this time there was no girl. Just old Padre Tal Placido and me, night after night, all alone. He had a full beard and a round stomach. He was about as thick through as he was tall. I never saw him stand up, though. He probably could, but he never did, and that was no business of mine. Whenever I entered his house he greeted me with "Aha, Jess"—pronounced like "Chess."

His voice sounded as though it came from the back of a musty cave and it had a muffled sputter, probably because his big beard was always in his mouth. It was from Padre Tal Placido that I heard about Arolas and the street-cleaning of Sulu with washed sand. He told me about the Moro country and Lake Lanao and he said no white man dared go up there any more. But he always balked on the pigs and Christians. Whenever I brought up the subject he grunted and looked at me in surprise; then he was quiet for a minute before starting in on a different subject. Finally, however, the night came when I heard it. Padre was in his best style. With a jug of *bino* on the rough wooden table between us, I said: "Padre Tal Placido, tell me the truth about the Christians and the pigs. I must know."

He grunted, looked at me in surprise, and then said, "*Bueno*. This is it." Then in Spanish he told me the story that, he said, all the Moros believed:

"Jesus Christ was called Isa by the Moros. He was thought of as only a man. He was great and powerful as a man, but He was not the Son of God. There was a much greater man, however. That was Mahomet. He was king of the world, and he had a grandson and a granddaughter that he was very fond of. One day Christ went to call on Mahomet at his home. Mahomet told Christ to prove His power by guessing what he had in a certain room, where, in fact, were his grandchildren. Christ answered that He had no wish to prove His power and He would not guess. Then

Mahomet flew into a rage and made a vow that if he did not answer correctly He would pay for it with His life. Christ then said:

"'You have two animals in there different from anything else in the world.'

"Mahomet replied, 'You are wrong, and I will now kill you.'

"But Christ said, 'Look first and see for yourself.'

"So Mahomet opened the door and out rushed two pigs into which Christ had changed his grandchildren."

No matter what Padre Tal Placido might talk about during an evening he always got around to the subject that was interesting the whole world just at that time. What was Pershing going to do about the Moros? Padre said he couldn't do anything.

"No white man will ever go up into those forests and hills and come out alive. The sultans got fed up on all white men when they had old Arolas. These Mohammedans are waiting every day and every night to kill *you*—and when he said that, the Padre shot out his hand, palm up, toward *me*.

Then came the ceremony of the Juramentados. Padre admitted that El Capitán was clever. He could whip devils. But if he ever got to Lake Lanao he'd stay there forever pushing up bamboo. "They say up there that Americans grow nice bamboo. Better than the Spanish, although the tenderest sprouts that ever flavoured soup in Sulu were pushed up by the household of Arolas after the old man shuffled off."

If I heard that opinion about our chances against the Moros every day, Pershing must have heard it every ten minutes. But the more Pershing heard about the trouble ahead, the madder it made him. All this time he was studying the Moro language and thinking. He thought so fast that he was about five jumps ahead of his command and ten jumps ahead of the Moros.

One morning I met Heffner on the street as usual.

"Morning, Heff."

"My God! 'morning, Archer!"

That stopped me. I asked him what he had on his mind. Why, "My God, 'morning"? Heffner said that the Captain had asked him to come around to his quarters at four o'clock that morning. (Reveille was at 4:30.) When he reported there it was just breaking daylight. Two horses held by an orderly waited in front of the house. They were saddled and bridled and equipped with feed bags, saddle bags, and blanket rolls. Pershing gave Heffner some instructions about the troop. For a few days Lieutenant B—— would be in command. Then Pershing went outside to where the horses were waiting. He asked the orderly if he was ready. Then he said, "Mount up. *We're going to Lake Lanao!*"

Heffner wasn't worried, but he said he was damn interested. So was I, and so was Padre, and so was the command, down to the last man in the Marines.

Bare-handed and single-handed Pershing "captured" the jungle; he captured the jungle overrun with Mohammedan devils. By himself he invaded the terrible

Lake Lanao country. On the way he met the sultans. He talked each one of them into giving him safe conduct through his territory. When he got to Lake Lanao he announced that the American Army was coming there to protect the Moros. Then he jumped on his horse and came back to Cagayan for the rest of us.

We moved up, with fighting, but a road that was once opened was easier to open again. For the next six months a thousand men worked felling great trees and cutting the famous road from the sea coast at Cagayan into the heart of the Moro country.

Lake Lanao seemed far away. Maybe it was the long jungle trail leading up there; maybe it was the open spaces around the lake, with glimpses of very distant mountains; maybe it was the feeling that we had come thousands of miles to get to Manila, and hundreds of miles more on a packet to get to Mindanao, and long days of marching and fighting through the jungle to get to the lake. Camp Vickers on the shore of Lake Lanao felt farther away than any other place I've ever been in.

There was some fighting and much more watchfulness. Once a few Juramentados played the devil and the ceremony of the pigs had to be repeated. But always there were pow-wows of sultans. They looked as though they were out to set the fashion for comic opera stars or Keith's circuit clowns when they came to Pershing's meetings. These princes of beggars and kings of fools wore tight jackets cut off at the waistline; trousers as loose as empty potato bags in the seat,

but like tights on their legs. A skirt, like a ballet haystack, dangled from the waist to the knees. They usually wore a brass helmet with a tall feather, or else a turban. These duds were all in bright colours—if there was a red ribbon or a yellow feather left over after they were dressed, that was tied on or stuck somewhere. Their feet were always bare—I guess they needed them to climb trees with. Their weapons were steel barongs or krisses, or mean-looking double-edged, pronged swords.

Most of these fellows arrived by way of the lake. They sat in the middle of a long dugout canoe with an out-rigger which was shot through the water at a terrific speed by half-a-dozen naked slaves. The sultan's glad rags looked all the gladder with his slaves naked. When the royal and sacred scarecrow stepped on shore he was accompanied by a slave who held a parasol overhead. This was a bright patch of cloth about two feet across on the end of a pole about ten feet long. The handle had to be long on account of the tall feather on the helmet, and because the little nigger who held this thing had to keep far enough away so that he would never touch His Majesty. Sometimes the sultan arrived by land instead of water. Then he sat on a little donkey, and the royal parasol was carried by a slave on another donkey. At such times the patch of shadow thrown from this little parasol at great height danced around so that the tropical sun lighted on the sultan's dome. This was always the signal for a bit of good advice from soldiers that were standing around:

"Steady, Cupid."

"You'll have to do better than that or I'll give you a spanking."

"Look out for the baby carriage, sonny."

And in reply the sultan, who thought we were talking to him instead of his nigger, would grin and bow and wave his barong, and look foolish and embarrassed at receiving such a respectful welcome.

Between the conventions of sultans, there were little things that used to turn up to keep us busy.

One of the problems up there was keeping the horses fed-up. Hay and grain were just as likely to be issued to us as ice cream and cake. So we had to turn the horses loose to forage in herds. One man that can ride and has a good voice can keep a whole mob of horses together. Besides, those horses were trained. Let the bugler blow stable call and they'd make for the picket line.

One day a fellow by the name of Jack Frost had the herd out grazing. At the right time he rounded them up and brought them in. But when the horses were checked over there was one missing. Everybody in the outfit knew the horse; he was a sorrel with a white stocking on his near foreleg. There was the usual row in looking for a horse that had strayed. Searching parties were sent out, the trails and villages of the neighbourhood were searched, and stable call was blown all over the place. But no sorrel horse. Then a board of survey was called to sit on the loss. The responsibility was fixed on poor Frost who had been in

charge of the grazing. He was charged $150. Now that sum of money against a man's name was no joke—it represented about a year's pay—and Frost, of course, was in an awful stew over that horse. He came around to me and we talked it all over, and then I said if he would give me time to think I would see what could be done. That night when I was turning the thing over in my mind, it occurred to me that only a few days ago we had shot a horse which had taken sick with the Philippine glanders. That horse was a sorrel, but he had his white stocking on his off foreleg instead of the near. We could take a chance on that little difference. It might be overlooked and it was worth trying anything to fix things up. I suggested a plan to Frost. He was keen on it. He wouldn't hear of putting it off another day. So at the first opportunity a party of four of us who were the sorriest for Frost got together with spades and picks and grooming kits and set out for the grave of the dead horse. Say, man, you should have seen us working over that old sorrel corpse. First, we dug it up as carefully as possible so as not to punch holes in it with the pick, and then we started in with the grooming kits to clean the clay and mud off the hide. The bullet hole where we always shoot a horse back of the ear looked bad, but Jack Frost stuck in chewing gum, and then plastered it over with hair that was pulled out from a place that didn't show much. The result was perfect, we had the nicest sorrel corpse you can imagine, all groomed as though it had just fallen over with heart failure. Then

we shovelled in the grave and with ropes and props we moved the corpse a piece into the bushes.

The next morning the news was spread around that Frost's horse had been found where it had passed out from exhaustion or fright. The lieutenant investigated —and sure enough, there was the horse! He congratulated Frost, who was so relieved he didn't know what to do. The board of survey sat on the case again, and it never thought to check up that white stocking, so the findings were "found." The horse was dropped from the rolls.

Well, sir, a week passed and we forgot all about that cursed beast. Then one evening that original dog-gone horse came wandering back into the picket line! There was no telling where he had been all that time, he looked worn to a frazzle, but there he was, as big as life. There was some guessing done then, but there wasn't much said about that little affair. The board of survey had done its work and didn't sit again on Frost's horse. But all the rest of the time we were together out there the battery was carrying an extra horse on the side. It was more bother figuring out a way to carry that live horse without a special Act of Congress than it was digging up the dead one.

Out in the Islands there is a bird called a pelican— "his beak can hold more than his belly can," as the saying goes. This bird is bright red, and he not only has a big beak, but also one awful voice. It sounds like "*Hacker! Hacker!*" Everybody knows that bird. It happened that there was a fellow in the battery by

the name of Hacker. Hacker was the clown. We always picked on him, and jeered at him, and he grinned back. You know how every outfit has some good-natured fool that everybody kids. Hacker was it. He enjoyed it.

One night we were out after some robbers. We chased them into a shack and attacked in the usual way. That is, instead of surrounding the shack, we lined up on two adjoining sides so as not to shoot each other. That night we killed a woman—a nasty business which made the fellows glum. A pig ran out of the shack and we took a shot at him. Finally we captured the robbers and started back. It was a long trail and we had hit it for twenty-four hours without sleep and without much to eat. We were just about the tiredest crew that ever tried to sit the back of a horse. The dense forest was absolutely black, you could cut the blackness with a knife. There wasn't a star or firefly to light it up. Then a storm burst on us. The lightning cut into the darkness with terrible jags, like white-hot steel blades. Between the flashes the darkness was more terrible than ever. Then the rain came, she opened up in the best-known Philippine fashion: when you wonder how there's enough air left to breathe between the drops. We kept along in single column, jog, jog, jog—each horse with his nose in the tail of the one in front. We got gloomier and sleepier every second—jog, jog, jog. What sort of a life is this? How'd I ever think I wanted to join the Army? Jog, *flash;* jog, jog, *flash*—BANG! "*Hacker!*" "*Hacker!*"

"*Hacker!*" We must have brushed into a nest of those birds. There was a lull in the squawking followed by a great stillness after the crashes of thunder—and then, just as nice and polite as you please, and so that everyone heard, came the voice: "Here I am. Who wants Hacker?" He had been asleep and was just as civil to those birds as if Chaffee himself was talking to him. A cheer went up. We laughed and talked all the way back after that. It was a small thing, but it had a big effect. Small things were what counted most out there, and it didn't take but a little bit to set us going up or down.

The picket line of the Tenth Cavalry and the First Field Mortars at Camp Vickers was a solid double wall of horseflesh. They were all in their places one day, shoulders rubbing against shoulders. Lazy tails switched back and forth; sometimes a tail that was too long flecked the rumps of the next horse, who gnawed and crunched the picket post. His head came up; his lips curled back with a mean wrinkled grin. He suddenly ducked his head and nipped his neighbour's shoulder. A spot was left, mussed and matted hair streaked with foam and splinters from the picket post. The victim gave a snort and jerked aside so as to make the whole line sidestep. Heads came up asking, "What the hell's the matter?" But the animal that had torn loose from the ivories had brought his hind quarters into position. With a squeal of pleasure he threw his weight forward, and for two seconds a couple of iron horseshoes shot

back and forth as though worked by a powerful spring. "*Haww!* You son of a gun, *Haww!*" roared the guard. The biting stopped, the kicking stopped, ears stood up straight all along the line for a second, and then with a wiggle they lay down. All was quiet and comfort and innocent as a clump of moss, until it happened all over again.

A soldier will recognize that time of day as between retreat and dark; which is the only time of day that the Regular could spit and chew and unbutton his shirt undisturbed. It was just then that somebody told me "th' mail's in." I lurched over toward the orderly tent. There was a big crowd around the bulletin board. They were laughing and shaking heads, but they looked cheered. There seemed to be just one remark, "Well, I'll be damned." They were all saying it. I asked somebody what was up. "Aguinaldo's captured," he said. I looked at him—that was an old pipe dream, that rumour had gray whiskers. "Say," I said, "my grandmother kicked the slats out of her cradle laughing at that—how do you know he's captured?"

"'Ficial bulletin from Chaffee, signed by Pershing."

"Well, I'll be damned!'

The capture of Aguinaldo by Funston was the biggest military event in the Philippines. It was seen by five Americans—General Funston and four lieutenants. These Americans were helped by eighty-one Filipinos, the Macabebes, or "Little Macks" as we called them. In 1897 three hundred of the Macabebes had been penned up in a church and burned by Aguinaldo.

Just before his capture Aguinaldo had been dodging around the mountains and jungles of Luzon. It seemed more impossible than ever to get him. But while he lived, the insurrection lived. Four long years—and then a letter was captured. This letter asked for reinforcements for the capital, and it ordered Lacuna to send a detachment at once to Palanan. Funston got hold of this letter. Where was Palanan? It was finally located near the north end of Luzon about seven miles from the coast. Just an outlandish hole in the mountains.

Funston picked his "Little Macks" with care. He dressed them in moth-eaten rags of Spanish uniforms like the Insurrectos wore. He put ten mausers and Remingtons into their hands. He made them practise their part for six days. They were part of Lacuna's force in Nueva Ecija. They had happened on ten Americanos who were out making maps. They had taken five prisoners and killed the other five. So, four lieutenants and Funston in privates' rigouts, and so, the ten mausers and Remingtons. This party started north on the cruiser *Vicksburg*, towing native *barcas*, little sailboats in which to make a landing. But the *barcas* all sank thirty miles at sea, and the landing had to be made a hundred miles south of Palanan. Then they had to hike through a hundred miles of wilderness where no white man had ever been (except a Spanish friar years before). The Little Macks took orders as they went, but when they got to a town they *gave* orders and told their story and dragged along their five

hateful prisoners "without batting an eyelash," as Funston afterward said.

At last, near Palanan, word was sent to Captain Emilio — "We come from Lacuna, but we starve." Half of that was true. So Aguinaldo sent a bodyguard with rice. They were escorted to the capital. It all happened quickly then. The commander of the Little Macks left his prisoners by the door and went inside to give his letters to Aguinaldo. When he reached out for these letters, Emilio's wrist was grabbed. They had him tight. The Little Macks fired a volley into the air—and one into the ranks of the home guard. That helped them to make up their minds. From a bluff seven miles away, at noon two days later, Funston saw the smoke from the funnels of the *Vicksburg*.

Some people have called that a "dirty trick" on Aguinaldo. A few days ago I saw that he went to call on Governor-General Wood, but he got beaten at chess. The Americanos can beat the Filipinos every time at their own game.

With the capture of the insurrecto leader, the thorn was pulled out and the swelling began to go down right away. The most hellish insurrection was over. Two years of it had fed me up. It wasn't the fever or the plague that got me, it was nothing in particular, nothing with a name. But I was almost a goner. They sent me back to San Francisco, and I lay in the hospital at the Presidio for a month before I could look out again at the United States.

## CHAPTER VIII

You've heard of those South American revolutions. I don't mean the kind that are planned for years ahead and last years to come the way they do in Mexico, but the kind that are planned for in a few weeks, and there's poison and murder and yelling and shooting that lasts for about a day. Then presidente "out" gets "in" and he stays "in" maybe three days, while the ammunition lasts, before he gets to be "out" again—or maybe dead for the last time. Such revolutions were so frequent, back in about 1900, south of Mexico, that if it wasn't for a revolution I don't suppose those countries could have lived a week. One of the chief outdoor sports for bank robbers was going south for a revolution. That was the way some Americans survived getting bored; and that was the way the South American governments existed at all.

There was a time when financiers went into the business of a revolution. Wall Street interests used to run steamship lines that were tied up with revolutions and filibustering as close as a Chinaman is tied to his pigtail. The last filibustering of that kind was done by William Walker. Walker was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania; he studied medicine and got to be a great surgeon, completing his education in Paris. From

a surgeon he decided to be a lawyer and was well known in Louisiana. Then he turned to journalism, but he must have been too energetic for office work because he had to leave New Orleans on account of something he had written, and he took up law again in 'Frisco. But Walker hadn't even started living by that time. He didn't begin his career until he took up the work of private conquest called "filibustering." He fought not only in Nicaragua but also in New York, in Wall Street, where the Vanderbilt stocks were thrown into a panic by what Walker was doing. He got to be Presidente of Nicaragua after he had put to death three other presidentes before him. Once during that time he came to New York and was greeted as a hero and patriot. When he went to the theatre on Broadway the band played "Hail, Columbia!" and Walker had to make a speech. Finally Walker surrendered to an English officer who treacherously turned him over to the Honduranean authorities. He was lined up against a blank wall and shot. But the name of William Walker stands for filibustering the way the name of Napoleon stands for regular campaigning.

The only other man that ever wrote such history in such a way was Lee Christmas. When you talk of him you're getting down to the time of La Guardia, the man that I filibustered under. Christmas came just before La Guardia. He swooped into Central America with what was left of the Walker outfit; he filibustered in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Salvador, shooting presidentes, setting them up and pulling

them down, fighting the steamship companies, who always got the best of him in the long run. He kept it up for about ten years and prospered. He built his son a white palace in the suburbs of 'Frisco, they say. Then *smash!* Somehow he disappeared for a time. Christmas is perhaps the only filibuster general that ever came back. He's back and living to-day in Guatemala City. But in that time Lee Christmas attracted so many Americans into his army that the newspapers finally heard what was going on and made him famous overnight.

For a few years nobody wore the shoes of Walker or Christmas. Then about 1902 the name of a French-Spaniard came to be whispered around New Orleans, and San Francisco, and New York. La Guardia! I'll tell you what I saw La Guardia do and helped him do. We owned Honduras for three days; then the Steamship Company whipped us.

It happened this way:

After some weeks at the Presidio hospital I began to feel like a man again. The delirious dreams of my sick bed, when I saw a terrible mixture of Americans and Filipinos and Chinks, began to wear off. I took a breath fresh from 'Frisco Bay and looked out the window at the world, deciding to take part in it again. Then I realized my enlistment was up. Another period had gone by in the Army. As soon as I was well enough to leave the hospital there were three months coming to me in which I could reënlist and get the pay for reënlisting. Or maybe I would

call in the recruiting officer and sign up without losing time. An orderly came and asked me my intentions. Would I want the recruiting officer?

"You might as well send him over now," I said. "Let him come over here to the convalescent porch and do his act right now. Maybe I'll take a furlough to run out home, but I'll stay in the Army." It was hard for an Old-Timer to leave the Army even for a little while, you see.

"All right. The lieutenant's gone to town now but I'll shoo him over your way to-morrow."

That was the closest I came to having nothing special to talk about this time. But since the lieutenant was "in town" for the evening, I've got a good deal to say. Before the recruiting officer got around I had met Joe Finch and talked over affairs with him.

Finch dropped around to the convalescent porch that same evening. I saw him coming by the light of the sun catching his diamond stick pin. He dressed as though he was mayor or governor. He was the fellow with the hooked nose and long chin that I had seen around the reservation. This time he was asking for me.

"Is it true that you're thinking of reënlisting without taking your three months?" He asked me that, the wise old bird.

"I'm agoin' to," I said.

Finch looked around again to make sure nobody else was hearing us. Then he leaned forward and in the most confidential way, as though he was my father, all concerned in what I did, he said:

"Don't be a damn fool, Archer."

Now those confidential airs don't get very far with me. I wasn't worrying about being a damn fool just because he said so, but I always like to hear what a man's got to say for himself, so I asked:

"What's the matter with reënlisting?"

"Oh, nothing's the matter with reënlisting. Course you're going to reënlist. The Army's your place, man. Stay in it. Stay in it. But take your three months. Won't hurt anything. You've got them; use them. Reënlist in time for the extra pay, but not now. Not *now*. Say, you've got the biggest chance ahead of you that any man ever had. Three months! I'll teach you how to use them. What's the difference?"

"Spill it," I said.

"Down south of here"—he pointed toward the old Cliff House—"there's a little country with a heap of trouble. It's Honduras. That country is reached only by a certain steamship company. The boats go down there to get fruit and everything the country has. It's a rich country but the people don't know it. Only the steamship company knows, and so it supports a president and runs the whole shooting match just as it wants to. The company doesn't give a damn for the people. Those poor devils don't know what they're missing or what they're up against. A few of them have got together in the past and overturned the government of the company and put up their own president, who offered to make a fair and decent contract. Then the steamship company cancelled all

boats so that no arms or supplies could get into the country. Only arms were taken in secretly to the faction who agreed to the old contract. So it wasn't long before there was a bloody expulsion of the people's president from the palace. After that things were worse than ever. Now the people are just about crazy for someone to come along who will tell the president and the company to go to hell. Why, it would be the easiest thing in the world with the people feeling the way they do. All that's necessary is to plan it all out, so's there won't be any slip-up this time.

"Some gentlemen in the United States have got the matter on their minds. In fact, we (and I'm happy to say, Archer, that I am numbered among the friends of these people) are in touch with the representatives of the people in Honduras. It is our intention to form a group, or a committee, whatever you want to call it, and visit the country, inspect the conditions, encourage the people, offer active assistance, if need be, and finally we will put the country on a profitable footing and show these people how to use their gold and silver and riches.

"It'll be the biggest and best job you ever did, Archer. There isn't anybody around here dreams half the wealth they have down there just going to waste, and the people are keen to help themselves if we'll show them how.

"Three months is *nothing*—this way to spend it is *something*. What do you say—yes?"

"By the gods, Finch, *yes!*"

You see, he was an agent of the Junta. I had him straight when he first sailed in. I liked to hear him talk and I got all curious about Honduras. It wasn't greed. With most of them it's greed; but I guess it was just the three months to spend, and a notion that I'd find out what was at the bottom of the Junta once and for all. There were more crazy rumours about it in the barracks, but I'd know when I got back. *And so*, a few days later, I was on my way to a number on Market Street, San Francisco.

I remember the number and the place just as well. I carried the address on a slip of paper that Joe Finch had given me—a number on Market Street—and I was to ask for Finch when I got there. It was a candy and cigar store. When I went in, there was a sharp fellow with black hair and dark skin—he might have been an Italian—sitting in the window. When I asked for Finch he took me all in from head to foot.

"It won't cost you nothin' "—I said, when I noticed how he eyed me. "You don't need to hurry, I've got three months to spend."

"That's not much time, some of 'em spends their life," he drawled, which showed me that here was another one of the Junta. Finally Finch came in and we three went into a back room, while the sharp man told an old woman who was sitting back of a counter to "mind the shop an'—*everything*."

In the back room Finch turned to his partner and said: "This is Archer, the man I said we ought to have to command the battery. He can be the highest paid

man we've got. I'm all for him. Listen here, he can run that gang of soldiers we're getting from the States; and as for the barefooted apes, I do believe they'd think him a general; we can call him that instead of captain. . . ."

Like that he ran on, trying to work up enthusiasm in the other man for me and in me for the job. Then we got down to brass tacks and I signed their contract.

It called for payment of a hundred dollars immediately, a hundred dollars in New Orleans, and a hundred more on arrival in Honduras. After that there were to be payments every once in a while according as how things went, and in addition I was to have a share in any swag that might be captured ("honourably captured," Finch added); and I was to be given the rank and title of captain. There was nothing said about length of service. I was to be allowed to quit and come back any time. So I figured it might fill in three months very nicely; and that I'd turn up all right within the required time at a recruiting office, I was sure. After the signing of this contract, the sharp-faced man, who hadn't said two words the whole time, but who now looked pleased with himself, opened a small safe and handed me a hundred dollars and a paper entitling me to the next instalment if presented in person to a J. R. Smith at an address in New Orleans.

I walked out of the candy and cigar store—*Captain* Archer, with ten crisp ten-dollar bills, not exactly satisfied but still not feeling too bad, either. What did I do with the hundred? Ask my sister. I didn't have

any special use for it. Afterward she told me that she had bought clothes for a new baby and paid the doctor's bill, too; but I didn't hear anything from her for more than six months because the next day I left 'Frisco for New Orleans.

Smith was a ship chandler who had a shop on Dauphine Street, only two blocks from the docks of the steamship company. When I presented myself and the certificate he said he was tickled to death to see me, that he had heard I was coming, and that from then on I'd be glad I knew him. He was right about that but not the way he meant. He was talking about money and the second hundred dollars that he was going to give me. But in the few days that I had to wait in New Orleans I was glad I knew Smith because he was a good fellow. He was getting on in years and he was fat and lazy, but he just sat back in a big old armchair with horsehair cushions. His voice was clear and he knew how to laugh and talk better'n any fellow I ever met. When he laughed he shook up and down so that the cushions were squeezed and wads of horsehair would pop out and take a look around and then pop in again. Smith was the man that told me all about Walker and Christmas. He said that they had used his garret for a warehouse and headquarters. He had never been South but had carried on operations with his friends by just staying in his shop. Now he was confined to his armchair mostly, but nevertheless he knew all the roads around Granada, and he could tell you the streets and public buildings in Tegucigalpa. He'd

ramble along about this man or that who had ended up in hell—"Ha! Ha! and here I am, knowin' more about filibusterin' than they did, and still keeping the shop goin'."

Smith stuck me up in a loft over his shop. This place had a low ceiling and big rafters, and at each end where the windows ought to have been there were slats fixed solid in the wall which let in air but almost no light. I yanked a mass of cobwebs out of these slats and so managed to get a few streaks of sunlight on the floor at the south end. For the rest the loft was lighted for living purposes by a couple of galley lamps. "Plenty of oil, gentlemen. Just make yourselves at home," Smith used to say to us, referring to these lamps. There were about ten beds, some of them old wooden ones, some iron cots, and a couple of ship's hammocks, with a blanket on each. According to Smith this was the assembly hall for all the filibustering expeditions that had ever gone South. "That there bed in the corner was the favourite one of Lee Christmas," he said.

Into this room, while I was there, came five others.

There was a sign slapped on the walls of the loft in black paint. It was written very large across the whole side and said:

> Ask No Questions—and You Won't
> Never Have to Give No Answers

But you put a bunch of fellows in a room together and it doesn't take questions to bring out before long

where they come from, where they're going, and why they're doin' it. If there's any fellow low down enough to peach on his pals after they've been thrown together like that I've never met him. He isn't in the Army nor anywhere else.

Well, there was nothing spectacular about the ones that turned up at J. R. Smith's; Larry hadn't committed anything worse than arson and Dixon had only bad luck at larceny. They had both served their times at the pen—not much more than a year or so, if I remember right. Larry was the first one to get free. He marched out the usual door for ex-convicts, dressed in his prison-made suit. He was met by a man who came out of a store across the street. They fell in together and got friendly, and spent the day smoking and shooting some pool in different places. Finally, they ended up at a number on Market Street. What happened there you can figure out for yourself. I found out that Larry didn't meet Joe Finch until they had him all ready to sign up. Finch was evidently the scout for the higher-class parts of town.

After Larry was signed up and had received his hundred iron men he suddenly thought of Dixon back there in the pen. It was almost Dixon's day for release, he thought. So he said:

"Look here. I've got a friend back there in the walls."

"You ain't!" The agents acted surprised.

"Yes, I have; and what's more he ought to be in on this. He sure ought to be in on *this*."

They all agreed. And one of them said, "Gentlemen, I move that he be elected." They all laughed and said "sure" or "damn good idea!" So Larry was waiting for Dixon when he walked out into the sun a few days later.

I want to say here that filibusters have one peculiarity that is not found in the Army. They are always addressing themselves as "gentlemen." In the Army you're a "man"—in filibustering you're a "gentleman." I suppose it's because the filibuster is so much better than the natives he happens to be fighting for—better than his surroundings—you see what I mean. But that's true with the Army, too, so there you are.

The pair that turned up from the Army were just as harmless as the two from the pen. One of them had a dishonourable discharge, but he deserved it. He didn't belong in the Army and it was lucky to get rid of him. The other had served just one enlistment, so he wasn't very far along as a soldier, but he was all right. I put him down for watching. These two weren't special friends; they had just happened to be gathered in together, and being both from the service at the Presidio I always thought of these as a pair.

The fifth "gentleman" stood all alone. He was just a kid. Say, man, but I think often of Livermore—that was his name. As good looking a young fellow I never hope to see—he was almost what you'd call beautiful; but for all his looks he was no woman. The kid had spunk, I saw it over and over again before he died. I often catch myself figuring out what mystery

there was in Livermore. Maybe some day I'll run into his girl or his mother, whichever it was, and they'll tell me what *they* know, when I tell them what *I* know.

Livermore was no filibuster—or shouldn't have been. I saw that the first evening he turned up in the loft. Where he came from the Lord and Livermore were the only ones who knew, and neither of them would tell. But the job he was on with us wasn't his kind; he wasn't case-hardened. I advised him to forget about it and ease out of it, even if he hadn't received his second instalment. He didn't say anything, so I offered to send him my second instalment if he'd beat it and leave me an address. Then he said:

"You're a good fool, Archer. As for forgettin' about it, that's what I'm down here for, with you gentlemen." (He had picked up the expression.) "As for easing out of it, no. I had a hard enough time easing *into* it. But if I did ease out now, I'd be a *goner*."

He had something terrible on his mind. Something he was trying to run away from. He used to come to me with his troubles after that—I mean the little things that come up on an expedition; but he never got around to telling his story. Livermore died with his secret. That was two days after we left Porto Cortez for the interior—the fever got him.

When we took off his money belt we found a piece of paper folded up and tucked away, and written on it in the prettiest handwriting I've ever seen were the words, "Remember, Nell understands." But there was no address or anything. I'll tell you more about that later.

Well, my friend Smith came across with the second installment and the steamer tickets. I asked him to send the hundred home for me, which I learned afterward he did. There was no chance for me to send it because we had to get right on the boat—a steam packet bound for Porto Cortez, Honduras, and Cartagena.

Just before sending us down to the boat, old man Smith had lined us up and lectured us on keeping quiet.

"Archer's in charge of this here bunch. Not a damn word of the luck you're in, gentlemen. Each of you give your oath."

So we each swore we'd not say a word about our business until we had been off the boat and taken a good look around and found out who was where in Honduras.

You might think there'd be a lot of questions; that tourists and travellers would be asking after your business and grow suspicious. But if any curiosity was felt among the passengers on the boat, they didn't show it. There never was a gang of people that talked less about itself than that bunch. I figured it out pretty quick that each one was on his own business just as I was on my own. And so we steered along with a boatload of people—there must have been more than a hundred passengers, because the boats that call at the small Central American ports didn't run often. These passengers talked about concessions and placing their money but not much about revolutions.

After about five mornings we sighted land. Sighting

land was getting to be a regular experience for me; it strikes me that for a soldier I had enough of it. This time the distant view was just the same as always—it might have been Cuba, or Luzon, or Mindanao, or Hawaii. There was the pile of mountains, like a blue bank of clouds on the horizon; then we caught the white curve of sand below and much nearer. You are always surprised, after you have been looking at the mountains, suddenly to see the beach so close up. There was a scatter of palm trees, and a clump of houses of white mud and thatched roofs. What looked most familiar was the haze of steam that was commencing to rise up from the whole arrangement as the sun was cooking it. That was the *distant* view, but when it came to the *near* view, on the ship and on the shore, it was not natural. I was thinking and feeling from my head to my feet over and over only one thing—that was:

"What in hell's wrong?"

In the first place, I figured out that there was something missing and that this something was the preparation for disembarking a battery of artillery in a few hours. The jangle of harness, the hollering at horses and their stamping, the rolling of blanket rolls, the man with the bucket who fills canteens, the doling out of hardtack, the cleaning of pistols, the blowing of the bugle for assembly followed by the order to "fall in!" There wasn't anything like that as we steered into Porto Cortez. But there I stood, with nothing in God's world to do, with nobody to give orders to except

four "gentlemen" dressed as though they might be goin' to mow some hay, and with whom I had never been anywhere except in Smith's loft. Around there was a mob of strangers, some of them so busy chewin' tobacco and some of them cursing at Honduras, all of which was not natural as swearing at good horseflesh would have been. Instead of officers in conference on the bridge deck there was a half-breed steward kicking and yelling at a cabin boy up there. The American cruiser that should have been lying offside, with steam up and black smoke drifting out of her stacks, and guns cleared, was replaced by a dirty fishing smack with a ragged sail which was the puniest imitation of harbour shipping that I ever hope to see.

We dropped anchor a few hundred yards off a rotten little dock, part of which was sagging into the water. And there the population was out to see our boat arrive. There seemed to be three kinds of people, judging by the way they were dressed. The fewest were some small dark-skinned men with long rifles, who wore red caps and blue jeans and pranced back and forth in bare feet. These, I afterward found out, were some of the crack soldiers of the Honduranean Government. The most of the crowd was composed of a mixture of natives, men and women and children, with maybe a couple of dozen Americans that looked like the wrecks of thugs or young boys (I always noticed how many kids from the States were mixed up in Honduras) after the sun had dried them and hardened them—you know the way a biscuit gets when it has been in the oven too long.

Back of this crowd on a little hill stood some men in helmets or cowboy hats in white duck trousers and white shirts.

When forty of the passengers from the steamer got off into small boats nobody seemed surprised at all that there were so many. We just calmly went together, each pretending that it was exactly as he expected, and that of course he knew all the time these other men were going to the same place. There wasn't much said, but most of us was thinking: "If this country's rich, it throws a damn good bluff."

Now it struck me again, the difference between this landing operation and a regular one. There wasn't any hurry or shouting of orders. There wasn't any trying to beat the sun to it by getting troops ashore before dark, or before the enemy opened fire. The way the darkies rowed the boats, the way we got into the boats, the way the gang on the shore stood around waiting, was *lazy*—that is the word that describes it, *lazy*. It was Sunday with nothing to do. Finally, what might have been called gloomy silence was broken by some energetic fellow standing up in the boat and screeching at somebody he happened to catch sight of on the shore—"*Charlie!*"

Then this cheerful bird felt kind of ashamed of himself; he looked around sheepish, scared of his own voice, saw everybody looking at him, hollered again, to keep his face, in a much quieter way: "Howarya?" and sat down.

That was our celebration. We had arrived in that

great rich country that we were going to rescue. We climbed out on to the rickety dock, and the darkies rowed the boats back to the steamer, where they were hauled on board and steamed off.

Then happened the one good thing to me in all this Honduras affair. It pretty near makes it worth while.

I got my squad together over to one side and told them to wait there while I went to see what we ought to do next when I heard myself addressed:

"Why, there you are! Welcome to our shore!"

For about a second there flashed into my mind a picture of San Juan Hill, and the shell bursting in El Paso Church, and one man stalking out as calm as you please to take a look around with his field glasses—that man stood before me in Porto Cortez! All I could say for being surprised was:

"Davis! Well, I'll be damned."

There was Richard Harding Davis looking prosperous and cheerful and ready for anything. He was dressed in white ducks, and he had just left the little group on the hill that I told you was standing to one side of the crowd.

"Now that you're here it's all right. On with the show!" he said. "Come with me."

Before going with him I turned back to tell my squad but saw that a red-headed young fellow had taken them in hand. He was examining the certificates that Smith had given to each man, and he was writing their names in a book. "They're all right," said Davis. "You come along."

We went up the hill toward a one-story shack built of corrugated iron. It might have been a little better looking than the other houses scattered around if it had been painted and if it hadn't looked so blooming hot. It looked like one of those sun ovens that the Chinese make out of the tin from Standard Oil cans, except that it had an old tile roof and a porch. It was built up from the ground on logs to keep it away from the sand-jiggers that hopped up through the part of the town that was near the water. I noticed that this house had an American flag sticking to a little pole on the corner. When we got near a man who was also in white ducks (I say "white" only to indicate the original colour), I could have sworn I'd seen that man before.

There was the hooked nose and long chin; only "the Mayor of 'Frisco" clothes were missing. It looked uncanny to me, but I'd seen worse things than hot ghosts before. I said to Davis:

"Is that Joe Finch or ain't it?"

"That's Jim Finch, Joe's twin brother, and the very worthy vice-consul of the United States at this port. I'm going to get him to put you up."

When we got within close range the Finch man took his pipe out of his mouth and grinned at us. I was introduced to him and he told me to make myself at home. He stuck my bundle in the corner of an almost bare room; there were some duds of another man in another corner.

"You're going to share this room with a man who happens to be here on a diplomatic mission. His

name's Cartoto. He's a sort of Spaniard. You and he'll get along fine."

From then on, for the few days that we stayed in Porto Cortez, Finch spent every chance wising me up. Cartoto did the same on points of the proposed campaign. Davis and I were together a good deal. He didn't talk much about the revolution itself; but he talked some about the people in it and about the country.

"Take it from me, Archer," he used to say, "the fewer people in this country that you trust, the better for you. But Finch's all right, and La Guardia's one of the greatest gentlemen that ever wore a sword. Cartoto is all right, too; he's La Guardia's representative at this port of debarkation. But you stick close to the company you're in now. This is what you'd call 'headquarters company' and it's got the hindquarters under control."

In describing Honduras to me Davis had a pet way of saying it. I wouldn't remember it right except that I've read it in his book on this subject. Here's just what he says:

"It's a place where the birds have no song, where the flowers have no odour, where the women are without virtue and the men without honour—but there's something devilish interesting about it!"

Before we left I got to know most of the people in Porto Cortez. Finch said that there were only eight white men who lived in the town all the time, although there were a lot of them that turned up there and who

had plantations around. He said all eight, including himself, were consular agents. The Italian consular agent was a Frenchman, and an Italian, Giuseppi—the Banana King they called him—was consular agent for both Germany and England, and the only German was consular agent for both France and Holland. You see, each of them had to represent some other country than his own, because his country knew why he left it.

Among the plantations there were seven American bank wreckers. One of them was Cashier Brown who wrecked the bank at Newport, Kentucky. He wasn't trying to hide who he was. Everybody was talking of him freely, because there wasn't any more "Brown" in him, but he was just a new man sticking to a job as clerk. When he packed his bag in Newport, he dropped down to New Orleans. While the police were hunting him he caught a boat to Honduras. After he had hung around Porto Cortez for a while until his money was spent, he went to work for a steamship company in Port Ceiba.

You probably remember the scandal when banks were wrecked around Nacogdoches, Texas. One of the rich and distinguished citizens of the neighbourhood was the man who did it. His name was Wettermak. Well, *he* was in Honduras. He wasn't any longer counting change over the counter with his fingernails manicured and his hair greased down. He was a hard browned cattle-puncher of the tropics. He had applied to a cattle ranch for a job, and got it. He was established

on the Finca. It was all out what his real name was, but he was called Thomas on the payroll.

Alex Odendahl, the big grain merchant of the States, was there. He had touched up New Orleans banks for $200,000. He had a full beard and a suit of white duck and he went by the name of Harriss at a little dump called Chiloma, where he was bartender.

Another high roller was Barnett. He was once travelling salesman for the largest drug concern in the world. I don't know just how he fitted into society down there. Another of them, that I afterward saw in Tegucigalpa, was Major E. A. Burke, who had been Treasurer of the State of Louisiana and who was famous all over the States. He lived in a little cottage with a Honduranean servant and his interest was in a silver mine. But we weren't wasting much time with those fellows and they were just occupying ground down there, that was all. Our revolution wasn't interesting to them except as it brought Americans to the port. I think that was what brought those fellows in from the plantations, just so they could talk over things with the Americans that were arriving.

The plan of the revolution as explained to me by Finch and Cartoto was as follows: The present government, put in by the fruit company, was in power at Tegucigalpa with a simp called Sieria in the presidential palace. The people were supposed to be sick and tired of Sieria and they were only waiting for a chance to holler for Montague. Montague was *our* man. He was in hiding very near to Tegucigalpa together with a

few faithful soldiers. Montague's Minister of War and Commander-in-Chief was named Alvarez. At the time we were in Porto Cortez, Alvarez was up in the mountains organizing an army and reinforced by La Guardia, who commanded the foreign troops. Alvarez had promised to take orders from La Guardia; and all the Americans and others under La Guardia were to have everything they wanted when Montague should become presidente. In fact, Montague was just going in to please the people; and he would take orders from La Guardia and do everything he was told.

Plans were almost completed for the march of Alvarez and La Guardia on the Capital. They were only waiting for us to join the army when the advance would start. There had already been some fighting; but Sieria had not yet been called on to resign and flee.

Although everybody was lazy and taking their time, they were all very serious. There was supposed to have been no more important revolution ever pulled off in Central America.

It struck me as queer that the steamship company didn't make any effort to stop proceedings. They were no fools and must have been on to what most of that gang of forty passengers had come to Honduras for. But they had been landed in company boats. The only thing was that the steamer had gone off with most of the baggage; and passengers had been landed with only bundles in their hands. Of course, there wasn't anything said on the boat, but it must have looked as though immigration was pretty strong. I

asked Davis what he thought was the reason the company didn't refuse to land us without more examination, so as to stop the revolution. He said:

"This means nothing to them but passage money." Then he laughed and added: "They don't have to stop it *that* way."

Cartoto and I got along fine just as Finch said we would. He liked to listen better than he liked to talk. He had lived in Havana for a good many years and had learned English pretty well that way. He always called me "My friend Archer"—I'd hate to have most men be so doggone religious in calling me that way, but coming from Cartoto it sounded all right. He said, "My friend Archer, where you come from?"

"Carlisle, Ohio, on the east fork of Duck Creek."

He turned over that for a long time and then decided it was a new one on him.

"I have not heard it before. Is it near New Orleans?"

I told him no, but that I didn't think any the worse of him for not knowing: that in all my goings I had met only one man that had heard of Duck Creek and that I thought he had died since. New Orleans was the greatest city in the United States to everybody in Honduras, and I guess Cartoto couldn't think of any place not being near New Orleans. But when it came to the geography of Honduras, there wasn't anything he didn't know. Cartoto and a soldier who had come along with him were the guides who took us up into the country. The soldier who belonged to Alvarez was

disguised as a farmer—he carried a cow switch instead of a gun. It was one of the rules of a revolution that some things be disguised and done in secret, even though everybody knew all about them, including the other side. The steamship company and the Sieria Government knew all about who was who and what was what, I'm thinking, but it would have been too much trouble to interfere. So, with the guide disguised with his cow switch, and the word to be ready to march secretly given from ear to ear, everything was regular.

We were three days on the trip up into the country—three days of some of the most hellish footing that ever I have seen, including the Islands. Most of the passengers from the steamer made up the party, and also Cartoto and a few others. All the consuls, including Finch, stayed behind in Porto Cortez. But they asked to be remembered to La Guardia, and they sent him a couple of bottles of imported rum. La Guardia wasn't a drinking man, so it didn't matter that those presents were finished as soon as the party got out of sight of town. I forgot to say that the consuls, especially Finch, had issued passports permitting these visitors to travel in Honduras. Davis stayed behind with the consuls, but he said he'd see us later.

## CHAPTER IX

Beyond the sand dune on which Porto Cortez was built we struck across a swamp along a trail that an ox-cart must have travelled once in a while. The trail was shut in by a terrible wet web of vines and growth. The only break in this dripping wall was when we passed a muddy pool of stinking water. You could tell where the pools were by a little bunch of white mist that always hung over them about as high as a man's head. It was in here that we got chilled and men's teeth began to chatter; so that when we had passed the swamp and came up into the blazing sun men got sick. That was what killed poor young Livermore.

It was the second evening. We had come up into a village of a dozen houses scattered along the trail. These houses were built of stones with the spaces between the stones stopped up with mud, unless the mud had fallen out. The roofs were made of sticks and grass and leaves. The doors were all open because they were just as if part of the wall had been taken out, so that old women and old men and naked kids and pigs strolled in and out. I noticed that there were no chickens around, but that was an old Philippine trick. Cartoto and I took charge of the accumulating of supper, and before we had finished with a few people, we

had plenty of eggs and chicken. The natives fixed their eggs by pricking the end with a pin and then dipping them in hot water, just dipping, so that it tasted like a warm raw egg. I had to teach the old woman who was fixing mine to leave it in for a couple of minutes. That made the white part sprout out of the pin-prick as though the egg was going to hatch or grow into a flower; and you should have heard the muttering and grumbling when I ate it.

Here was another case of the wealth of Honduras being hidden. These people didn't even have floors in their houses, but lay down on dried cowskins on the dirt when they went to bed. Now mostly nothing will bother me when it comes to sleeping, but I never did hear the equal of a night in a Honduranean house. Here were all the people and dogs and pigs lying around or curled up among bundles of dirty mats, heaps of bags and rags, and dried cowskins, and out of that mess there came the most outlandish hullabaloo which bothered nobody. There was coughing and wheezing, and heavy breathing ranging from a whistle to a terrific snore, and there was nightmaring, besides a general noise of uneasy dogs and animals. I said to myself: "Good God! Are these the people I'm going to rescue?"

Then along came a man asking for "Archer"—"Captain Archer, Sergeant Archer, or whoever you are." It was Larry. He seemed quite excited and asked me to come with him up the road where the rest of them were. I stirred up Cartoto and we went. On the way he said, "Livermore's shuffled off. Say, now isn't

that too bad? I was afraid for that kid. He was awful sick to-day and looked like a white corpse coming up the trail. We had to almost carry him the last part. He kept pleading, 'You leave me behind, fellows, I'll be all right.'"

"He's all right now," I said. "It's better that way. The kid wasn't made for bullets."

We went up the trail a hundred yards and came to a small fire with Dixon standing by it. He pointed off to the edge of light thrown by the fire, and there was Livermore's body, dark and still, on a cowskin. Larry had thrown his blanket over it. I liked Larry for that. Larry was making himself useful most of the time, and we began looking on him for responsibility, so that he got to be a sort of top sergeant of the bunch. While Dixon stirred up the fire to throw more light, we examined the body for personal effects. It was then that I took off the belt and found the message that Livermore had carried with him all that time—"Remember —Nell understands." It must have been from his girl back in a little home somewhere in the States. Then it was agreed that we'd bury him at daylight before marching.

The grave we made was under a tree and there was a view of a huge deep valley with blue mountains 'way off in the distance. Cartoto, Larry, and I knew that some words ought to be spoken but no priest was there to do it. It was suggested that we draw lots to see who should do the speaking, but since none of us had much to say, we finally agreed to each speak as much as

we could remember. Cartoto said something in Spanish but so low and quick that nobody caught it; Larry recited part of a prayer that he said he had heard the chaplain in the penitentiary get off; when it came my turn I remembered some religious verses that had hung on the wall in my mother's house and that seemed all right to say. The "army" gathered around. I never had seen a harder crew, perhaps every man there had a criminal record measured by American ideas; but during the burial they all had their hats off and kept silence as though angels were worshipping. The valley was filled with mist that looked very dark because the sun hadn't yet struck down that deep. Above that mist but still below us there were hundreds of buzzards sweeping around as though caught in a whirlwind, and letting off queer volleys of shrieks as buzzards do. I've seen lots of men buried in queer places, but there was something about that I'll never forget. It was mysterious. Maybe it was the message in the girl's pretty handwriting and the secret that is still buried up there with Livermore.

You might have been in Mindanao and think you know what is a rough mountain trail; you might have been in China and think you know all about flies and bugs; you might have been in Luzon and got acquainted with a jungle—but when you go to Honduras you'll know you've only had the first lesson in these things. The trail from Porto Cortez to Tegucigalpa—except, of course, just at first where it crosses the swamps along the coast—is all up and down. It

sweats and struggles and zigzags up and up and up—then it suddenly gives it all up and plunges down over rocks. We crossed sharp ridges one after another. And combined with that fighting trail was a fighting tropical sun pulling up vapours from the jungle and throwing them in our faces. I never sweat before nor after like I did on the trails in Honduras, and that is easy to compare because it stung my eyes, and dripped off the end of my nose, and soaked through the leather holster of my pistol, getting the gun all rusty. Everything in Honduras is rusty.

In some places the mountain streams popped up with no notice. We'd come to a stream that had to be forded. We'd take off breeches and maybe shirts if it looked deep. We'd cross and then stop and get our duds back on, and packs or whatnot that we carried all adjusted again. Then we'd take a few steps up over a shoulder and suddenly the trail would jerk around and there was that blooming stream to be passed over again. After about three times of that, I said:

"All right, let 'er do it. Cartoto, you and I are going to walk around the corner with nothing on but our hats."

So we didn't dress up this time but carried everything we had in our arms all fixed for crossing the stream. We kept looking around the corners and over the shoulders for that water but this time she didn't turn up. They sure did laugh at us two walking along under our hats, but you can't fool one of those Honduranean landscapes, and they *always* fool you.

When we had been two days on the way the trail went up most of the time. We were getting higher and higher, even if there was a sudden plunge down now and then; Cartoto said we were getting near to La Guardia's camp. Sometimes we walked in single file along the edge of a cliff; you could look over and see huge ferns waving back and forth in the sun about half a mile below. A puff of air coming up the face of the rock brought the damp cool smell of the swamp even up there. There was nothing puny except the villages in Honduras. When we went through a forest the trees, I noticed, were always very tall. Some of these had white and purple flowers that looked like thousands of birds resting; and some of them were wound around with huge vines that looked like boa constrictors all ready to drop on your head. Night time in a place like that was about as uncertain and scarey as a night on the North Line.

La Guardia's camp was the finest camp site I've ever seen or heard about. It was high up in the mountains —I don't know how far we must have climbed. It was surrounded by short steep mountain walls because it was in a cup, but over the rim of the cup the sides of the range dropped off into three thousand feet of rock cliffs and steep forests and crevices. You could only get into this place from one side, which was the direction of the trail. Even from that side you'd never guess where the camp was because a growth of enormous trees were in the way, which deadened all sounds and shut off all sights. A mountain stream cut through

this valley, and where La Guardia had located there was a heavy carpet of grass. One tree that stood alone and looked higher than any other around there marked the tent of La Guardia. That was the "Christmas Tree," as Davis used to call it, because he said Lee Christmas had his tent there before La Guardia came.

When I saw that camp and that tent under the tall tree, I began to feel better. This was going to be a good military expedition after all. "This is a pretty grand old country," I thought. "Just think of having a place like that for a camp. Nobody but a soldier would have picked it out. There's nothing grander in the world than this." Over to one side of the open space were tied a bunch of mules; and scattered out around the grass, some of them lying down, were maybe a hundred and fifty Americans. You wouldn't have known they were all Americans except from their walk and talk. They were sunburned and almost as dark as natives, and some of them even wore the blue jeans and red caps of the Honduranean Army. But you couldn't say that there was any uniform.

When those fellows saw us they began to whistle and yell and came crowding around. Then my first feeling on coming into the camp began to ooze out through my pores. I just felt it going all over me. This was the Foreign Legion, the "Army" of the Filibusters, La Guardia's heroes. But these were not soldiers, they were bums in bums' clothes! This was not an army; it was a gang, that looked like a gang and sounded like a gang. I had all the time been excusing the fellows

who had shipped at New Orleans and the ones I had met in Porto Cortez because I thought they were green and hadn't learned anything. It isn't that I couldn't get along with those boys—most of them were hardly men—I could get along fine, but they didn't *look* like a great and famous revolutionary army, the kind you'd expect to find.

Cartoto told me to come right up with him to see the general. We found him standing in front of his tent between two gatling guns strapped in their canvas covers. Then I knew that that army was not camped in that spot by accident. Here was a soldier. La Guardia was greater than his name. He was the best thing down there in Honduras.

In the first place, he was tall. That was necessary for the job he had. You can talk about Napoleon being short, but that would have kept him from being a filibuster. Somehow it seems to take a tall man to handle a revolution; La Guardia was all that at six feet three, I should say. Next he was straight—as though his spine had grown right up into his head. He had a fine head of hair, a little curly and a little gray, but it made him look impressive. He had a long nose in proportion to the rest of him, and a very full strong moustache that pointed out on each side like a signal for any one who faced him to stop talking and listen. That moustache might have made him look fierce if it wasn't for his deep eyes, which were soft in a way. You could tell to look at his eyes that he was a man and not a tyrant. But, good heavens, man, how those eyes

could flash when he was working hard, as he did later on at Tegucigalpa.

I came to attention and saluted in front of La Guardia. It was the first time since my discharge from the Army. That pleased him, and he asked me into the tent. La Guardia spoke good English. He had a Spanish way of saying it, which he used; but I had heard so much of that ever since starting out in Cuba that I didn't even notice the peculiar accent until afterward.

He asked me all about the service I'd seen in the United States Army, who I'd served under, and why it was I came to be travelling in Honduras. He had met some of the American officers I named in Cuba. When it came to explaining why I was in Honduras, I was stumped. I couldn't find any good reason for being there at all. I said it was because I wanted to be, and maybe it was because I had heard of him and wanted to meet him. La Guardia had pride. He liked to think that people had heard of him; and I saw that my position was accidentally helped by saying what I did. He asked me: "How about the money?" I said that since coming to the country I hadn't seen any signs of money and had forgotten about that.

"You're different," was what La Guardia said. "But I heard you were coming to join me."

Now I see that there was not one man on either side of the revolution who was fighting for anything but money—*except* La Guardia. Now I know that there was not one man who could have held that bunch of two hundred Americans together—the Foreign Legion

—or done anything with them—*except* La Guardia. He was It. Montague was his man. Alvarez was his man. La Guardia snapped the whip while the whole country jumped—up to a certain point. The point was not reached until we had been in Tegucigalpa five days.

Just over the trail beyond where we had turned off to the camp was a better part of the country. There were farms and some villages that looked as though they belonged to somebody. It was all high above the sea and kept on going up to the valley where was the capital of Honduras, Tegucigalpa. Seeing that La Guardia's camp was so near to that part of the country, he was able to get supplies by sending out parties. La Guardia was no bandit. He gave a requisition for everything that was taken. He said that if any of his men were caught stealing they'd be shot. What with those ways and his popularity it looked to me that the country was for him, while we were in camp.

Alvarez had his army hidden about ten miles away. He was always sending over and asking for advice (which was what they called it, although I knew that it was orders). Sometimes he sent a present of a good mule or a basket of fruit. That was just at the time when La Guardia was most necessary to the success of the revolution. Later on, when things were going well with Alvarez, he began to *give* orders instead of *take* orders. That was about as much sense as those Honduraneans had. They tried to butter their bread on both sides, and that was why it always slipped out of

their hands. I don't suppose there had been a Honduranean presidente or general for the last hundred years that didn't end up by getting smashed.

Davis turned up again while we were in camp. He "bunked" with me for a couple of nights down in a little shelter I had built in the corner of the field. One night we fell to talking about La Guardia. He said he had known La Guardia for a long time, and that he was one of the greatest generals that ever lived "as long as he stays in South America filibustering." Then Davis said something that might have worried me if I'd been a fool. He said,

"La Guardia's like you!"

"Hell," I said, "how about the moustache?" Then Davis tried to explain that he didn't mean the moustache but other things. I let it go at that. Probably never would have thought of it again if you hadn't reminded me of that little shelter where we spent a couple of nights together down there. It's funny what a person can remember when he gets started.

I was mighty sorry to have Davis say he was moving along. He'd give his shirt to stay with us and see us through, he said, but his plans wouldn't let him. Before he went he lectured me seriously:

"Archer, you're no fool. But keep your eyes open and your ears open when you get to Tegucigalpa. When you see a brick fall out of the house that La Guardia is building you clear out, skedaddle, vamoose! Leave the whole damn show! Run! Don't stay any longer! Be absent! Do you understand? Watch

for the first sign with all your senses. You might smell it in the street. You might hear it barely whispered. Wherever or whatever it is, you recognize it. Maybe it will be only the wind shifting a point. Then's your time to be gone or you'll be a goner. Understand? Don't worry about La Guardia. He knows more about it than you do. He can disappear in Tegucigalpa and turn up in Guatemala City as though he had popped into a tunnel. You worry about Archer when the wind changes."

With that advice Davis left us, but he didn't say where he was going. He got the story later, though. Whether he was in Tegucigalpa himself or whether he was down in Porto Cortez talking to Finch, or whether he was in New Orleans talking to Smith—he got it all; just about as it happened. You can read it in "Captain Macklin." The outline's the same, the people's the same, only with different names, and he only had to add enough to make his story begin and end right.

I hadn't been in camp a week when La Guardia called me over and said he was going to appoint me Captain of Artillery.

"Where's the pieces?" I was an ass to say that.

"Captain Archer, there are your pieces." He pointed to the two gatling guns strapped in their canvas covers in front of his tent.

"Take charge of them. Pick your men. Show them how. Report to me when you are ready."

"Yes, sir."

From then on I was awful busy. The first man I

picked out was Larry. It was my idea to teach him about the gats and then make him a sort of top sergeant of the battery. We carried the guns off by ourselves and took them all apart and examined them. They turned out to be of Spanish make, but modern (at that time). The Spanish made some of the best guns used around 1900. These gats were in good condition, too, because La Guardia had seen to having them cleaned every day.

Larry and I took them apart and studied them. I had seen the same kind in the Philippines—six barrels that revolve and shoot a one-pound solid shot. After Larry said he thought he could handle the gats, we picked out three men for the first gun crew of each piece and three for the reserve crew, also three for the supply squad. That made a total of eighteen men besides Larry and myself. I'll say this for La Guardia—he let me have the pick of the army. It looked like a good many to take for two guns out of an army that size; but the general urged me to do it right. He said he'd have to depend on those two gats later on. Besides, the army was short of rifles; and even after assigning a detail to the care of the mules there were some men that had been using sticks instead of rifles.

La Guardia had hard luck with his guns. Smith had started a shipment in New Orleans. There were a couple of cases all carefully packed and marked "sewing machines" assigned to Finch, the American Vice-Consul at Porto Cortez. Somehow the authorities had gotten wise, and the "sewing machines" had never left

the dock in New Orleans. When Finch asked the captain of the steamer for his freight, the captain had told him to "go to hell," so that was the end of those rifles. La Guardia had only mumbled, "The fortunes of war," when he was told, but it was one of the worst blows that could have been dealt him.

Ammunition was not so hard to get, but it took time. Most of it came by way of Alvarez. A pack mule loaded with it was sent over once in a while. Alvarez had some folks up in the country making powder; and cartridges he got through Guatemala and Nicaragua. It was the gathering of ammunition that kept La Guardia waiting so long. The most scarce was the ammunition to fit the gats. The Honduras Government had some of these pieces and Alvarez was able to steal, through channels, enough of their ammunition to start us off. It made a couple of mule loads but La Guardia and I weren't satisfied. I knew that wouldn't last a day once we got to firing. The only thing we could do was to holler to Alvarez and bring pressure on Finch and not use any in target practice.

We must have been in camp two months. Things were looking better gradually. A few more recruits had arrived under the guidance of Cartoto, who spent most of his time down in Porto Cortez. A few of the worst "soldiers" deserted, but they were good riddance. We must have had about two hundred in the permanent force.

Reports from Alvarez were favourable. The country was ripe. The people all the way to the capital were

friendly. It was reported that in Tegucigalpa the people were aching for Montague and sore as a boil at Sieria. The government army, while it had rifles, was short of ammunition, too; and most of the men were ready to desert to our side as soon as the chance came, so it was said. It looked to La Guardia as though he'd run a bigger risk if he waited any longer for more ammunition than if he moved suddenly. We figured that we could capture enough supplies to keep us in fighting trim until Montague could be established firmly; and until the steamship company would be coming to him for a contract.

Alvarez and La Guardia sent a joint ultimatum to Sieria one day. He was told that the revolutionary government of Montague, representing the people of Honduras, supported by the Foreign Legion under General La Guardia, with a thousand patriotic Americans, demanded the surrender of the Government and the immediate turning over of the palace and all public buildings to Montague and his officers. In the case that Sieria did not send word immediately that he would do this, the combined armies of General Alvarez and General La Guardia would move on Tegucigalpa and take charge of the Government by force.

At the same time that this ultimatum was sent to Sieria, a proclamation was gotten out to be posted in all the towns that we could enter. This proclamation called on all people for all time to free themselves from tyranny and oppression, and to join the side of their champion and presidente, Montague. It told how

great armies were gathered and ready to protect the country. General Alvarez was proclaimed Minister of War in the Cabinet of Presidente Montague; and it was added that a famous general had come from the United States to assist the people. This proclamation ended up by saying that under Montague, Honduras would grow great and rich among the nations of the world.

With both of these papers a third was written and sent to Tegucigalpa secretly. It offered to all loyal soldiers who would join the army of the people's presidente more pay than they had ever known before. Besides that big rewards would be theirs, since "fifty mules could hardly carry all the gold that Montague had collected especially for his friends."

Nobody expected any answer from the ultimatum, so we prepared to march right away. No answer came.

When the army was ready to move, La Guardia called us all over to the meadow in front of where his tent had been. Then he climbed up on a box that had once held canned soup but that was now loaded with rifle cartridges. He had on his best uniform of dark blue trimmed with gold braid and red, and a very long polished sword swung at one side while the big butt of an old Spanish pistol showed out of its holster on the other side. With his tall hat and standing on that box he looked like a giant; which was the idea. He was *the* general, the BIG GENERAL. I can't remember all he said—one of the mules was mussing around and kept me from paying good attention. But it was that he

had allowed the men a good deal of freedom of action while they had been in camp, but now that they were entering on the campaign, the strictest military discipline would be required. Any man who did not obey his officers or who tried to desert while the march to the capital was on would be shot. He said that it was no joke because Sieria still had an army back of him and plenty of ammunition; but La Guardia thought the enemy would surrender quickly when they realized we meant business. The people were sick of Sieria and were waiting for us to come with Montague. Then he rung in something about rewards that would be ours. When La Guardia finished and stepped down off the box a cheer went up. We started off in good shape.

Out on the road, which was so narrow that in places we had to go single file, we stretched out, and even that puny army looked like a good-sized force. The men looked better, too; in their hats and with their rolls over their shoulders, and most of them with rifles, they looked more like troops than when they had been loafing around camp with hats on and off, and shirts on and off, and belongings littering around. La Guardia rode a horse up at the head, with Cartoto on another horse beside him; behind him came half of the infantry; then followed the mule train of the gats, and behind them came the rest of the infantry, with the rest of the mules bringing up the rear. When I listened to the clank, clank of the gats and looked up and back at the column, which was covered with a brown dust that gave it a uniform cover, I began to think that this was

a real outfit in every sense of the word. I'd seen worse-looking troops in the Islands, and with a colonel from West Point leading them instead of a soldier of fortune.

We fell in with Alvarez and his troops at a little village where they were waiting. La Guardia led his army down the street while Alvarez had his men "drawn up" (most of them looked more like lousy lazy loafers instead of "drawn up") on each side—so we got a good look at each other.

You might think that since we had come all that distance in that climate to help those fellows fight, they'd have been drunk with joy to see us. Well, most of 'em looked drunk all right—but not with joy, with bad liquor. They just stared and stared, and maybe gave a grunt or two; but they never so much as gave a yell. To look at them you could see they didn't care whether we were there or not.

But when Alvarez and La Guardia saw each other, both of them all spiffed up in the floweriest uniforms they had, there was a big to-do of greeting. They saluted and bowed and shook hands—I wouldn't swear that they didn't kiss. And so the allies were united; from then on we were two armies against one army.

We struck the outposts of Sieria at Comayagua. There was an exchange of bullets—a couple of Honduranean soldiers were killed, and we drove them out of the town without anything special happening to write home about. I often wonder why it was that old man Sieria didn't put up more resistance at Comayagua instead of letting us get as far as Tegucigalpa. It

wasn't as though we were surprising anybody. There was only one road that we could come up by. Honduras was so full of mountains and so empty of people that only one narrow trail connected the capital, up in the middle of the country, with Porto Cortez, the Atlantic port. There wasn't any railroad, and there isn't any to-day. You couldn't leave the trail or you'd fall off a mountain or get lost in a jungle. So there we were a-coming along the only route we could, and with not much to fight against except the most devilish roughness and hotness and insectness ever invented.

The taking of the capital was a fight. We came over the last range of mountains and looked across a valley. It had a strip of green through what looked like a desert; the green was along a creek that cut across the length of the valley. This creek carried our eyes down to the town that was stuck in the shadow of a huge rock. That rock was so big that it might have been called a mountain, and just loomed up suddenly without any real excuse for being there at all. It looked like a stone haymow, thousands of times bigger than a real one, in the bottom of the valley. That was my first look at El Pecachua.

El Pecachua was the defender and the threat of Tegucigalpa. Every revolution had broken its nose or its neck against that stone wall; every government had been smashed by El Pecachua when the rock changed its mind and started dropping hot iron on the palace instead of on the enemy. There wasn't a house in the town that couldn't have its roof caved in by toss-

ing something off the top. La Guardia pointed at it and said, "Archer, that is what *we* have to capture. I wouldn't trust our friends up there to handle El Pecachua. So we'll let Alvarez have the bridge; he wants it anyway."

It was therefore fixed up that Alvarez would take the stone bridge that crossed the creek between the palace and the rest of the town if the Foreign Legion would take El Pecachua. Alvarez started first. There was firing pretty hot from the town and I could see his men falling. Then the Rock opened up with some old-fashioned things they had up there. There would be a smash as though somebody had dropped a big load of lumber instead of the high-class explosion of a regular three-inch piece. The effect wasn't much except noise. But Alvarez was having a hard time, and when night came on he climbed into a hollow with his men and left the bridge alone.

La Guardia had been busy planning. A night attack down in Honduras was considered a low-down dirty trick. The Blessed Virgin had established night time for sleeping and not for fighting, according to their way of thinking. That was where La Guardia saw his best chance for taking El Pecachua. The Foreign Legion was gathered together and told to take a good look at the country around the back of the town and the mountain, because we'd be using that country after dark.

So after dark when you couldn't see anything except the shadow of the Rock, and half-a-dozen dull lights

from old tipping-over lamp-posts in the streets (they lit the lamps out of habit that night just as though nothing was happening) we started to circle the town. We crossed the valley and came around the city in a big circle.

It must have been just before dawn when the air seemed to get blacker all of a sudden and I looked up to see the side of El Pecachua rising up steep in front. It wasn't rocky there like it was on the side of the town, but the slope was covered with vines and bushes pretty thick. Then I was posted with both the gats ready and waiting down there at the foot of the Rock, while the other officers who knew the place had gone ahead up the mountain with a good-sized detail of picked men. Everything had worked fine because there was no opposition so far although blood had been spilled. The force on the top had a couple of sentries at the bottom and they had to be sneaked up on and stabbed before we could go on with the business.

It seemed to be all so easy and the fighting of Alvarez had looked so kind of puny that I didn't feel right. I kept the battery waiting in its place and whispered a few words around to the men, some darn-fool joke or something, but all the time I began to feel like I was chicken-stealing. You know how guilty you'd feel if you sneaked into somebody's yard who was decent enough to leave the gate unlocked, and started to steal potatoes. This wasn't war, this was thieving. Then I thought of La Guardia, and began to comfort myself with the idea of risking anything that the general said

was worth doing. All of a sudden the stillness and the waiting was interrupted.

There was a yell, followed by pistol shots up in the sky above us. Then a big commotion of shouting and shooting. Can't you just see that gang of soldiers that had been sleeping hard suddenly waking up and finding shooting splitting the night around them. They must have been the most scared men that ever gave a yell; they were off over the side of the mountain as though they had seen ghosts. El Pecachua belonged to La Guardia. We could hear a lot of scurrying over in the city by that time; it was evident that already Tegucigalpa had guessed that El Pecachua had changed its face in the night. The rats were leaving the houses and the palace. Then a rifle was fired, two shots in succession followed by a pause, and then a third shot. That was the signal for me. I knew that all was well. So I ordered one of the gats to be unlimbered and put in position on the trail—that would guard the foot of the Rock. The other gun I held ready to take over to the palace later.

When dawn came we could see some horses and men kicking up a dust away across the valley—it was the last of Sieria and his force getting off with their skins.

Montague had arrived in Alvarez's camp and when everybody was awake it was decided that the time had come for the biggest event in the life of the Revolutionist—the Triumphal Entry. I never did get acquainted with Montague but everybody knew he didn't count for anything except for us to stick him up as president.

He was the right man for that job because he had a black frock coat, and a silk hat, and a beard that was so full the birds could nest in it. You know those advertisements for Smith Brothers' Cough Drops, well, the picture of the old boy on the left, who has the longest beard, looks like it might be a photograph of Montague.

Alvarez, who was Minister of War, was the chief Honduranean. After the capture of El Pecachua he began to give orders to the Americans, but we didn't pay any attention to them. When things were against him he knew where to turn for help; when things were for him he conveniently forgot. But all the time, back of Montague, back of Alvarez, back of the whole show, was La Guardia. He was not saying much, he was not seen much, but he was the Dictator.

So we had the Triumphal Entry. Both armies were assembled above the town. The only soldiers that weren't there were a detail of Americans to man the top of the Rock and to fire a salute at the right time. We got an old carriage—one of these open Victorias that kings and presidents always ride in so that people can see them. The best-looking crow-bait in town was hitched to it, and Montague and some other mulatto who happened to own a silk hat took their seats.

We sent men into town with instructions to visit every house and tell the people who was coming and rout them out on to the streets. It was necessary to have the streets crowded. The men were ordered to stay in the crowd after they had it collected so as to keep it yelling. Then we started.

You could hear us starting a long way off because the wheels of the carriage creaked so loud. It came to a stop right away and there was a holler for grease. I sent a man over with a can of grease that we used on the gats and he slicked the hubs up so old Montague could glide into his capital with dignity.

The parade was strung out as much as possible, but what with the men that had to be doing other things it looked more like a squad than an army. When the crowd saw the carriage coming, and behind it a piece, La Guardia on his horse, they yelled perfectly. Just the way they were told to do:

*"Viva Montague!"*

*"Viva La Guardia!"*

*"Viva Alvarez!"*

*"Viva! Viva! Viva!"*

The Plaza had its white cathedral across one side—it might have been the middle of Luzon with that cathedral there and the grass growing over the Plaza in front —and there was a statue of Morazan on his horse. That was the only presidente of Honduras who had ever lasted any time; and he was made of bronze so that he couldn't get rusty. Morazan was their national hero, although he had been shot sixty years ago. I guess there wasn't anything different between him and the other ones who were shot except that they had to have a hero—and he was it!

When the carriage reached a spot in front of the statue the whole parade was halted and Montague stood up and made a speech. I didn't catch what he

said, but he kept pointing at the people and then at Morazan. Once he pointed at La Guardia, but mostly at the statue. He ended up as though he was blessing the people.

After that we proceeded again and came to the stone bridge. Just across that, overlooking the creek on the south bank, stood the Casa de Gobierno, the palace for the president. It was the best building in Honduras: two stories, stone walls—which had holes in them from bullets—and a tile roof. It had a corridor of flagstone and a reception room hung with red velvet. I remember the flagstone corridor because I once saw a sentry standing on it in front of Montague's room, who had spurs strapped to bare feet. I wondered if his feet were getting cold against the stone. Montague, Alvarez, La Guardia, and Cartoto, and some of the others went into the palace and the Triumphal Entry was over with. The other gat that I had brought along in the parade we put down in front of the door of the palace.

"So far, so good," said one of the men when that was done, "but that's far enough! Now, to hell with 'em! I'm going to enjoy myself. *We own this place now!*"

So we owned Tegucigalpa and Honduras. Everything was jake. "The appetite comes with the eating," they used to say down there. The appetite for enjoyment grew so fast that, once we were in, you couldn't have found a single Honduranean soldier in his place. There was revelry and eating and drinking that I never could have guessed could have been in that

moth-eaten capital. The old lamps on their leaning lamp-posts were worked overtime.

But this I'll say for the Foreign Legion: they didn't *all* forget *all* the time that they were soldiers. You can always trust an American. You might have thought that gang didn't care, but they did care. They cared for La Guardia, and they cared for their own skins. So half of them was off at a time. I could always get a crew for the gats within a few minutes or a squad for a guard. The half that was on could have gone out and gotten the other half on the job in fifteen minutes. They weren't there, but they were there. It wasn't orders that kept them that way, but it was just common sense—Yankee common sense.

If the Americans could have handled the whole business instead of almost the whole business, there might have been a different story to tell—at least, there might have been more left to tell than just me. But Alvarez had to have a finger in the pie—there weren't enough of us—and right there was the weak link that broke apart.

I've seen treachery and upsets aplenty, but I never saw anything to beat what happened to us in Honduras according to the suddenness and cruelty of it. The worst of it was we had nothing to fall back on. Out in the Islands if there was treachery and bloodshed it didn't make no difference except in the one spot where it happened. If it happened to a battalion, there was a regiment back of that, and back of that was General Headquarters, and if you want to carry the idea far enough

you can say that biggest and firmest back of everything was the Government. They couldn't change the whole face of things by treachery—it didn't reach far enough in the Islands. But you take our position in Tegucigalpa. We weren't a battalion with something big above it, we were the army—and the whole blooming army at that. Also we didn't have the Government above us, because we *were* the Government. When we were beaten, *everything* was beaten. There was nothing to fall back on, nothing higher or bigger, because we had gotten into a fix where we were *it*.

You could figure all your life on how it happened; when you finished you wouldn't know any more than when you started, but this I'll say: the steamship company was what was back of the collapse. Somehow Sieria and his crowd that we had last seen disappearing in a cloud of dust had got in touch with the company. They got new arms, all the ammunition they wanted, encouragement, gold—everything that goes to make fighting in a country like that a success. At the same time supplies for the capital had stopped as though somebody had turned off the spigot—it was so quick and complete. So there we were.

The first day, wherever one of us went on the street and moved his hand to one of the people, there was a greeting, "*Viva! Viva! Viva!*" The next day there was part of a greeting, "*Viva!*" The third day there wasn't anything but a look and a kind of sour one at that. If you insisted, you could get them to say "*Viva*" but not to holler it. The third day, you see, they

weren't quite sure where they stood. We were still in but there were rumours spread underground that we would soon be out; and then those that were known to support the revolution would be shot. I said to myself on that day that the wind had shifted a couple of points. I began to smell it coming—it was the time that Davis had warned me about.

I thought that I ought to tell La Guardia. I found him in the Casa where he had been ever since we had taken possession. He was the hardest-working man in the world for those days—conferring, planning, ordering—trying his level best to launch the rusty old derelict called the Ship of State and keep her floating with holes in her side and no favourable winds. But although he was busy, in those days he never refused to see one of us. I explained how things looked uneasy out among the people. He heard me through and then thanked me but said he knew all about it.

"How's the ammunition, Archer?" he said.

"Fifty-two rounds for each gat, General."

"*Santa Maria!* Man! Is that all? Where's the ammunition we captured? I told you where to find all you want for your gats—up on El Pecachua. How about that?"

"I found the place but there wasn't anything there except a couple of rusty knives."

That was a terrible blow for the old man. He took it only staggering a little. His excitement went away. Most men would have flown into a terrible rage and roared, but La Guardia spoke very quiet after a while.

"The fortunes of war," he said. "All right, divide it evenly. Fifty-two for the gun at Pecachua. Fifty-two here at the Casa."

That same evening Larry and I were taking our meal at the hotel, when the first brick fell out of the house, as Davis would say.

The hotel keeper, who was fat and greasy, but who dressed as decent as anybody I'd seen in the country in a white duck suit and a red sash, was talking to some Honduranean officers at a table in the corner. When we came in they looked up and grew glum and silent. Larry and I sat down at an iron table across the room and motioned to an Indian girl to take our order. We asked for an omelette baked with tomatoes and onions with olives chopped in it, and tortillas—hot biscuits shaped by tossing them in the air. When we gave this order the men at the other table said something low to the hotel keeper. I watched him start to argue, when one of the officers slapped his hand down on the iron table top. Larry and I loosened our pistols under the table; we saw the man in white coming our way.

"Signores, I am so sorry. These gentlemen here," he pointed back to the Honduraneans, "they have ordered omelettes before you, and we have no more eggs. You know no more eggs come to the city for three days."

We had guessed what was coming. "Quick!" I said to Larry. "Now!" We whipped out our pistols and covered everybody in the room. Their hands went up; they knew we meant business, and an Ameri-

can can always act quicker than any tropical enemy. They're too used to moving slow.

"Now, bring omelettes—and damn quick! Hold on there, brother," I said. "Before we have the omelettes everybody in the room will oblige by hollering loud: '*Viva! La Guardia!*' Now then!"

"*Viva! La Guardia!*" we all said.

"Louder!"

"*Viva! La Guardia!*"

"Louder!" I was a damn fool.

"VIVA! LA GUARDIA!"

This last one was so loud that it brought people to the door. I noticed a number of Honduranean soldiers among them, more or less pushing into the room.

"Guess we better go out in the kitchen and see that the omelette's cooking right," I said to Larry. So we started out, still keeping the room covered. When we got to the kitchen door we slammed it and kept right on going. Out the back of the house and down a path by the creek to the Casa. And we felt mighty relieved with our quick getaway.

From then on things moved so fast that they are all jumbled and hazy in my mind. We who were down in the Casa were cut off from Cartoto who was in command on El Pecachua. It seemed queer, because we still owned the city and held the Government. Two messengers were sent out—one of them was the little youngster that was standing guard over Montague's quarters wearing spurs on his bare feet—but they never came back. There is a saying down in Honduras

that "He who holds Pecachua sleeps in the Palace." That is true. La Guardia, Montague, and Alvarez held the Rock and they were in the palace—even though they didn't do any sleeping that last night. When morning came we heard firing back of the mountain. It was rifle—we listened hard. As long as it was rifle, it was all right. They had orders not to use the gat until the last resort. La Guardia hollered down from a balcony where he had taken his position and asked me to come up. "When you hear the gat," he said, "you go. It won't be too late."

"Damn it, General—no!"

"Those are my orders."

I never saw the beat of that man. He had said his say. I saluted and turned into the Casa so as to go downstairs to my gat. I heard him saying after me, "Don't worry about me, friend. If you go I'll see you in New Orleans. If you don't go, I'll see you in hell."

Just then we all heard two loud heavy quick reports. "It's the gat!" I remember what I thought then—"two from fifty-two leaves fifty—or making an allowance for wet or worse rounds—say forty-five."

A few minutes later we heard twelve more. Again she spoke, and again. Then we heard nothing more. Only waited for a while.

A crowd that had been gathering across the bridge grew excited. We heard "*Viva! Viva!*" and suddenly soldiers in blue drill appeared and took the place of the crowd—only some of the crowd joined the soldiers. They were in a terrible excitement. Some

of them came right across the bridge. I noticed they were carrying heavy things. When they got up close they flung these down in front of our eyes and we saw the bodies of the two messengers that had been sent out. They were stabbed to death. It was their way of showing what they were going to do with us.

That made me so sore I gave orders to fire. Rifles spat out from the front windows and three of the niggers that had brought the bodies of the messengers fell down and curled up beside them. They answered our fire and then everything was shooting and hollering. They pressed in close around the Casa—I never saw so many Honduraneans; didn't know that there were that many in the country. We finally opened with the gat when five of our men were swimming in blood on the stone floor beside it. The gat coughed out at the crowd like a big dog. It gave a new sound to the business, as though reinforcements had arrived or as though some big new force had come to take our side. The effect was quick. The crowd fell back and gave us a chance to look around and help the fellows that were groaning among us.

Then the attack was repeated. We put the gat in action and beat them back again. Three attacks were shattered by the good old gat but that was all. One of the boys who had been lying down there beside me working that gun jumped up and grabbed the iron rammer and hurled it at the crowd. *That was the last shot from the gat.*

I don't know how it was done. I can't say much

about why it happened, but it did, just when those of us left alive had thought it was all over. Anyway, we were keyed up to a terrible desperate pitch. We could have pushed the stone walls of the Casa over on the crowd. We could have torn up the old red tiles of the roof with our bare hands and killed them as they came on. We were mad devils, without any judgment except what was supplied by instinct. The flinging of that iron rammer was the signal and the motion that carried us forward. Sweating blood, we rushed the crowd—straight at them—swearing and tearing and banging. They must have made room for us. I can remember cracking in heads with the butt of my pistol like you might split open the tops of barrels—but they must have made room for us. We didn't stop. Nothing could stop us. Through the Plaza—I remember laughing like a maniac when one of the boys tripped and jumped up cursing at the obstacle. He said, "Damn you—treachery——" and smashed one of the lamp heads on a leaning post with his bare fist.

When I came to, it was under a tree. Maybe ten filibusters were lying around; some of them were wounded and groaning, some of them were sleeping. I should have said that there were ten of what had been filibusters. They weren't nothing but beggars and wrecks; filibustering was the last thing they wanted to do. We were cured. But even if we were cured there was more medicine to take.

I had a terrible pain in my left arm and couldn't raise

it without worse pain. There was a big round fat bullet in it. But that was nothing compared to the agony in my ribs. I just thought I might as well die as not, and might have done that if it wasn't that the other fellows were looking just as bad off; they just didn't give a damn what happened to them. But they had brought me along that far with them after I had passed out.

Anyway and somehow, we took the trail toward San Lorenzo, the port on the Pacific side. I'm not going to go into detail about that trip, because there was no detail. It was just one big hell. The path was just as rough as coming up from Porto Cortez, but this time we were half dead, half clothed, starved, delirious, eaten by flies and insects—for all I know eaten by rats, too—why, I swear that the bats, too, used to come and purr around us at night and stick their wings in our faces. There's no use making believe we didn't eat anything the whole time—we picked up enough to keep going on. Sometimes in a small village they'd give us dirty tortillas. Those people didn't worry about politics, nor know anything about it; and because we were in rags and sick-looking and sour they thought it was all natural. They'd have been more scared if we'd been soldiers.

There wasn't any soldiering to it. We were just a bunch of beaten fools. No officers and privates any more. It was every man for himself and the devil take him. We lived in caves part of the time. There wasn't any rushing, we were too far gone. I don't

know how many days it was before the ocean was reached.

Did you ever look for something with all your strength? Look for it until it hurt? Look for it because that was life and death? Even though you'd rather die than look for it any more, you kept on looking. Then after it seemed like years and years of that—all of a sudden you see it! Can you imagine how you'd feel? If you can, you know how we felt when we saw the ocean. After all the pain and time to get there it made us sort of dizzy and crazy to be there. We took to a hill by the ocean—seven of us; three of them had died on the way—and waited, sitting up there looking at the ocean.

After a few days I got more sense and so did the others. We began to plan again. One of the boys who had been down to a village said the government soldiers were everywhere. We knew we'd be shot at sight; so we kept away from the port. Then we followed the coast for a few miles until we came to a little cave with a couple of fishermen's houses. They hadn't ever heard of the revolution and wouldn't have cared anyway.

We offered a fisherman everything we had to take us in his boat over the border to Salvador. "Everything we had" was a pocket knife or two and some red handkerchiefs that had stuck with us. He agreed, and we were soon away from that cursed land.

Some of the boys stayed in Salvador because they had to or wanted to. After weeks of waiting I got a

boat north and stumbled back into 'Frisco almost six months after I had left there.

It took me two months in a hospital after that. I had also lost my reënlistment pay; but I have kept two souvenirs with me for all the rest of my life. The ball in my arm—you can easily feel it—and a silver plate where a rib ought to be.

Did I look up that address in 'Frisco—a number on Market Street? I did—I wanted to thank them for the "three" months' trip to Southern parts "at their expense." But there was a Chinese laundry there; and they said in the neighbourhood that it had been there for months.

Before putting this matter away for ever I want to tell you one thing more. You might think that I had forgotten La Guardia, Cartoto, Larry, and some of the others. Not me! From all I could gather at the time and from what I have heard since, there were about forty out of the two hundred Americans down there that escaped from Honduras. Ten got away from the bunch with me in the Casa de Gobierno on the last day. Thirty pulled their hides—horribly punctured—off of El Pecachua. Larry was killed in the palace beside the gat. Nobody ever knew what happened to Cartoto. But La Guardia! La Guardia knew a way. He had said so to me; and Davis had said so, too. He had escaped.

The last time I ever saw Richard Harding Davis was in San Francisco in 1904. He looked me up when he

was on the way to the Russian-Japanese War. It was only three years since Honduras. I had been stationed in Texas and around the Southwest but was back again in the Presidio. Davis blew into the barracks one day; he had an uncanny way of finding his friends. He told me about the end of La Guardia.

The old general had turned up in New York. He didn't know anybody and nobody knew him. He wasn't the giant that held men in the hollow of his hand—he wasn't wearing any uniform trimmed in gold and red—he didn't have his sword. He must have been just a broken up, gray-haired old man without a job. He had a dirty little furnished room somewhere down near 14th Street and Seventh Avenue. He might as well have had a tomb. La Guardia was not made for a "furnished room"—he was made for the outdoors where the sun scorches and the wind cuts. He was made to look at high mountains and deep valleys—not at tenements where the laundry is strung out. So he buried himself alive—or more like half-dead. He starved to death in New York.

When the coroner examined the belongings that were found in an old trunk, he found that instead of it being a jobless bum who had kicked off, it was a prince, a general, a "gentleman." They took out of the trunk the uniforms and belongings that he had kept. Then they found some papers, and they discovered that the man was a friend of Davis. It happened that the war correspondent was at home up on the Hudson at the time. When they told him about it, he came to New

York by the next train and did what he could for the soul of La Guardia— it was too late to do anything for his body. Instead of letting them throw him into a pauper's grave, he gave the General a decent burial.

In his book Davis says: "He was the first white man that I have known who has not come to this country [Honduras] either flying from the law, or to rob and despoil it."

## CHAPTER X

I NEVER did take on much over a woman. I like them *all.* There's some men that can't look at a girl without figuring out what sort of a wife she'd make—but that's not me. Outside of Sabina down in Havana, and Marie in San Pedro, and one other girl in San Francisco, there wasn't a girl in all my acquaintance that I'd ever talked over marrying with, and I knew hundreds and hundreds to call them by their pet names. Met them at dances or at billets in Havana, and Manila, and New York, and San Francisco. They didn't all have to be American girls—the Spanish and the Philippine ladies were all right; they didn't have to speak American so long as they could dance. And there isn't a Spanish girl that can't outdance any other girl of any blood with the same experience. Have you ever seen them? The Spanish bolero and the Spanish fandango?

They always save the fandango until the end of the evening; just like the king comes last in a procession, the fandango comes last. The room is pretty well broken in by the time they're ready for it. All the stiffness is gone; everybody knows everybody else. If the furniture and the refreshments aren't just as neat as at the start, at any rate, they've been arranged by the guests themselves to suit the guests. Everybody feels as though

they belong there—then's the time for the fandango. There's the general confusion of making room, people pushing and slapping and laughing, getting themselves out of the way, until a space is cleared in the middle of the floor. Then the most beautiful and graceful girl in the place shoots herself through the mob and out on to the floor, whirling around and around while the castanets rattle like rattlesnakes. At the same time a tall thin man, usually with a hooked nose, with a red cape over one arm and wearing a wide-brimmed round hat trimmed with black lace, hurls himself on to the floor from another quarter. The cape and the mantilla, and the hat and the hair, gradually slow down with the rattling and come to a stop while everybody laughs and claps. The lady and the man make their bow. The fandango is on.

The violin starts them off. Every once in a while a castanet gives a slap; but the effect is very tender. The lady and the man glide around. She kind of teases him with her eyes, he reaches out, she pulls back, he pursues, she escapes, he entreats, she laughs with her teeth. There isn't much to hear except the rustling of silk dresses. Everybody looking on is smiling and keeping time with the dance by nodding their heads. Gradually the time of the violin increases, and the clicks of the castanets come more often. Then you see the spangles begin to glitter and you hear the ladies' heels begin to tap on the floor. Faster and faster. The fiddler is sawing away and working up an awful sweat, but he can't make his old fiddle heard any more—the

click of the ivory castanets comes out sharp and quick, keeping the whole room in time. The dancers are charging and retreating at each other as though they were bull-fighting, while the lookers-on are stamping their feet and snapping their fingers. Can't you just see it and feel it? And then when the clatter and the dancing are the most fierce, and the feet are thumping and the whole building is shaking, and the windows are rattling, suddenly comes that time that everybody seems to know to the second when it comes. The girl holds up her castanets with a loud click that stops every sound and motion for about three seconds. The silence is just as exciting as the dancing. And then they go right on where they left off. The fandango! The greatest dance that people ever danced!

Well, down in 'Frisco in 1903, I don't know just how it happened that some of us from the Presidio ran into the Princess Dancing Academy. It was a little place, very limited in those that were allowed to dance there. In fact, every soldier that went had to be taken and introduced by a soldier who had been there before. That was the way it got to be known. There were plenty of public dance halls that nobody talked about but everybody took for granted. There was only one Princess Dancing Academy, and, believe me, it meant something to belong to that. Two girls had been engaged by the proprietor to give lessons. Now I'm not bothering about one of those girls—her name might have been Jones or Smith for all she meant to me—but the other

one. Her name was Miss Heminway. She sure could dance.

We used to dance much together. The first turn around the hall with her I knew that she could dance and told her so. That seemed to please her. Well, it got so that after a while people were talking about the Sergeant and Miss Heminway going so much together. I used to take her out to other halls just for a change. Now I'm not just talking about the Soldier's Waltz and the ordinary two-step. We used to branch out. Every other evening we tried a new one, so that by and by we had the minuet, the gavotte, the schottische, the lancers, the polka, the mazurka—and led the way in the Virginia reel and the quadrille. It got so that I was helping Miss Heminway give lessons, and it was fine to see the business of the Princess Dancing Academy increased so fast that it had to move into a bigger hall.

One evening Miss Heminway said to me: "Jess, look here."

I looked to see what she had in her hand and it was a pair of castanets.

"Say," I said. "You've hit it right! Us for a fandango!

So we danced the fandango, me and her; and after we were through the spectators clapped and we danced it again. I certainly did have to hand it to that girl; and to show her so I took a court-martial.

The trouble started at a regular Saturday inspection of the battery. Captain H——, the battery commander, came along to my section and noticed a pan-

oramic sight cover missing. I knew where it was and was one sore man. A young corporal had put it on dirty and I had ordered him to take it out and scrub it. He hadn't brought it back. I'd seen the buck passed too often among the officers to let it start among the men, so I just said, "Yes, sir," and let the captain rave about the cover. That affair put me on the blacklist for thirty days with no privileges and no passes. It was the first time in my career in the Army that I'd been deprived of passes when other men were getting them. Because I wasn't used to it, it didn't sit easy on my shoulders. I stayed around quarters for about a week and there wouldn't have been any more fuss if matters hadn't got complicated by the arrival of a special dance night. And I had an appointment to meet Miss Heminway, too. There was no two ways of figuring for me—I just said to myself, "To hell with 'em"—and went to the dance.

The N. C. O. in charge of quarters reported me absent at taps. That was according as I thought it would be. The captain called me in the next morning, and gave me a choice of more and worse battery punishment or court martial. That was also according as I thought it would be. I was ready for the question. It looked as though this was a good chance to get off the blacklist where men couldn't get passes. The worst that could come of a court martial would have been a fine of five dollars or so and it was worth all of that to get off the blacklist. You see there's a rule in the Army that you can't be punished twice for the same

offence. But this time justice miscarried. I had, of course, figured on the judge advocate knowing his business and what a proper punishment would be. As it was I got tried, and reduced—made a *corporal.*

About some months after that something else happened to me for the first time in my life. Got drunk? No. Got married!

Without any foolishness about it, the girl and I decided on the step as suiting both of us. So at six o'clock one morning in King City, California, when we came to attention in front of a Justice of the Peace, she became Mrs. Archer. I had a month's furlough and we travelled down to New Orleans and across Texas to San Diego and all around—talk about your honeymoons!

Not every woman can be the wife of a soldier. You watch those that are happy and married and you'll see what I mean. In the first place, she can't get married to a furnished flat or a few square feet of ground, she's got to agree to marrying the map. There's one thing on her side, of course, that's meals. She doesn't have to figure on three squares a day for her husband. His Uncle is looking after that item. But on the other hand, she can't feel skittish about her old man not turning up. Supposing she's expecting him to show up at a certain time, and he doesn't. That's got to be right. If she thinks that he's off with some other girl or that he's forgotten all about the little wife, she's going to bust up the arrangement in no time and only make herself unhappy without cause—all the time he's

probably been detailed to guard or maybe taking care of a sick horse. Even if he is out with some other girl, that's all right, too. A soldier's got no way of telling where he's going to be and he's under no obligations to anybody to be anywhere. His wife's just got to get that straight at the start—if she does, she'll do.

There's another thing about a soldier's wife—she's got to be *sensible*. If she's taking in laundry and her husband is promoted she's got to either take in laundry with nobody else knowing it or she's got to do something else for a living. Of course, there's a few that will go on taking in laundry and say "to hell with you," and get away with it, but there's not many like that.

All in all, the ideal soldier's wife is one who can carry on her own campaign in any circumstances. She should be able to find something to do that's useful whether she's in Manila, Juneau, Portland, Key West, El Paso, or out on a prairie. Above all, she's got to understand that her husband's her husband even if he's out with other girls on the other side of the globe; and that she's his wife even if she goes out with other men when he's away—which is most of the time. And letter writing doesn't play a part; they've got to understand each other too well to need to write letters.

All this has been brought home to me when I see how well I and my wife have got along for almost twenty years now.

There was a long period in the life of the Army which came after the subduing of the Philippines and lasted until after 1914. It was the peace-time period, the

time of garrison life, when long trousers and blue were worn off-duty. During that time it seemed as though nobody enlisted in the Army and nobody left the Army. You stayed in one place until you knew every saloon-keeper and every girl by their first names; you stayed so long that you knew the shape and position of every brick in the sidewalks around the parade ground; you knew some men that had cut the same grass in front of the same officer's house for years—all they did was to cut grass and eat—you stayed until you rotted like the wooden posts at the gate of the reservation—and then suddenly you were transferred and started in the same process all over again. It was then that every man knew every other man by sight and by name, and all the officers by reputation. Colonel Jones might be coming to take charge of the Columbus, Ohio, post. "What do you know about Colonel Jones?" somebody'd ask at mess.

"Colonel Jones! He comin'? Say, you want to watch your face and don't let him see you needin' a shave—it's a hobby of his'n. Why, I knew Jones when he was a captain down in Laredo—when Tony came up to Saturday inspection with his chin as smooth as a baby's shoulder blade. Old Jones stops short and bellows, 'How dare you come to inspection without shaving! Two weeks' kitchen police.' While Tony was standing at attention and couldn't say nothin'."

Another man pipes up, "Jones! say—I saw him order a man horsewhipped at Dagupan. When he gets here you'll know it."

Or, "I was at Governor's Island when Jones refused to send the guard of honour for old Bullock. The Secretary of War ordered an investigation and Jones was court-martialled. General Adams preferred the charges. Jones went into the court and told them he'd see them in hell before he'd send a guard of honour for old Bullock. The Court acquitted him. . . ."

"But he knows more about materiel than any other spurs."

"Yes, he knows about materiel."

"He's there when it comes to takin' care of materiel."

"He's one of the best damn officers on materiel, but it don't do not to know him."

That was the way the conversation might run. Every man at the table had something to say about the Colonel. Every man had seen him and remembered him ever since he was a lieutenant—but every man had seen him in a different place. They could have carved the new colonel into a thousand little pieces, and they could pick up each little piece, and recognize it, and tell you a story about it. If they started out making him out a hell-roarer, they'd end up by praising him for something. It was the officers we couldn't say much about—the ones that had never done anything terrible to be remembered by—that we hated.

I said that nobody enlisted in and nobody left the Army. Of course, there were recruiting depots, but we never saw much of them. The soldier was not a boy—he was a man. He had lines in his face and maybe a bald spot. You could always tell him by his

walk—there was nothing slouchy or young and bouncy about it. He swung his arms sideways across his body, not forward and back. If he had been in the Islands and in Cuba, and had deep trenches of experience in his face instead of just lines, then he was a corporal or a sergeant. Not that he was an old man—he wasn't and never would be. He was just baked and hard and wise, and he'd never change a bit.

Because of skating around to China and Honduras and the hospitals and getting married, I didn't take up the life of the soldier that I've just been telling you about until my outfit settled in San Antone.

I had got so used to the Army that discipline didn't give me a thought any more than drawing your breath makes you stop and figure. I helped to make discipline and fitted into it, and then forgot about it. So instead of thinking that I didn't have time for anything except the army drills and inspections, I began to see that I had too much time. I began to think that it would be a good idea to go into business.

Mrs. Archer had already rented a dancing hall about a half a mile from the Post. It had been an Odd Fellows' Hall but they had left it, thinking the old shack wasn't worth painting and fixing up when they didn't have any money to do that with. So they rented it cheap. I got some paint, a little at a time; and evenings and Saturday afternoons a bunch of us used to go down there and paint. I promised all the men who helped me a season ticket to the hall; then, since more applied than I could use, I picked out the best six. It

wasn't any time at all when we had the old Odd Fellows' Hall looking like a palace. We rubbed candle grease into the floor and then polished it off with wool—and there it was! A sign was hung out in front:

THE PALACE

DANCING & REFRESHMENTS

But that wasn't what I was thinking of as business, because that was my wife's business. After the thing had got going and money was coming in pretty fast, I began to look around again for something to do.

Some speculator had set up a "figure-eight" rolley-coaster near the Post. There never was a rolley-coaster near a Post that hadn't made money. The men could put their arms around the girls and hold them from fall ing out. Up at the top of the course they'd have to hold tight—no wonder the old thing made money. Well, I said to myself, maybe there'd be a way to buy out the proprietor of that figure-eight. But first I decided to find out all about it. So I got a job as brakeman evenings. You know the fellow that sits at the end of the run and works a lever that lifts a curved board up for a brake on the car. The car comes along and runs up on the curved board so that its speed is broken. Everything was jake. I worked the lever for a month and stopped every car as it came along without missing one. Then one evening, it was Saturday night and the place was crowded. There wasn't any car that wasn't running. As quick as one was empty it was filled up

by people waiting and sent on around again. The fare was five cents the first ride, four cents the second, three cents the third, two cents for the fourth, and one cent for the fifth; then it started over again at five cents. That meant that most of them were paying fifteen cents and taking five rides. Finally around came some of the men that I knew. They had been around five times, and now they came hollerin' at me:

"Aw, don't put on the brake! Let her slide around again!"

I don't know what I was thinking of, but when they said that I said, "All right," and didn't put on the brake. She went charging around by the landing place. The girl selling tickets saw her whizz by and fainted. A car was slowly approaching the ladder chain, and the car I had let go by came swooping down on it like a cat might spring at a turtle. There was a crash, and then the two cars, with one piled halfway up on the other, hit the ladder chain and were jerked right up toward the sky with men and girls in both of them yelling and waving their arms. By some miracle the wheels kept the track all the way around—those two wrecks travelled just as nice as you please, taking the dips and the climbs, swooping and running. Down on the ground everybody was watching in terrible excitement. Women were fainting and men were running around hollering at each other. Somebody turned in a fire alarm. I waited at the lever, feeling like a fool, but not worried because it was too late for that to do any good. Around they came; and when they got

on the home stretch I pulled over the lever and brought them to a stop. When I went out the gate I met the fire engine coming in!

But anyway the Palace Dance Hall prospered, and there's many a man around somewhere now who will remember the place, and how he took his first lessons there, or bought pretzels for his partner at the cotillion.

I have said that we knew our officers. I have also said that to be a non-com you had to have years of experience and you had to have it engraved into your face and hands. The result was that most of the lieutenants were younger and knew nothing. The colonels were the old dogs—some of them had seen service in the Civil War. Those were the ones you had to hand it to. And there's many a young lieutenant I've showed the way out with the colonel. Listen.

Old Colonel Tully McCray was one of the best-known figures in the Army. He was heavy set and walked with trouble because he had been wounded in the Civil War. But nothing like a wound was going to stop him from being an active colonel and running the best-drilled outfit in the Army. Now, it happened that I was a member of his regiment and stationed at Fort Riley. There was also a young lieutenant named Adams. He didn't know a salvo from a volley, or a darn thing about army life (I mean what it really was in the Islands, etc.), but he was a good fellow. I'd seen him grab a horse that was kicking and hold his leg—most of the younger officers would have ordered one of us to do that. Adams was all right.

One day I was doing some paper work, checking up on the horse roster or something in the orderly room next to Colonel McCray's office. The windows of the rooms gave a good view of the parade ground. All of a sudden I heard the Colonel push back his chair and go thumping with the help of a cane over to the window. There was quiet for a minute, and then I heard a growl. Something was bothering the Old Man. He thumped over to the door into the orderly room and jerked it open, and said (I could see he was sore):

"Sergeant Archer, who is officer of the day?"

"Lieutenant Adams, sir."

"Yes?" he said. "Just ask Lieutenant Adams to step here." He pointed out the window with his cane, and I could see the lieutenant walking across the parade ground. Then the door slammed shut.

I sent the orderly out to get the officer of the day, and then began to do some tall thinking. The Old Man was a stickler on regulations and there wasn't one that he didn't know; in fact, he had helped to write the Artillery Drill Regulations. I knew him well enough so that when he growled like that it was a breach of regulations; if it had been a breach of discipline he wouldn't have growled, he would have barked. So that was that. Then Lieutenant Adams came into the room. I stood up but he said for me to sit down and go on with my work. As I turned away it suddenly struck me what was wrong, I said:

"I beg pardon, sir, there's a sabre in the corner," and I reached into a desk and pulled out some white gloves.

(The orderly rooms were all equipped in those days.) "And here's some gloves."

"Right again, Sergeant, right again." That was all he said, but it meant more'n if he said "thank you"—a soldier doesn't say "thanks"—he is supposed to show it, that's more.

The lieutenant buckled on the sabre and pulled on the white gloves and then knocked at the Old Man's door. When he went in, it wasn't far enough to close the door behind him, so I could see what was going on. He saluted and waited while the Old Man leaned on his cane and just looked at him.

"Did you send for me, sir?"—There was a long silence. Then—

"I did send for you, Adams, but the matter has slipped my mind. That will do." Of course, nobody was fool enough to think that the Old Man had forgotten anything; he'd have resigned as inefficient if he'd ever caught himself forgetting *anything*. There was something else back of it.

Lieutenant Adams saluted, shut the door, unbuckled the sabre, peeled off the white gloves, returned them to me, and left the building. He hadn't been gone two minutes when there was more thumping, the door was burst open again, and the Colonel ordered me to tell the officer of the day to report to him immediately.

So back he came, took down the sabre, buckled it on, pulled on the white gloves, and knocked at the Old Man's door.

"Did you send for me, sir?"

There was a longer silence than before. Then the Colonel's deepest slowest voice:

"I must be getting old, Mr. Adams. I did send for you. But just now I do not recall what it was I had to say to you. That will do."

The lieutenant saluted, shut the door, again unbuckled the sabre, peeled off the white gloves, returned them to me, and left the building. I was watching him go across the parade ground and I was thinking, "Now ain't that Lieutenant Adams for you! Goin' right out across the parade ground in front of the Old Man's window when most men'd have sneaked out of sight." This was interrupted by the door opening again. Colonel McCray said:

"Just step over to this window, Sergeant. Now tell me: Is the officer of the day wearing white gloves and a sabre or isn't he?"

I couldn't get around that question. I whirled it around as fast as I could, trying to find a loophole, but no use. I took a long careful look, but there was only one answer: "No, sir," I said, "it doesn't appear so."

He wheeled around without moving his cane, and then kind of smiled and said:

"That's where you are wrong, Archer. That's where you are wrong. He *is* wearing white gloves and a sabre."

"Yes, sir," I said. And I knew that he knew, and he knew that I knew. It was that sort of thing that made the Army the best in the world—*knowing*.

The second time that I was ever court-martialled was down in San Antone: the same place where I had gone in business on the "figure-eight." There was something about the Post there and the city so near to it that always made me want to go into business. This time it was the canteen that gave me my opportunity.

If you've ever had anything to do with one of the old army canteens you know that they used to buy provisions at wholesale prices and sell them at wholesale prices to the soldiers. That wasn't true of beer and luxuries—on those things they used to make enough profit to keep the establishment up; but the stuff that a soldier considered a necessity, such as cigars, or that he might need to raise his family on, such as sugar, was sold at wholesale and no profit.

There was one other important feature which made it possible for me to go into business. If the canteen had to do business for cash with each soldier, it could open up for the first three days or so after pay day and the rest of the time it might as well stay closed for all the selling it could do. So to even up business and to encourage the soldiers to buy at the canteen instead of wasting their change in the outside saloons and on storekeepers that take profit, they invented what was called a "canteen check." This check could be issued to a soldier and charged against his next month's pay. He could then buy with the full face value of the check although he didn't have any money. That was all right as far as it went, but after the plan got under way it worked too well. The stores in town advertised that

they would redeem canteen checks with cash at the rate of sixty cents for every dollar. The stores then got some soldier to use the checks they had bought at the canteen, and so the storekeepers bought provisions that cost a dollar wholesale for sixty cents. After a while it got so that men were drawing out their full amount of canteen checks and then cashing them for sixty cents just to raise money in a hurry. A soldier's always in need of ready cash.

A fellow named Lynch and a fellow named Beckabold and I got to thinking that if the stores could pay sixty cents we could pay seventy. Of course, the checks wouldn't be worth anything unless you bought stuff with them at the canteen, but that was easy—look what the stores had been doing—besides, since we were soldiers already it wouldn't be any trouble at all. So I figured it all out, and then said to Lynch and Beckabold:

"You buy the checks and leave it to me to get rid of the goods."

Those two men stood just around the corner of the canteen, and as soon as any men had drawn checks they just turned around and sold them to us. When they heard we were giving seventy cents they couldn't get around the corner to us quick enough. The first evening I bought sugar with the checks. It was my plan to carry the sugar right back to the wholesale house where it came from. It seems to me the name was Pfeifer's—and I could go right back to that place if I was in San Antone to-day. When Pfeifer's saw the

sugar coming back that they had sold to the canteen they thought they'd have to cough up the wholesale price and they were going to when I said that ninety cents on the dollar would be satisfactory. That made them feel pretty good. They had made ten per cent. without doing anything or without selling anything.

Business grew faster than anything I ever heard of. We weren't ready for such success. Why, it got so that in the first two weeks we bought more than seven hundred dollars' worth of canteen checks. Of course, you know it was one of the largest posts, but that was some money to pump out of soldiers, no matter how many there are. Every night I was busy handling sugar. We couldn't get any transportation without also getting trouble, so there was nothing for us but to lug those big sacks down to the warehouse on our backs. You'd have laughed to see us, but we were working too hard to laugh. It got so that we recognized the sacks. *They were the same ones over and over again!* Every morning Pfeifer's sent the sugar up to the canteen on their order, and every evening we carried it back on our backs, until I saw, and you see, that it couldn't go on for ever. In the first place, it was too hard. It doesn't pay a man, after working all day, to carry fifty-pound sacks of sugar all night. In the second place, it was too easy. When you're making money and everybody's making money so fast there's something wrong, it isn't natural. I'm not saying it isn't right, but it isn't natural. As for carrying all that sugar, I decided something must be done; we must

get something that was easier to handle. So I went down to the warehouse and I said:

"What is the dearest cigar that you have?"

He got out his catalogue and looked through it and then he said he had a good brand, the dearest on the list, for fifteen cents! Don't forget that that was back about 1908, and that the firm was wholesale, and that it was down in Texas, so fifteen cents was pretty dear. But that didn't suit me, so I said, "That ain't dear enough. You get something expensive, or else mark these up to fifty cents. Now you do that and I'll see that the canteen orders them." Pfeifer said he'd fix me up with a fifty-cent cigar all right if that was what I wanted, and he gave me a name on a piece of paper.

That night I found the chaplain in the back of the canteen, I showed him the name of the cigar on a piece of paper, and told him to order me two hundred of them. His hand went up with the palm toward me and he shook it, saying, "What's the joke, Sergeant? What's the joke?"

"That's no joke, chaplain," I said. "I want two hundred of those cigars and none other kind'll do me. Yes, sir, I've got the checks for them." And then I hauled out a hundred dollars' worth of checks and handed them over. After that we were carrying cigars every night, but come a Saturday or some good business night and we had too much to carry even with cigars. I got the firm to give fewer and raise the price of the cigars, so we only had a few boxes that tied together in a nice bundle after that.

Well, you wouldn't believe it but it wasn't long before we got tired of carrying the few boxes; so I hit on a plan that made me feel like a fool to think that it hadn't struck me before. Instead of asking the warehouse to send up goods in the morning and expect to have me bring them back in the evening, I got them just to send up a written order that represented the goods. This order could be for sugar, or cigars, or toothbrushes, or pig-iron—it didn't matter a bit what it was, because all that would happen would be that the canteen would pay the warehouse and the warehouse would pay me. But, as I said, it was too easy; everybody was making money—somebody must be losing it. The man who was losing was the soldier who sold his canteen checks, and that was his choice—so there you are.

Now let me tell you something about Chaplain Boynton, who was in charge of the canteen. The chaplains of the Army always had the canteens in charge; I suppose it was because they had nothing else at all to do. When our business operations started, the chaplain found that his canteen sales jumped 'way up. His books showed that he was selling three or four times more than anybody had ever sold before in that canteen. The way we were working it almost all the money of all the payrolls of the whole post was going through the canteen. The men were still spending it outside, but first they had to spend it through me at the canteen; it's a funny thing the way things work sometimes. But the chaplain wasn't kicking. It was just useless for Lynch or Beckabold or me to kid our-

selves into thinking that Boynton didn't know all about it—of course he knew. He was an old fox but he wasn't any fool. We knew he knew when he said one day that he had an old double-barrelled shotgun that he wanted to sell. I didn't want to buy his blunderbuss but he gave me to understand that I better buy it or the cat would be let to get out of the bag. Say, he was an old robber, and clever—the old devil—me to buy an old gun like that! But I bought it, there wasn't any hurt in doing that, the only hurt was in handing over good cash for it

Now you can judge those army chaplains, but you tell me, where'd they get their money? Why, the first thing we knew Lieutenant Boynton was buying an auto for himself. You will ask how that could worry me or Lynch or Beckabold. It worried us enough, because at the same time that he was buying his auto he wanted to sell his gosh-darned buggy. I told Beckabold we'd have to buy the buggy; it was better to do that than to try to worry how to get out of buying it. So we did.

We took that buggy and shined it all up. We washed the red wheels, and brushed the blue crash cushions, and shined the nickel plate on the lamps, and cleaned all the leather parts with linseed oil. It was slick looking and it had rubber tires into the bargain. Beckabold and I said, "Let's go for a ride out through the city." So we went around to see the stable sergeant and got him to lend us the most stylish horse he had. Jamieson was the sergeant. I remember him—good-

natured old fellow, always glad to help you out when you really wanted something, but always ready to show you up when you got to asking foolish questions, as, for instance, would he lend a stylish horse? He certainly would, he said, give us the King's Prize. We hitched up and got in. Then I happened to think of something and said, "Wait a minute, hold on there." And I went into the mess sergeant and borrowed a nice big jar of baked beans. My wife liked baked beans the way they were cooked in the Army, and since we were going that way I thought I'd take her some. It was Saturday afternoon and the Post was almost deserted, but when we were perched up in that buggy we felt so proud it was decided to take a turn around the parade ground.

Now it's one thing to handle six horses on a gun where there are certain things to do at certain times. A man can learn how to handle battery horses, but it's another thing to handle a stylish horse hitched to a buggy. We started off feeling very high up in the world. Faster and faster we went; that horse hitched to a light buggy just didn't think he had anything at all to pull, and so he stretched his legs. Faster and faster, until the horse's tail stuck straight out behind and the road underneath was just a streak and the parade ground was whirling like a roulette wheel. Suddenly—you know the way a horse will move when he's taken a notion and he don't want you to have time to argue—suddenly that racing horseflesh jumped sharp off to the left! He was making for the picket line by the stables.

But the buggy, with us in it, wasn't quick enough to agree to the new direction and just keeled over before you could have shaken a stick at it. The bed of the buggy and the whole top came off—and the horse went dashing down on to the picket line with the wheels and shafts. He struck the picket line with only the collar and one shaft dangling to him. The horses of the Third Cavalry, that had been half asleep, were thrown into a panic, and the guard had to be turned out. When Beckabold picked himself up he was covered with baked beans over his blue uniform and dripping from his ears. That was the first thing that went wrong with the canteen affair.

The next thing was the Retail Merchants' Association of San Antone. They got ahold of my name—they missed Lynch and Beckabold but somehow they got my name—and sent it up to Colonel S—— with a report about what they thought was going on. It happened that Colonel S—— was going to be promoted and he didn't want to get in wrong anywhere, especially with the Retail Merchants' Association, which could make a report to Washington as easily as it could report to the Colonel. So Colonel S—— prepared charges against me and ordered them preferred.

The first I heard of that was when an orderly looked me up and said, "You're wanted at headquarters." I asked him what was up, and he said that he thought they were going to put me under arrest. I did some thinking at double time. It was clear what was up, and I had sixty-five dollars' worth of those canteen

checks on me. Then I told the orderly to forget for half an hour that he'd seen me—he could still be looking for me that long. I beat it down to the canteen and told Boynton to sell me sixty-five dollars' worth of anything quick, but something which he didn't have in stock. I knew it was going to hit him pretty quick but he didn't stand to lose anything but his job, and he ought to lose that. He made out an order and I took it down to my wife who went to the warehouse while I was getting arrested. I said to myself, "There's others ought to be in this with me but I'm going to take this by myself."

The Court asked me the question straight: "Have you been buying canteen checks?" I said, "Yes." Next came the question I was waiting for and that I had looked up before coming to court: "Don't you know that's against the Regulations?'

I said: "No, sir, I did not know that it's against the Regulations, and I do not know it yet. Show me where the Regulations say anything about it."

Well, they couldn't find a period or a comma in the Regulations which said anything about buying canteen checks. The only thing that was said was that the checks were non-transferable but that was up to the canteen if they took them from me. It was just as though a man had bought a sack of tobacco for ten cents and sold it to me for five.

Do you know, they carried that affair right up to the Secretary of War. It was one of the most important trials of the year. The findings of the Court went up

with an endorsement by Colonel S—— that he had not investigated fully when he preferred charges. Washington sent back orders for my release and told S—— to investigate more fully. I don't hold it against S——, who's a general now. There was something ought to have been done about it, only they got the wrong man.

Life in the Army wouldn't have been worth living for the Old-Timers if there hadn't been things to fuss about and to fuss with. They were always trying to stir up something that didn't have to do with cutting grass. For instance, the fuss that was made over Taft's visit to Diaz on the Rio Grande in 1911 was something awful. Taft hadn't been seen by most of us since he sat on the porch of the governor's palace in Manila, fanning himself with a palm-leaf fan and telling us about our "little brown brothers." Gosh! Don't get me started on those "little brown brothers" again.

The stunt they fixed up for going to El Paso was to see how quick we could get there from San Antone. Three batteries fully equipped, drivers on the horses, cannoneers on the carriages, drove through the streets of San Antone to the freight yards. The command was given to "dismount, unhitch, entrain." In forty-five minutes the pieces and caissons were nested and blocked on flat cars and the drivers and cannoneers were rolling Bull Durham in the coaches. One train after another poured out of San Antone and into El Paso. There the command was given to do the opposite and in thirty minutes from the time we left the plush seats we were driving up through the streets of

El Paso. We escorted the President around and then went back the same way we came—only quicker.

The newspapers had pictures and articles about that stunt, and from the way they talked I believe the country never knew until then that there was such a thing as artillery. The country didn't know *anything* about the Army in those days, but the Army knew *all* about itself. It was just like one big family that understood each other perfectly but that liked to have little squabbles now and then. Because that family was scattered all over the world didn't make any difference, it swopped places all the time, so that every soldier who had been in any decent time knew all the barracks and posts pretty well. With transfers going on all the time there was a sort of inside line of communications that gave us the news of officers and outfits and courts-martial that were going on everywhere. For instance, when we were stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas, we knew all about the caper that was cut by "Spike" Hennessy—captain, he was then—down at Fort Myer, Virginia.

There was a riding hall down in Fort Myer that was used for indoor reviews, horse shows, and official pageants for the pleasure of the diplomats in Washington. This time there were some Japanese government officials that they were going to hold a review for. Hennessy got orders to polish up his battery, mount it with full equipment, and take it around the riding hall at a walk, at a trot, and at a gallop. He was then supposed to unlimber and fire a salute of four ounces of

blank powder—that was enough to give a pop and a puff of smoke. But Hennessy wasn't in command of a battery for nothing; he figured that he would make a name for himself by pulling off a stunt that would be remembered by everybody present. People would be saying, "Who is that captain that can do such wonderful things?" They said, "Who's that captain?" all right—just listen to this:

Hennessy, instead of loading his guns with four ounces of powder loaded them with many more ounces and wadded it down solid. That wasn't enough, so he attached lanyards to the firing pin and carried the lanyards forward to the cantles of his wheel drivers' saddles. Instructions to his drivers were to work up into a full gallop and then as each gun passed the Jap diplomats the wheel driver was to reach back and yank the lanyard. After each gun had fired in its turn it was to leave the riding hall still at a full gallop. "That'll show them the way we do things," said Hennessy.

Things started off in great shape. The diplomats in top hats and long black coats were in their seats, and so was a whole gallery of ladies in silk dresses, and officers of all nations in gold braid and swords. The battery came stalking into the hall—Hennessy riding a big horse at the head of it. Everything was pretty quiet because a diplomatic audience doesn't make much noise; they never yell, but only bow and smile and salute, and the ladies fan themselves and smile. The band stopped playing and everybody was thinking of only one thing: the battery that was wheeling slowly

around the track. There was a sharp blow on a whistle, the harness jangled, and the battery started to trot in perfect formation. After a little while came another whistle, the drivers squeezed their legs together and laid their whips across the horses—laid them, not whipped them—and the horses stretched themselves out into a slow gallop. This speed gradually increased. A few minutes and the battery was whirling around at a terrific rate. They couldn't keep their distance. At full run one team'll always overhaul another; they can only go the speed of the slowest horse and no matter how hard you try to match up the slowest horses their speeds are always different. At a walk or a trot the slowest horse doesn't matter because he can always work just a little harder and keep up with the rate that is intended. But Hennessy's battery had gotten all bunched up in no time when it went into the full gallop. It was too late to help that.

The Captain gave another whistle; the wheel drivers reached back and grabbed the lanyard; the first piece was just in front of the Japs when the driver gave a yank—there was a roar and a cloud of smoke. About ten things happened at once. The gun had fired right into the face of the team coming up behind so that it drove the horses crazy; the shock had caused the other three drivers who were holding lanyards to fire, and there was hell let loose. It was as though the building had been blown up. All the windows crashed down, the smoke filled the whole place, and out of it came the shrieks of women—all those who had not fainted; out

of it also came the sounds of horses gone mad—plunging and rearing. The first team made for the exit but upset, and the others piled up on top! There was one awful mess; men and horses piled up together with broken legs and things—but the Jap officials went back with something to remember. The affair gave the mess tables from Nome to St. Augustine something to talk about.

When we heard about Hennessy's salute, as it was called, I told the other men about seeing him out in Luzon at the time he was a lieutenant commanding a mountain battery. The mountain guns had just been invented. They were little howitzers that came apart so that the wheels could be strapped on one mule and the gun on another mule. The mules could go trotting around in the wilds and over the mountains and still take a neat piece of artillery at a good pace. Spike Hennessy as usual thought he knew better than anybody else how to manage the gun. Instead of taking all the time necessary to unstrap the different parts from the mule and screw the gun together he said, "I'll shoot this gun from the back of the mule and let the wheels go to the devil." So he fixed up a carriage that would fit on the mule's back and allow the gun to be pointed up or down for range. The first time he shot it was also the last time. There was an observation party off on a spur of a mountain; they were all fixed and looking for a shot to fall down by a certain target. Hennessy was shooting in the regular way until he got tired, and then he said, "Let's try the mule." So

without sending any message to the observation party he hoisted one of the guns up on to the special carriage, and backing the mule around into position, he said, "Fire!"

Just as the cannoneer jerked the lanyard the mule caught sight of a clump of delicious grass and turned suddenly to chew it. The gun went off and the shot landed about fifty feet from the observation party and threw dirt in their thunderstruck faces. There was the usual investigation and the Government was handed another big basket of laundry.

There are some dumb animals that aren't so dumb as men; and there are other animals that you can feel an affection for just like for people. You remember what I said about Putnam in the Islands and in China, and how he pulled the gun up a bank by himself and so helped to capture the city of Pekin. There was a horse for you! He was afterward named "Pekin" in honour of what he had done. When Pekin was brought back to the Islands he was left there for the rest of his life. In 1908 Captain McCloskey of the Fourth Field Artillery, who had once been in the Fifth and who knew Pekin, wrote the history of the horse:

JOLO, JOLO, P. I.,
*October 13, 1907.*

I certify that one horse now in Battery "F," Fifth Field Artillery, named Putnam (and commonly called Pekin), was assigned to the Yale Light Battery of Niantic, Conn., in 1898; that on the muster out of the battery he was transferred to the Quartermaster at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., where in September, 1898, he was assigned to

Reilly's Light Battery "F," Fifth Field Artillery; that he was brought to Manila in April and was in the fights around Imus Bacoor in October, 1899, through Colonel Schwan's expedition through Cavote Province in October and November, 1899; was taken to China in July, 1900; was in the battle of Pei Tsang, Yang Tsun, and other engagements of the Allied Forces during the march to rescue the legations. (While drawing a gun into position on a light, steep elevation at 3200 yards from the S. E. corner of the Tartar City of Pekin, the trace broke behind the swing horse in front of Putnam and he drew his side of the gun up the hill alone.)

He was brought back from China in May, 1901, and transferred to the Fifteenth Battery at Pasay, since which time I have not seen him until in Battery "F," Fifth Field Artillery, at Ft. Wm. McKinley on Aug. 3rd, 1907.

MANUS MCCLOSKEY,
*Captain Field Artillery.*

This extraordinary history was sent up through channels by Colonel Brown, who recommended that the horse be retired. It was the only case of its kind:

HEADQUARTERS FIFTH FIELD ARTILLERY.
FORT WM. MCKINLEY, RIZAL, P. I.
*June 17, 1908.*

Adjutant General,
Philippine Division,
Manila, P. I.

(Through Military Channels)

SIR:

I have the honor to enclose herewith military history of the horse "Putnam" of Battery "F," Fifth Field Artillery, certified to by Captain McCloskey, Fourth Field Artillery. The services of this horse have been very unusual and important. The animal distinguished himself in battle at the capture of Pekin, performing the work of three horses at a critical moment when the guns of Light Battery "F," (Reilly's) Fifth Artillery, were coming into action.

The animal is now old and unable to properly perform his duty.

He is very large and handsome and is a great pet in the battery. Under ordinary circumstances such a horse should be condemned; but on account of his distinguished services he should be retained in service as long as he lives, very light work only being required of him. He is entitled to more than this, however, and it is therefore requested that authority be granted not only to continue "Putnam", in service, in some Field Artillery Battery serving here in the Philippines, but that he be allowed to turn out on occasions of ceremony, in rear of his battery, led by one of our men.

Very respectfully,

E. T. Brown,
*Colonel, Fifth Field Artillery,*
*Commanding.*

There wasn't a man or an officer who hadn't heard of that horse, and no request for retirement ever went up faster or came back faster with every endorsement gladly given. The first endorsement was by Pershing:

First Endorsement.

Headquarters
Fort William McKinley, Rizal, P. I.
*June 21, 1908.*

Respectfully forward to the Adjutant General, Department of Luzon.

The recommendations contained in this letter are entirely approved.

This horse deserves the consideration that should be shown faithful service, and has earned the right to live to the end of his natural life at the expense of the Government.

John J. Pershing,
*Brigadier General, U. S. A.*
*Commanding.*

After a few more endorsements, the story and the request for retirement got up to Washington and there

the Adjutant General, and the Quartermaster General, and the Assistant Quartermaster General, and the Deputy Quartermaster General, and the Chief Quartermaster, and the Secretary of War approved it. After that, forage was ordered for him until such time as he should die. There was a horse that was a creator of morale and an ornament to the service! When he died at the age of twenty, instead of being cremated he was given a military burial on a hill just outside Fort McKinley, in the Islands.

I knew another horse at Fort Riley that was better than lots of men. He could run errands and run them right. His name was Duke. Old Duke hadn't captured any cities like Pekin but he had seen service, and he knew the zing of a Spanish bullet and the crack of a Spanish shell as well as he knew the captain's whistle on the drill field. The bugle calls he knew more about than me; I think he could have blown the bugle himself if he'd had the chance. Let them blow "boots and saddles" and watch his ears go up; but let them blow "church call" and he never batted an eye. Duke was regarded in the United States like Pekin was regarded in the Islands. When he got old, instead of retiring him from active service he was given "light duty." It was like one of these old gentlemen that can't bear to give up work wholly but has to let the younger fellows do most of it while he keeps a hand in and an eye out to see that things run the way they ought. When I last saw Duke he was running errands for the quartermaster at Fort Riley. He had one of

these two-wheeled army carts hitched to him. The sergeant would write on a slip of paper the number of loaves he needed—just the number, forty or fifty or whatever it was. He'd stick that in Duke's harness, give the old boy a slap with "Be off wi' ye," and away went Duke to the bakery. At the bakeshop he'd wait until the bread was loaded and when he got his slap and a "G'long!" he'd go back. His next trip would be to the supply officer for canned goods and then to the butcher's for meat. Nobody ever went with him or told him where to go—he *knew*.

# CHAPTER XI

WHEN the biggest changes come in your life, you don't recognize them. You don't see ahead. You don't say, "Here, now. This is the last time in all my life I'll ever do this thing that I've been doing for years and years; this is the last time I'm going to see these friends that I've always known." No, sir. You say, "Well, now. I'm going to stop doing this for just a little while, but 'twon't be long before I'm back adoin' it again." It's lucky life is that way. Otherwise—well, otherwise, there'd be no hope left.

We were together (Battery C of the Third) out at Fort Sam Houston, in 1916. The war in Europe had worn on, but the Regular Army of the United States was just as unaffected in its life as if a couple of tribes in Africa were fighting. We talked about it just like we talked about everything that came along as a subject of conversation. Some people and some officers admitted that the United States might have to fight Germany, but admitting it wasn't changing matters. The grass in front of the old red-brick house occupied by the commanding officer had to be cut just the same, and that was just as important as ever—back in 1916. We worried about Mexico, and, oh, yes, we worried about the war in Europe preventing us from getting

that panoramic sight with a crack across the glass on piece number three replaced. Panoramic sights were scarce, and it was a matter of deep concern, because they were made in Germany. And then came all that darn excitement about Mexico.

The prospect of war with Mexico was all right. Every non-commissioned officer and most of the privates knew exactly what to say and what to do about it. Those soldiers that had enlisted since the Army had seen any activity in the tropics had been so trained and so talked to that they could handle themselves on the subject as well as the rest. War with Mexico! It was to be a guerrilla war, a long war, a treacherous war, a hot war, but a war true to form and one that just suited us with our equipment, tactics, and experience. The Army would be brought together again. Platoons that were stationed around would be called together into their batteries, and batteries into their battalions. We would see the other parts of the units that we had heard so much about.

Then somebody said, "How about the Militia?" The Militia would be called out. That unorganized, incomplete, unequipped political octopus, the Militia, would have to play a part. But we thought it would just play around the side yards and in the background, occupying the railroad trains, and the newspapers, and getting people excited, and occupying space, of which there is plenty along the Rio Grande. Nobody would notice the Army but everybody would notice the Militia. But the Army would be the first across the

river, and it would be a war for us to handle long before the Militia got organized and long after the Militia had been mustered out and gone home. I don't mean that the Army was stuck-up—that's not the point—but I do mean that there was a situation like that; it was the state of affairs of the Militia.

The first thing we expected was to see orders issued for all men detailed as instructors at armouries or military schools ordered back to their outfits. Every day we looked for the scattered men to turn up and report to the Adjutant for duty in their regular places. The opposite happened.

The last of the Old Army Messes was being held.

"If Wilson'll declare war this month, how's he goin' to get the Sixth back from the Islands in time to support Funston if he moves on Jimenez? He ought to be sending orders out there. What do you suppose's ailin' him! Why, Wilson don't know nothin' about what'll have to be done down there. . . ."

"Hell, man, you don't know what you're talkin' about. All the way to Jimenez's railroad. We can occupy that in forty-eight hours. That ain't where we'll have to *strike*. The *strikin'* 's got to be done south from Nogales. Cut off old Villa as he comes down from the hills. . . ."

"Yes'n can't you see the crow-baits in the sixth and seventh sections makin' it across from Cananea to Arizpe where there ain't no water for three days marchin'? I've seen it done, but not that way. . . . ."

"Bullard can do it. He's got his outfit fixed for

desert work. He made 'em a speech one day and told 'em they've got to be the Camel Regiment—meanin' Mexico. . . ."

The conversations sounded like that. Criticizing, suggesting, declaring. Each man knew what ought to be done and how to do it. Each soldier knew where the outfits were that ought to do it. And the officers that could or couldn't. And the horses; and the equipment; and the ground. It wasn't just crazy thinking, either—it was all good straight thinking, with now and then some scrapping over minor points. But, by the gods, one day I got my orders to draw commutation of rations and travel pay and report to the commanding officer, Tenth F.A.N.G. of Connecticut, at Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania. I said so-long to the outfit—and it has been so-long ever since. There isn't the old outfit to go back to now, anyway.

It happened that this particular National Guard battalion was very peculiar. And the camp at Tobyhanna in that summer of 1916 was the most peculiar camp of artillery that was ever seen or heard of. It was the National Guard of Connecticut all right, but it was composed entirely of undergraduates of Yale University.

I say "entirely," but there was one private who was a professor of English literature. Reed was his name. He was a bald-headed, middle-aged professor just bristling with patriotism; there wasn't any real reason for his enlisting except that you couldn't hold a man like that down. He'd bust if he couldn't fight, when

there was war. He was one of the hardest-working privates I've ever seen. In order to keep up with the youngsters he had to work twice as hard as they did, because reading books and talking about Shakespeare ain't exactly like swinging the trail of a piece that weighs about a ton, or holding in a cranky horse what's taken the bit in his teeth. Say, it was beautiful to see Sergeant Forbes or some young fellow that had sat in the classroom of this professor, trembling at his words, maybe, hollering at him now: "*Reed*—do this. *Reed*—do that. Oh, *Reed*—give a hand with this here case of beans." You'll have to hand it to that professor. We all did at Tobyhanna. Pretty soon they made him sergeant-major of the battalion, and he was happier, outside of feeling that maybe he wasn't doing all his share.

Here was a battalion of *boys*. Not a wrinkle; not a bald spot; not a moustache that was bigger than Charlie Chaplin's—why, Lord, some of the old army moustaches were drooping and stained with tobacco juice before these boys were born. There were some sergeants and I don't know how many privates in that outfit that shaved only about every three days; and you could see those troops down around the washing board on *Friday* evening shaving for Saturday inspection!

There were boys in that camp who were drawing their fifteen dollars per month whose private income was worth more than that per minute. Here was a Gould with a horse's leg up on his thigh cleaning out the

dirt around the frog; there was Private Rockefeller loading an ash-can and swearing at the mule to stand still long enough; inspecting the guard there at 2 A.M. in the rain was Corporal Harriman. There was an outfit for you! The adjutant was Hiram Bingham; but most of the officers were from West Point, and there were two or three old-time sergeants just to keep the nomenclature straight.

Who should I see was a captain in the National Guard and assigned to one of these Yale batteries but Onorio Moretti! Him of all men! The last time I saw him was out at Fort Sill where he was master mechanic. He was a straight, fierce Italian, with high cheekbones and very dark skin, and eyes like a couple of flames from a welding torch. Moretti's only school was the Army; his grammar I ain't a-judgin'; but his speech was like you'd expect when an Italian talks English. And *that* was the man who was commanding the college boys. I never saw anywhere the like of the discipline that there was in Moretti's battery. He pretty soon had those boys marching so that officers down from West Point to review said they never saw finer marching in the Cadet Corps. There was stepping around for the Italian captain.

Drilling, drilling, drilling, at Tobyhanna. Why, those boys learned in three months what I've seen men take ten years to learn. There is a command in the artillery called "*Prepare for Action.*" When that is given the idea is to unlimber the piece, put her in position, unlock the trail box, take out the panoramic

sight and the quadrant and adjust them, take off the breech and muzzle covers, raise the shield, fasten on the trail handle—in fact, do *everything* that you can do to a gun. Now I'm going to tell you something, and if it isn't true you can strike me dead this minute, but I've held a stop watch on one of Moretti's gun crews, and from the time the command was given to the time the cannoneers were at their posts was exactly eleven seconds, and no more! The work of that command is all undone and everything is put away with "*March Order*." Well, that took them six seconds. Show me where in the Army that speed was ever equalled before or ever will be again—you can't show me.

Don't get the notion that those fellows went around talking Latin when a horse stepped on one of their feet, and don't think that they quoted poetry to the cook when the hash wasn't salted. There was some of the most beautiful swearing at Tobyhanna that I'd ever heard. You ought to have heard, not the Latin, but the "French" spoken straight from the shoulder to the horses. And the blank verse for the benefit of the cook. The swearing wasn't heavy and slow and coarse—it was quick and always suited the situation. *Fluent* cussing—that was it—you ought to have heard it. I used some of it in the late war myself.

It got so that the reputation of this crack battalion leaked out from the rocky, God-forsaken old hilltop and army men began to visit Tobyhanna. Along came Leonard Wood to watch target practice and to inspect the horses.

Here was a bunch of horses that just screamed out of their graves. They had lived too long or got too sick, so the farmers had sold them to the Government and bought two able-bodied horses with the price of each. One crow-bait especially was the joke of the camp. Her name was Lulu. Well, Lulu just looked as shabby as a rat after the dog has finished with him. Her hair was mostly gone, and her bones just pushed out her hide in every direction, as though a moth-eaten tent was thrown around a bundle of big jackstraws—that was Lulu. When they heard that General Wood was coming the boys cut off Lulu's tail to resemble a bob-tailed polo pony, and they took what few locks of her mane remained and tied them together with ribbons. You never saw such a sight as that horse standing there waiting for the General's eye to light on her.

"That horse ought to be condemned, General," said one of the accompanying officers.

"What, that horse?" said Wood, and he looked kind of critical at Lulu. Then out comes his pocket handkerchief, and taking it by the diagonal in both hands, over he goes to Lulu, and begins to measure between the bones. Pretty soon he straightened up, satisfied.

"That horse is standard. Look at his [and it was a her!] dimensions," and he holds up the handkerchief for everybody to see Lulu's dimensions. "The trouble with that horse and all these horses is that they are standing on rocks in their stalls."

Now General Wood knew better than to talk that way about Lulu; he knew that horse wasn't worth the hay she ate—it didn't take any pocket handkerchief to see that. And he oughtn't to have talked that way about the rocks. Why, Tobyhanna was *all* rock, nothing else there but rocks.

Moretti wasn't stopped. The General hadn't passed the head of the battery street for two seconds before out came the whistle and Moretti blew a terrible blast. He was mad. He ordered every man, even the cooks and orderlies, to turn out with every pick and crowbar in Tobyhanna, and he started excavating the top of the mountain that lay under the feet of his horses. There was no supper for the battery that evening until hours after dark, for they were working. The boys pulled some boulders up out of the ground that were as big as limousines. Ropes had to be fastened around them and a four-animal team of horses used to pull them out. Were these stones left lying around? No, sir, not if Moretti knew it. Long after the horses had stepped back into their nice soft stalls the boys were building an enormous stone wall back off the picket line. Moretti proved he could move mountains with his battery of college men.

An ordinary outfit won't worry about whether it's going to be sent here or there. They have things to think about without doing another man's work. They know that they'll go wherever it is to be without arguing about it. But the Tenth F. A. N. G., toward the end of the summer, was in a terrible stew over whether it

was to go to the Border or not. Every private had something to say on the subject. Other National Guard outfits were moving toward the Border; it was time for them to be deciding whether they would go. None of 'em stopped to think that maybe the War Department would have a few suggestions to make along that line.

Most of them wanted to go but some of them didn't. Some said, of course, they got to go or be the laughing stock of the country. Others said the war with Mexico hadn't come, this was their last year at college, there was no call to run away from college—they'd ought to get back for classes on September 28th. There was lots of feeling on the subject, until finally a mass meeting was called. Then did an officer or a sergeant get up and control the meeting? No, the Chairman of the *News* (the college paper) did it—they were college boys again. After all evening of arguing and yelling the question was put to a vote:

"Shall the Tenth Field Artillery go to the Border? Yes or No?"

The vote was carried overwhelmingly in favour of going to the Border. It was all decided. The next day a telegram came from Washington signed by the Adjutant General of the Army. In ten words Tenth F. A. N. G. was ordered to entrain for Niantic, Connecticut, to be mustered out of service. It was past the middle of September and there was just time to get them back to classes. The quickest, best-trained battery that ever pulled a lanyard just vanished—it

was gone. It left me high and dry counting spurs and cantle straps and tent pins at Tobyhanna.

Seven months after Moretti's boys had forgot the Rio Grande came the war, and nine out of ten of the privates, corporals, and sergeants of the Tenth got commissions.

During the seven months between Tobyhanna and April, 1917, I was in a position that I never thought to see a soldier in. Somebody had said, "Now isn't this a downright shame to have all these fine boys and these fine batteries at Tobyhanna and then have it all come to nothing! Let's keep it up at college." So they did. The War Department detailed most of the same instructors down to New Haven, and that let me in. I was billeted in the city. Would you call it city life? Or would you call it college life? 'Twasn't army life, you and I know that.

Probably that was my luckiest billet, if you'd call it *luck*. I've always had my fair measure, but what I say is that *any* man can have the same "luck" as has come to me in my life if he'll use common sense. Wherever he is or whatever he's doing, let him size up the situation: "This and that is true; now here is what I ought to do about it." That sentence works for every situation; try it and you'll see what I mean

And this is what it was at New Haven. I said to myself: "Here, now, it has been proved to me that a student can be a soldier, and so I'm agoin' to prove to them that a soldier can be a student."

At the same time I was drawing more pay than

a major. I was on the payroll of the college because they paid the army instructors out of a fund for the purpose; I was also registered at Hartford on active duty with the National Guard of Connecticut; in addition, the Government hadn't stopped paying its soldiers—that's three—and on top of it I was drawing commutation of rations and commutation of quarters, and a fogey. The fogey is a reënlistment bonus and my fogey had grown up bigger than the regular pay, even if it did only date back to 1903 instead of to 1894, as it could have.

The college men got together their extra furniture and rugs for me so that I could have furnished five houses if I had them. And there I was—with an income, the missus, and—Colonel. I forgot to tell you about Colonel—he's jumping on me now, reminding me—"Down, Colonel, down, sir, I'm a-writing about you."

Colonel was bought by me before I saw him. There was a man on the transport, *Buena Ventura*, coming back from Vera Cruz that used to tell about this great litter of collies that he was going to have. He said, "Now, here's a proposition. These puppies are going to be worth ten dollars apiece, after they're born. If you'll gamble on them *before* they're born you can pay only five dollars. Then take what you get, male or female. I'm only guaranteeing that it's a dog, and a highbred collie."

"Fair enough," said I. "Here's your five."

If that dog had turned out to be a bitch, I'd have given it away and kissed the five good-bye; but this

time it was luck. No amount of planning on my part could have changed matters.

Colonel came just two days before we landed at Galveston. Do you ask how I took him along? Well, what would you have done? Put him in your pocket, of course; and you'd have probably fed him with a medicine dropper, too. Since then Colonel and I have never been separated except when I was in France, and he was back here taking care of my sister at Duck Creek during that time.

In France! Not down among the cactus on the Rio Grande, but—in France! With the biggest army and the biggest war ever thought of. Through the training camps, at Devens and Sherman, across the Atlantic, Liverpool and Winchester rest billets; you know the story of those goings on as well as I do. But just pass around all that rush and confusion and meet me down in a little quiet town in Brittany, called Lohéac.

It never saw an American soldier before we arrived. It was eight miles off the railroad and we came marching down into that clump of stone walls and narrow streets on an awful hot day. I was captain this time, but the battery hadn't seen its horses or guns, so we just marched in on foot and halted in the central square.

"Here, Lieutenant"—he was a young fellow with education and some words of French—"let's get something to lay this damn thirst while we're waiting for billets." We went into a corner saloon called "Bouchoir" or something like that.

"Water? Sure, and what's their drinks—any pop?"

"*Seedre?*"

"Cider—*fine*, say, for a hot man there's nothing better than cider. Bring on a pitcher!" I showed him how big to make the pitcher by holding my hand about two feet above the table. So they brought it on. It was all foamy on top but that didn't strike me particular. In about three minutes the lieutenant and I had fixed that terrific pitcher so that you could turn it upside down and not spill a drop. Now it wasn't any fault of mine but that darn French language, that takes a good word like "cider," calls it *seedre*, and applies it to booze that'll knock you cold. The minute I jumped up to go back to the battery I knew there was a wrong move had been made. That whole room was just going round and round like a pinwheel. The door out into the open wouldn't keep still long enough or stop tipping for me to make it. By the gods, the first sergeant had to take charge of the billeting

That's something I don't like to remember—it don't go well with me to get fooled like that. And how those old Frenchwomen did stare to see an American captain suddenly come down the road, demand a pitcher of *seedre*, and go reeling around in the nearest saloon. I can see their faces yet peering at me from above and below and each side. You take this as a warning: *seedre* is *seedre*, and it isn't cider, commonly known.

The training areas in France were all that part of France which was not occupied by the fighting. So the word might mean a big camp like Coetquidan,

swarming with troops, bustling with activity, noisy with target practice, or it might mean a quiet lovely little village like Lohéac, where a single battery was hidden away in the lap of the French peasants.

Not having any guns, we used to use up time by hiking. There was a very pretty little ridge of hills behind the town. We used to hike up there and then let on we were attacking the country. Where would you place this gun? And where would you place that gun? But the enemy have a lookout on that there rise. What's the range to that church steeple? Make-believe stuff; nothing but hands and eyes at that time to get us ready, while the great German advance of July was rolling on Paris. We might just as well have been a bunch of Cooks' tourists studying botany in Brittany, and I might as well have been Mr. Cook.

Well, it was on one of those hikes that we came across a long avenue of trees. It was right in the middle of pretty wild woods, but here was a straight avenue with a double row of straight pines on each side. You never see anything like it outside of Europe. We swung down this aisle (it felt sort of like the centre aisle in Winchester Cathedral), and marching to the end of it discovered a beautiful lawn overlooking the valley and in the middle of that the prettiest little chatoo you can imagine. But there wasn't a living creature in sight or a sign of one belonging to that place. The building and everything was abandoned.

Then I decided to give these soldiers a treat. We'd

come up there in the evening and occupy the grounds, post our guards, and have some fun. Those men didn't know nothing about guard duty or anything; I'd learn them right there. Because if there's any place that's spooky at midnight it's a huge deserted house surrounded by dark woods and tall trees, especially when that is a few thousand miles away from Beaver County, Pennsylvania. You see, nine out of ten of that battery of mine came from Beaver County.

We issued a rasher of bacon and some rice, rolled up the shelter halves one evening, and marched up on to the hill. Just at dark I posted the guards—ten of them. One on the avenue to walk up and down in the blackness under those four rows of trees; two down by the building to patrol the grounds, and the rest scattered through the woods. I made sure that none of these fellows had any ammunition, although each of them was issued a pistol and a stick. It wouldn't have been fair to have it all one-sided. I figured on the "spooks" stepping lively.

At midnight the first sergeant, the stable sergeant, a lieutenant, and I crawled out of our pup tents and had a whispered council of war. We decided to go right down to the chatoo and start the training of the troops. A big bell hung on the side of the building and just as the night was dead still suddenly that bell began to clang out.

"Turn out the guard!" A hoarse voice hollered. "For God's sake, turn out the guard!"

The guard turned out, and in five minutes there were

thirty men rushing around the building, with no place to go and nothing to do and nothing to see.

The guard went back finally. After they had had about fifteen minutes in which to get settled and asleep, suddenly all the upstairs windows of the building were lighted up with a glare. They just flared up with a blinding light and then died down as suddenly as it had come. Flashlight powders act that-a-way. But posts number three and four weren't thinking of flashlight powders—I don't know what they were thinking—what would you think if that happened to you?

"Turn out the guard!" A weak voice hollered, "For God's sake, turn out the guard!'

The guard came cussing and boiling along; they didn't know whether they were going or coming or what they were looking for. We kept that up until I ran a stick in my eye and looked as though I'd been drinking.

Just a mile or so along the ridge from this little deserted chatoo was a very large and fine place that was occupied by a widow and her three daughters. They were aristocrats and very refined. The grounds around their chatoo were so big that we could hardly take a hike without trespassing in the woods or parks or gardens of this family. But Madame Hersard herself came out and welcomed us, and told us to use her place as much as we liked. She also invited the officers in to tea.

That was a good arrangement, because all of the girls was educated in England and could speak English and not make no bad mistakes in grammar, either.

You see, I was feeling that I was getting too old to learn any more languages. Oh, not old in years—nothing feeble about that feeling—but just that I had enough of fussing with foolish languages. So it was a great relief to find this girl who could speak English.

Now there was four of the most polite good people I ever knew: "Monsieur, le Capitain, he is so tall, and straight, and kind. He is the *great* capitain!"

All right. Enough of that. You see the way they could welcome a person and make him feel at home. That's the only reason I mention what they said. Such a way of talking from girls like Margaret, Ann, and Catherine—here in the United States you'd call it flirting. But with the French that sort of talk isn't flirting at all; it's just polite. Some people talk about how few French girls are virtuous. That's all rot. I never saw a better lot of girls in my life than I did in France. Just because they treat you nice and polite, lots of people have them wrong. Anyway, up there at Hersards' palace began a friendship that I'll always keep.

The Hersards had an idea that Americans and buckwheat cakes always went together. They thought of buckwheat cakes for me, just like you'd think of rice for a Chinaman. So every time I went up to the chatoo for dinner, it was buckwheat cakes that they brought on and proud they were of them, too. I said to myself, "These cakes are all right as far as they go, but where's the syrup or the sugar? This is like eating a piece of a wool blanket." After about twice of that, and what

with hinting around doing no good, I decided to take along a can of syrup from the battery mess, as well as five pounds of sugar. You just ought to have seen their eyes when they noticed what I had brought along. Why, Ann forgot how to speak English for about ten minutes in the excitement. But do you think they caught on? No, sir! They just took that syrup and sugar and put it away, and we had buckwheat cakes without marrying them to the syrup.

There was all the fixings of a banquet, the kind you see in pictures of kings' halls. I had come up with a new pair of boots because it didn't seem right to go scratching their parquet floors with hobnails. The big entrance hall looked bigger and grander than ever on account of the feeble light from one oil lamp that one of the girls carried; the hall just towered up into darkness, and the carved wood panels on each side were barely seen. The servant was an old woman who showed us into the dining room. Say, you ought to have seen that room. A big polished table was set with silver that must have cost a king's ransom, and the light from candelabra sparkled all around on the cut glass. The windows, which reached from floor to ceiling, were covered with silk draperies. They showed me in and sat me at the head of the table, and I rested my elbows on the carved black wood arms of a chair. I said, "Is this me, or ain't it?"

Did you ever stop to think about something: It's good to be an American, because he can be a king wherever he goes. The only difference was that a king

would have had more to eat. He'd have had a pig roasted whole, or the half of an ox smothered in gravy and surrounded by steaming vegetables. It's one thing to *look* the part, and another thing to *eat* the part. But the Hersards served all they had which wasn't much. The buckwheat cakes corresponded to the half of ox; the part of the gravy wasn't played, as I've explained; the steaming vegetables might have been potatoes and beans or carrots—*boiled*. We finished off with some plums, and the best meal that could be served in a private home in France was over with.

After dinner the oil lamp was lighted in the library—that was what Ann called the room across the hall. She said they never used the *salon* any more in the evening because there wasn't enough light for such a big room—they had such a small ration of oil issued by the Government. I was asked to sit in a certain chair and to turn my head just so and keep as still as possible. After a couple of minutes one of the girls said, "Now look!"

Ann had been holding a paper up against the wall and my shadow was traced on it. She cut it out, turned it over; and there was a black silhouette. She made two copies, one for me, and one for a big album. Later on, when more officers found their way to the Hersards', even though they were just passing through and never came back, they always had to sit for their silhouettes. I suppose the album up there to-day has the pictures of over a hundred Americans in it, from generals down.

I'll never forget the first night that I wore those new boots. My foot isn't built for a dressy boot and it just wouldn't work well. I arrived there feeling sick from my knees down. When I left they brought out a huge bunch of flowers, picked from the garden that afternoon. Now that did seem queer to me—what use has a soldier got for flowers? But knowing how they felt about it I took the bunch and smiled and admired them the way any decent man would do. I thought to throw them over a hedge on the way down, but the more I tried to do that the harder it was to do, thinking how those four women had spent the afternoon in their garden, maybe, picking out the biggest blossoms to give me. Besides, they might discover that bunch, and it would be hard making them understand. About halfway back to Lohéac I couldn't stand those boots for another step so I took them off.

"If this ain't the damnedest, most ridiculous doings," I said to myself. "Trudging along this dusty road in my stocking feet with a pair of high boots under one arm and a huge bunch of flowers in the other hand. How's this, anyway, to be acting? Why, this looks like some damn fool instead of a man who ought to know better." I was figuring about like that when all of a sudden—"*Halt.* Who's there?" I halted. "Captain Archer," I said, realizing that I'd struck the sentinel at the end of the street.

"The hell it is," he said; but quick as he said it he wished he hadn't.

"Look here, Holleran" (I recognized him), "this here

is done to see if it would scare you. I'm glad to see you're on the job. You've got to always look out for something unexpected."

"Yes, sir," he said; and there was one surprised man, but not a man that was any wiser.

I wasn't through with that state of affairs yet, because when I struck my billet the door was locked by the madame and I hadn't taken the key. Lucky there was a ladder just across the street leading into a loft where a bunch of men were billeted. I grabbed this and placed it under my window and started up. Going was slow with the boots and flowers occupying all my hands. About halfway up; and there's a flash of an auto headlight suddenly comes around the corner. The auto stopped with this light full on me, and an orderly jumped out and said, "Can you direct us on the road to Rennes?" Before I could answer some officers in the car must have gotten their eyes full. Colonels' and generals' voices bellowed all at once out of the darkness:

"Here! What the devil's this business?"

I was hanging on to those flowers and those boots and almost fell off the ladder trying to screw myself around to talk to them. It was the damnedest, most outlandish position—it looked as though there would have to be a lot of explaining. I made a fuss getting down the ladder so as to give myself more time to think. But the officers saved me the trouble: I recognized them and they recognized me at the same time. By the gods, they were General Hines and General Glenn!

Why they had been in the Philippines, too, and we knew each other all right. They said:

"Oh, you, Archer? Oh, yes, I see, I see. I thought it was some drunken young officer up to tricks. Well, what's our road?"

"Down to the end of this street and turn to your left, sir."

They were gone.

It's a funny thing about those French people. I was staying at a Doctor Frémicourt's house; the Doc had been killed in Gallipoli, but his wife and daughter kept up a good establishment. I suppose they were one of the best families in town. You'd think that they'd know the Hersards up on the hill. They knew all about them, yes, but as for talking about them or ever visiting up there, no. Nobody in Lohéac had anything to do with the people at the chatoo—and the Hersards never talked about the people in Lohéac. They just had themselves to talk to in that big palace. I thought that was an awful pity; but it wasn't any use telling the Frémicourts about the Hersards or the Hersards about the Frémicourts. They froze up and smiled sort of sickly whenever I opened the conversation. You see, those people up on the hill were aristocrats, and it just didn't do for them to call on the common people in town. Oh, it wasn't their pride—I never saw a kinder, humbler family than the Hersards—it was just that *they didn't know how to begin.*

The Frémicourts got very jealous because I went up

to the chatoo so much. They didn't say anything, but any fool could have seen they didn't like it. The last straw was when I borrowed the dead doctor's bicycle to ride up to the chatoo on. They lent it to me, but they looked as though they had an awful pain in their faces when doing it. Things were pretty cool around there until the Fourteenth of July (Bastille Day), when they got out champagne, and sang songs, and I taught Aimée some dance steps, and she taught me the Butterfly Valse.

That Fourteenth of July was a great day in Lohéac. A French maid came knocking at the Frémicourts' door and asked to see me. "Madam—tweedle-de-tum—dedee!"

"What's this the wild woman's trying to say?"

She repeated it to a sergeant who had a year of French in high school at Pittsburgh. They said "Tweedle-de-dum" back and forth, then he turns to me.

"Madame would like to give the soldiers a bath in her garden."

Say, you should have heard us laugh, and I looked up and saw the French maid with her eyes as round as a couple of full moons, just about to cry.

"There's something to this that's different from what we think, Sergeant. But tell her thanks, thanks, thanks—and tell her to go the limit. The soldiers need a bath. She better bring a hell of a big scrub brush. Ask her how many at a time, and where, and when?"

The sergeant got some of that across; and it was said

that she wanted *all* the soldiers, at any time. Then the maid wiped her eyes, fished under her apron and pulled out a big key and handed it to the sergeant. "The key to the garden."

I began to come to. We turned out the soldiers and marched them out to the edge of town where there was an iron gate. Inside we found a garden that had all gone to seed. But the paths met in the middle at a round concrete basin, about six feet in diameter. By working a pump, water was forced up from a well and into this basin. This took so long that we couldn't fill it up for every eight men (the basin would only hold that many at a time) so we filled it up once for *all*.

Say, man, there was more concentrated bathing done on that day in that place than you could dream could ever be done in a small place. One hundred and thirty-two men bathed that day in the garden pool. They carried so much water out on their bodies and splashed so much out on the ground that we had to keep pumping steady while squad after squad took turns at two minutes each. It looked like the Garden of Eden swarming with men before the days of fig leaves. The piles of dusty shirts and trousers that lined the paths was each a little battleground of civilized warfare though—we used to call the cooties "golloping dandruff" and you'd ought to seen 'em stepping out on that day.

All these times in Lohéac came to a sudden end one day.

"The regiment's got a new colonel, and who do you suppose it is?"

"*Spike Hennessy!*"

When that news came I looked around sort of expecting to see the other officers and the men getting sore and worried. Then I realized that they didn't know nothing about Hennessy. They hadn't ever heard of him before. You had to get up as high as a major at least and usually as high as a colonel before you could find an officer that knew.

"He's called the mad man of the Army," I said. "His hair is gray and do you know why? One day he thought he would take a ride in an airplane. When she started to go up he suddenly decided to jump out. Out he jumped but his foot caught in the fuselage and there he hung—head down. Ever since then his hair's been gray. If he's the colonel of this regiment there's going to be *some* hell of a fireworks, you watch!" There was.

Hennessy hadn't been with the 323rd Field Artillery two days before he turned up in a second-floor billet. The men were sitting around on their straw bed-ticks smoking and calling it a day, when the colonel darkened the door.

"Gas!" he bawled.

Some men made for the door but he stood in the way, grinning. They looked puzzled.

"GAS!" he bawled again, and added this time, "*Get out of here, damn quick!* This door's been blocked by a shell."

The only other way to get out was by the window, so the twenty men jumped out that way. Six of them got sprained ankles and one got a broken leg. "That's realistic training," said Hennessy, and he went off to think of some other devilish "realistic" training.

Six weeks before we went to the front they issued French 75's. For twenty-four years I had lived and worked with and learned the three-inch gun. But here were the French 75's to learn in six weeks. Along with the guns came maps with grids, and compass goniometers, and French range tables, and wind charts, and correction charts, and barometer readings, and altitude tables, and plotting boards, and the Lord Himself only could tell what all.

The trouble was, as I saw it, here we were not going to fight a portable government. Everywhere else I'd been, the government had been so portable that you could always count on its running away, and you could always count on seeing the enemy and catching him in the open. But with this war you couldn't count on anything. Why, the first time we got out on the range at Coetquidan this is what happened:

I got my guns all placed without trouble, and the horses had gone off to the échelon. The target was a tree on a certain hill. The reconnaissance officer figured out and gave the original data to the guns. I ordered them to fire one piece at a time beginning at the right, and then I took up my glasses to watch 'em burst.

"*Bing!*"—three seconds—"*Bing!*"—three seconds—

"*Bing!*"—three seconds—"*Bing!*" Over the 'phone came, "Battery all fired."

I was gluing my eyes on the hillside. Everybody was waiting. It was time to give a command for the next salvo. I couldn't see anything that might be called a burst. Something had to be done and done quick. So I gave the telephone operator: "*Lost!* Up ten!"

This was repeated to the guns. They fired again—"Battery all fired."

I looked and looked. Not a sign of a burst. Again: "*Lost!* Up ten!"

"*Battery all fired!*" Pause. *Buzzz* on the 'phone. "Eh, what's that? Colonel says to cease firing? Colonel says to cease firing. Damn it to hell! What now?"

We were shelling a town beyond the hills—this "up" business is for shrapnel, to bring the burst up in the air where you can *see* it. The 75's use shell—almost entirely—go "up" on them and you only increase the range. Then it's worse and worse. Invisible fighting, that's what it was. Terrible hard to understand something you *can't see.*

After that little incident it was decided to leave new-fangled fighting to new-fangled officers. They gave me the ammunition train.

In the ammunition train I had discipline to deal out; I had horses to take care of; I had caissons to take anywhere and everywhere at any time of the day and night. This was the real thing.

In the Argonne, and on the march to the Rhine when food was so scarce, our troops were eating horseflesh.

By the way, have you ever eaten any horseflesh? What's the matter with that question? It's perfectly proper, ain't it? If you'd mix it with beef I bet you couldn't tell which was beef and which was horse. But as I was going to say—there wasn't a better-fed outfit in the Argonne than the 158th Ammunition Train. That's not boasting, it's only a fact. I couldn't have done it without those twenty-four years of practising. It was the same way with the horses. "First the horses —then the men" is my rule. Why? Because a horse can't stand as much hard treatment as a man. If he catches cold when he's hungry it's good-bye horse—and it's only right, too, that a man will use his brains for his horse. So the ammunition train had the fattest horses that crossed Montfaucon. Any Old-Timer would have done the same thing

This subject of the war and the occupation of the Rhine and the personal histories of every American in the fuss over there is one that has started three hundred and fifty thousand books—isn't that what a man estimated the other day? But don't worry, I'm not a-goin' to let it start another book. It's going to *end* this one pretty quick. I'm not going to tell you about this, that, and the other thing that happened at the Front and in Coblenz, or you and I'd grow old. There's just this question to answer:

*Were the men who fought in France in 1918 braver than those who fought in the Islands in 1899, or were they not so brave?*

Friend, nerve and bravery is a thousand years old.

Men will always have it. It is not a question of having it or not having it, the question is do conditions call it out? It is my opinion that the big difference (outside, of course, of the number of men and the methods) between fighting in France and fighting by the American Army in other wars was the part of the Army that had its nerve and bravery called out. In Europe it called it out of *some*. I saw signs of it up by Montfaucon just after the German retreat. There I went from Bantheville to Ancreville, a distance of five kilometres, and there was not a trench more than a foot deep in all that distance. This place was out of the trenches and in the open. Everything there was *seen*. It was the place of the cold shining bayonet. And right there every twenty yards was a machine-gun nest. When I passed there nothing was changed since the battle, and there were the dead machine-gunners chained to their guns!

That was an example of a man's bravery. Not men. Each man was alone so far as his own nerve was affected. In the Islands conditions were that way. They called out everything there was in every man—privates, captains, colonels—all had the same experience.

To have been a soldier has meant not fighting to me—it has meant living. From my position I have had a peculiar treat of life. For one thing I've been a traveller. Not the kind that is called a tourist and that stays at certain hotels and looks up in a book to find what to see and what not to see. The soldier

looks straight at things. If it's dirt and slums that is there he sees that. If it's riches and palaces, he sees that. In his position he can lie down in the gutter of Hong Kong and people won't be surprised. Or, he can sit at the table with a queen and belong there. He's a soldier. He goes where he is supposed to go, whether it is up or down.

The boys who used to enlist did it with a purpose. Some worked on a farm, maybe, in Iowa, and watched the trains go by for 'Frisco with the troops. Then they dropped the plough and enlisted. Dropping the plough was their purpose. Or another quarrelled with his father, or maybe with his sweetheart—he enlisted. And what happened to him? He might have been on a park bench or somewhere with buttons off his coat if he hadn't joined the Army. Or he might have had a habit, as a civilian, of keeping muddy shoes and being sloppy. In the Army he kept his buttons sewed on and his shoes shined. And I've seen them studying mathematics and geography.

But you will say that the Army had a bad name. Take them all together, and it was like any bunch of men. Some good, some bad. But the most of them were good. The public didn't know this because the uniform was conspicuous. Take the recruit who walks like "I'm tough" or the fellow that gets drunk. Everybody notices him because of his uniform.

Now I'm at the end of my story: The war. The war put a period to the Old-Timers. There's no more

stories for them to tell any more except the ones that belong to every family in this country that had a boy in France. Besides that, lots of Old-Timers are pushing up poppies at Bony-sur-Aisne. If not there, where are they? Heffner, cheerful cuss, says they're in the Canal Zone or Alaska on account of prohibition. Maybe he's right. Because, as I've said, as long as they live they don't grow old. "Oh, it's sometimes, though, I'm yearning for the old days once again," as Albert Jay Cook said—

Oh, I tramped a post in Cuba, in the clash of ninety-eight,
With the whining Mauser dum-dums spraying low;
I was ticketed Havana through the cane and ripe banana,
With an outfit of the line from Fort Monroe.
We were sure a bunch of hellions, an' we took our pleasures hard,
(Booze an' women, scraps an' gambling on the side).
We were fighters in the daytime, in our duty an' our playtime,
An' we couldn't show up saffron if we tried.

Then a G. O. shipped us eastward to the land of the Ladrones,
An' we took the ol' *Kilpatrick* 'cross the sea;
We used tons of Krag confetti, north an' south of the Lunetty,
Givin' lessons to the Gugus: "Why a people should be free!"
There was *bino* an' we tried it—nothin' much we didn't do,
Till they picked us out to break the Boxer Chinks;
An' we left Manila City, which was certainly a pity,
For we just got used to mixin' native drinks.

There we herded with the Tommies, up from Tientsin to the walls
(An' our ranks were gettin' thinner every day).
But it wasn't long in ending and they weren't long in sending
Us to help make Aguinaldy quit his play.

We were under ol' "Hell-roarin' " Jakey Smith upon Samar,
When the Balanginga crime was pulled on "C";
An' it wasn't no kids' party when we started in quite hearty
Takin' toll and payin' debits merrily.

Then we hit the trail to 'Frisco, an' the bunch all got discharged,
(The hardest-hittin' Johnnies in the land).
But I met my ol' top-kicker an' discoursed a tub o' licker
An' it ended with me holdin' up my hand.
An' I got the triple chevrons but I lingered years before
We were shot across the border as a screen;
After months of weary waitin', desert duty, rookie baitin',
I attached the diamond emblem in between.

Now, I've got a bar upon me with the rainbow's colours on,
An' I know a bit about the army game;
We have dropped the wild-eyed scramblin' for the licker an' the gamblin',
An' we're better, by a long shot, for the same.
For the wars, these days, are diff'rent than they were some time ago,
When our rations they were mostly hate an' wrath,
When the boys cared not a muckle but they'd surely groan an' buckle,
If they had to tread the straight an' narrow path.

Oh, it's sometimes, though, I'm yearning for the old days once again,
When I know my common sense should tell me nay;
(But I'm here in O. D. flannels an' in military channels,
So I shouldn't have a bloomin' word to say.)
But I can't forget the comrades that I soldiered with so long.
An' I'd like to have them under my command;
For those boys were 'carnate devils in their battles an' their revels—
The hardest-hittin' Johnnies in the land!*

Oh, hold on a second! The funny part about this story of mine is that I haven't told you a thing com-

*By Albert Jay Cook, courtesy of *Adventure Magazine*.

pared to what's left to be told. There won't be an Old-Timer sees this but what he'll be reminded of something else in every sentence he reads. "That's true," he'll say, "but, by the gods, that reminds me of that other time that . . ."

THE END

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